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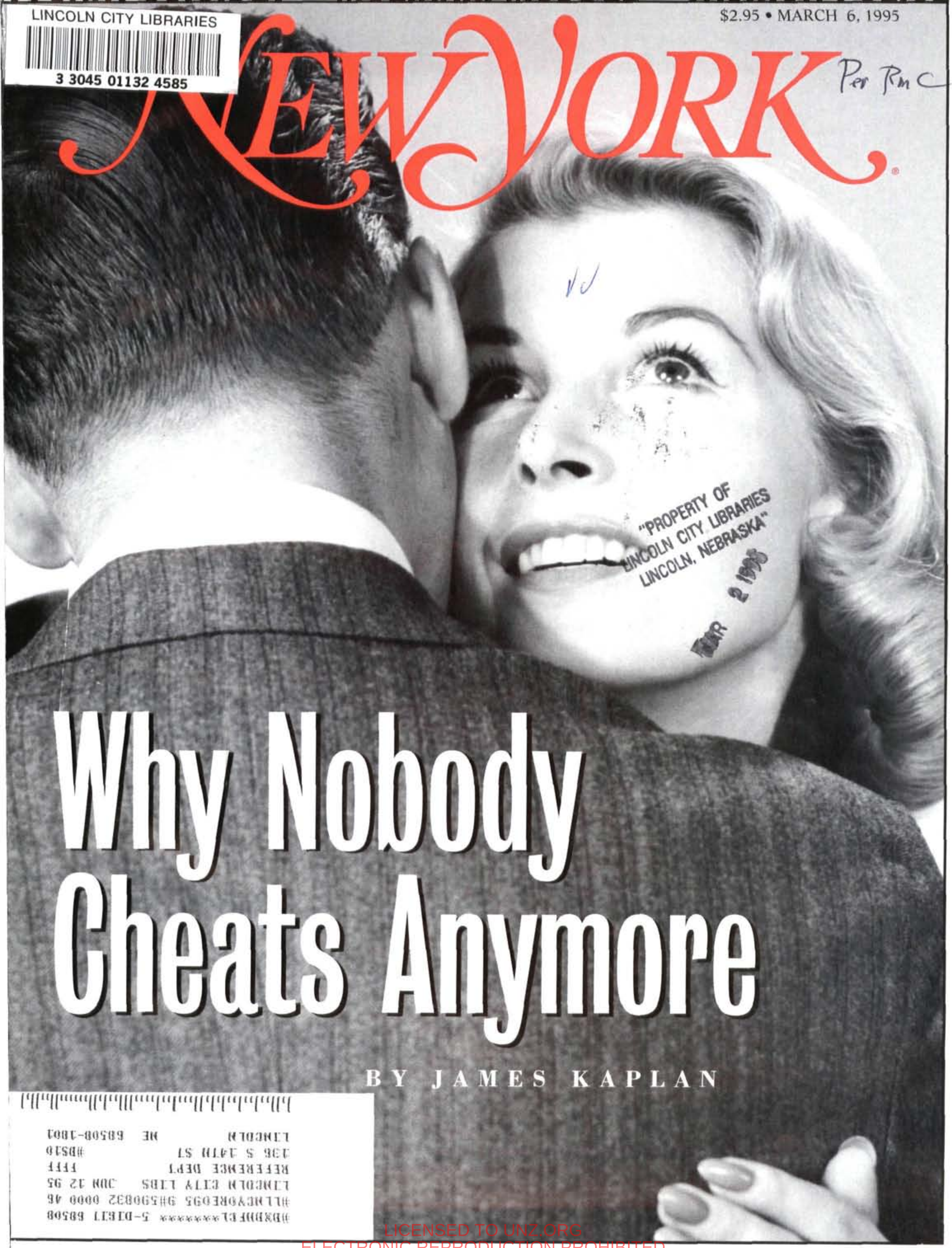

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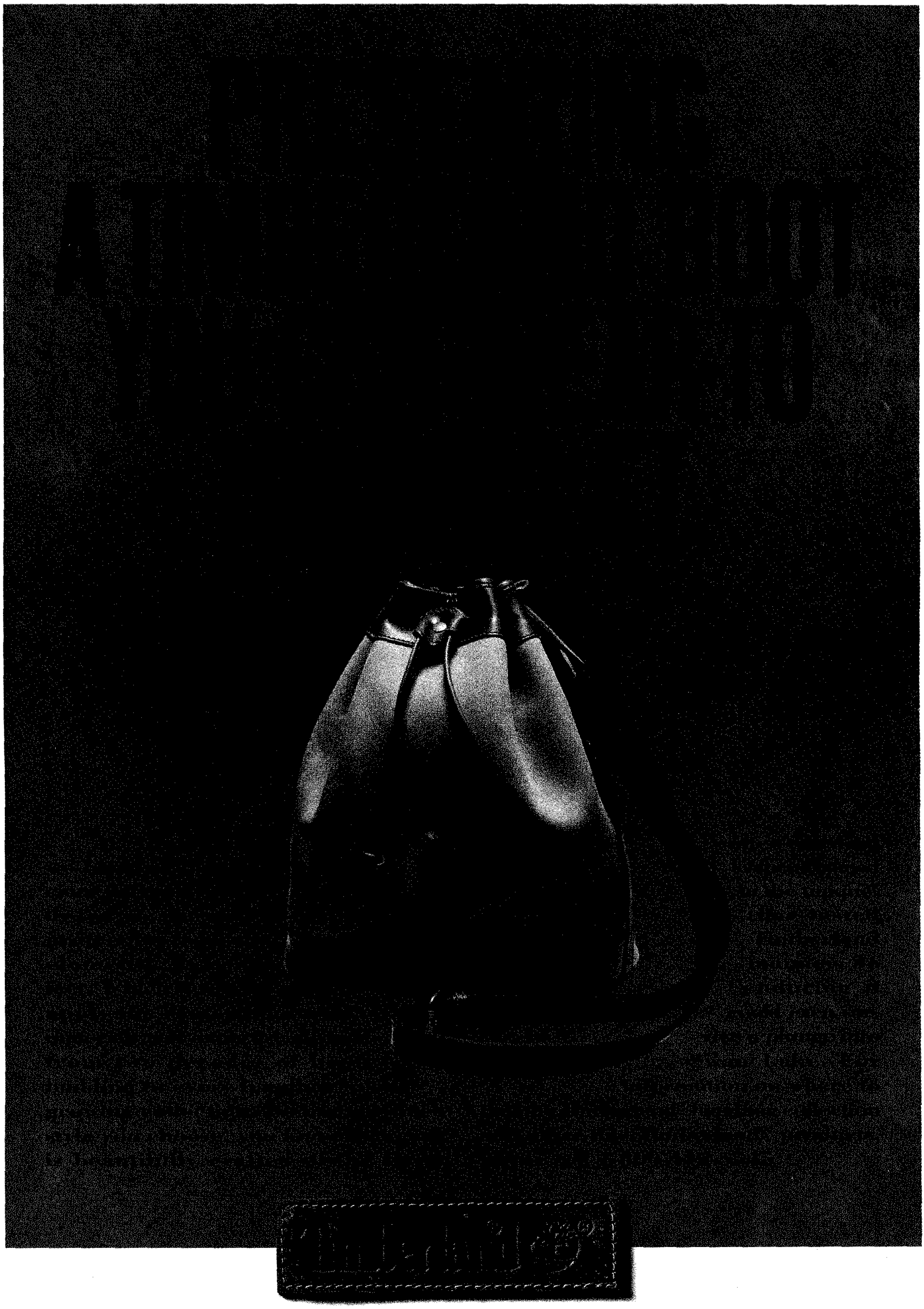
Why Nobody Cheats Anymore

BY JAMES KAPLAN



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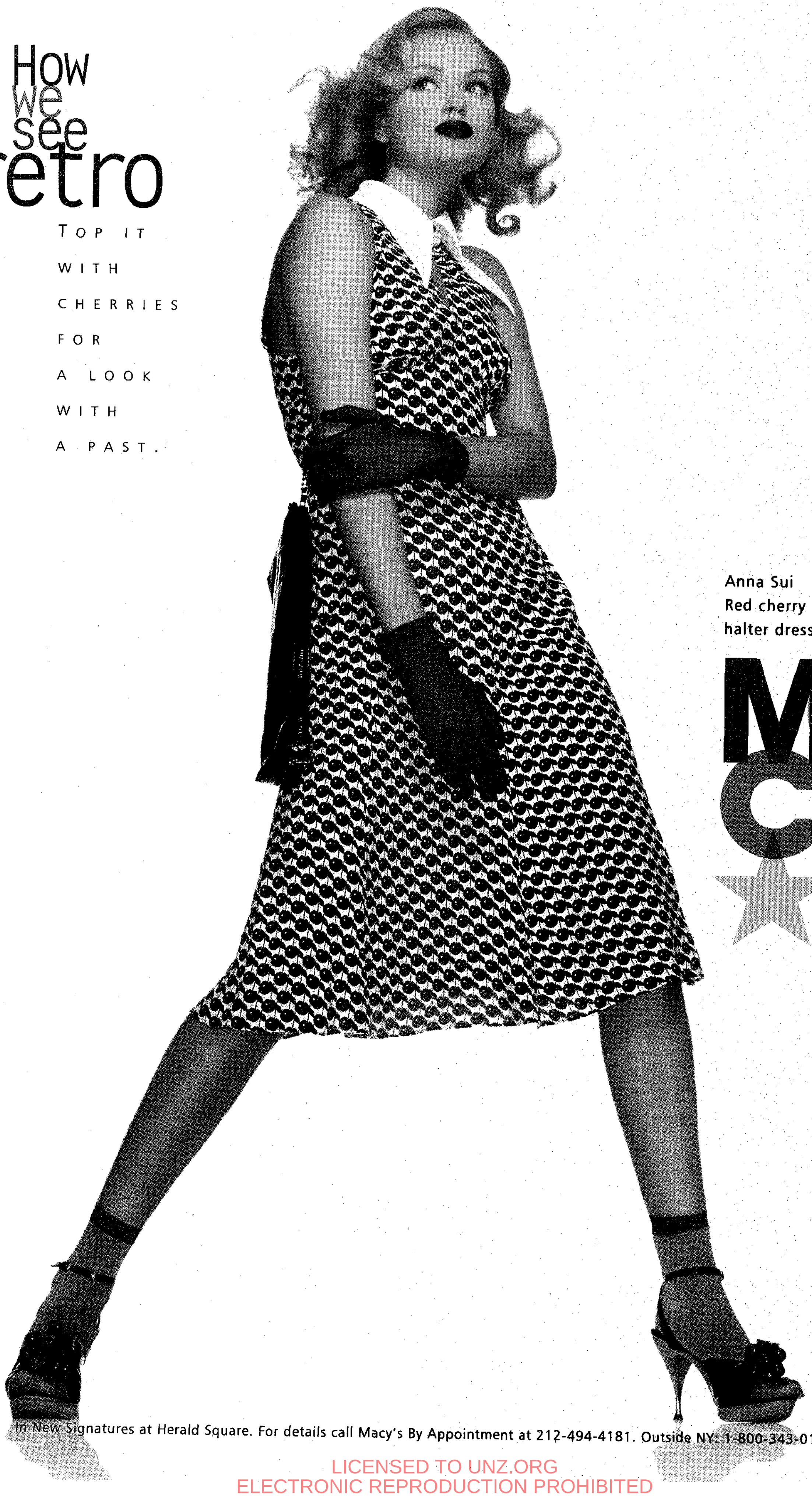

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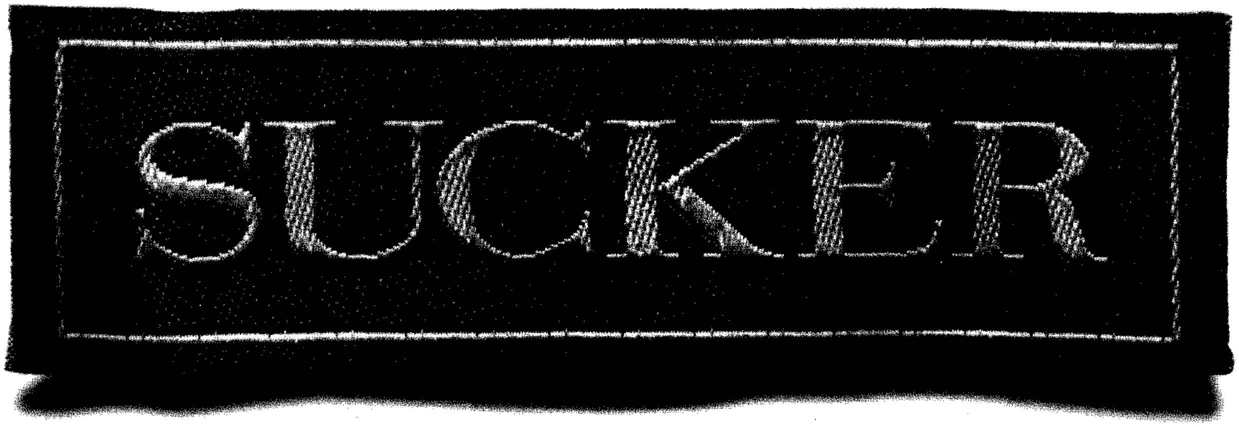

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Contents Mar. 6, 1995

"I think if you have a person who's in their forties instead of their twenties, and has little children, and doesn't drink, and has read the AIDS statistics, yes, it is less likely that they'll be sleeping around."

SUSAN CHEEVER, PAGE 32

26 Adultery Is History

By James Kaplan

The baby-boomers are old, tired, and scared; they've had their fun. And they've always loved feeling virtuous: Thus, the new fidelity. In a world where sex—especially the extracurricular kind—poses ever-trickier medical, ethical, and logistical problems, stepping out is out. Fewer of us are having sex than before, and the sex we're having is amazingly . . . un-amazing.

34 The Fashion Policeman

By Joseph Scott

Corporate counterfeiting ranges from the obvious ($10 "Rolexes") to the malevolent ("Cabbage Patch Kids" that have been soaked in kerosene) to the mystifyingly obscure (bogus brake shoes). The cost runs to hundreds of thousands of jobs and hundreds of millions of dollars every year. And the only guy standing up to some of the most resourceful crooks in the country is New York's Dempster Leech, a 52-year-old ex-hippie and ex-actor who's still peeved that someone ripped off his idea for a play fifteen years ago.

42 Decorating in These Here Parts

By Anne Foxley

Longing for red gingham curtains, peeling paint, and beamed ceilings? Take a cue from these bumpkins-at-heart, nostalgic collectors and auction buffs who have brought rustic charm to their city dwellings—a kitchen wall-papered with pages from a botanical book; pieces of a picket fence used as a headboard; rusted iron chairs; and a country screen door straight out of Norman Rockwell, mounted on a bedroom wall.

46 Crossing Over?

By Matthew Gurewitsch

Is violin virtuoso Gil Shaham hastening the demise of Western civilization? Or is his MTV-style *Four Seasons* video just what classical music needs to survive? Whatever he's up to, he's up to it with grace, wit, and as much sheer talent as any musician around. "We've got the soundtrack for a happier humanity!" says his promoter. "We should be proud of it."

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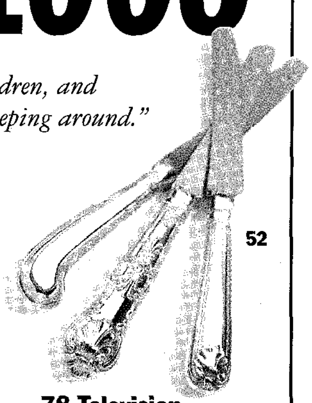

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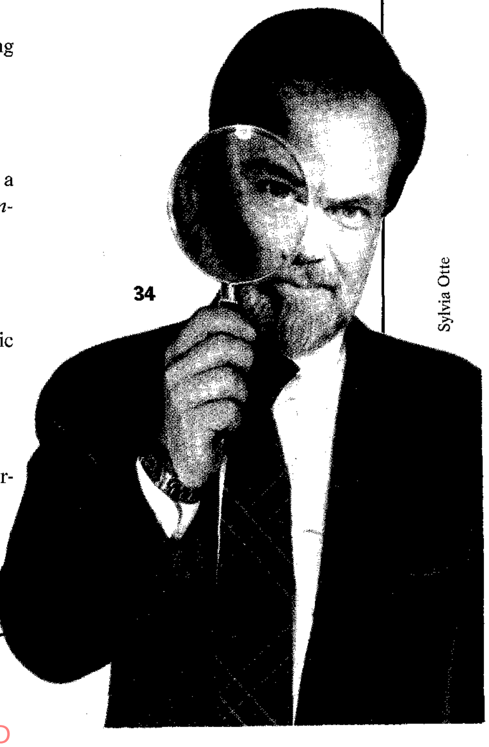

Sylvia Otte

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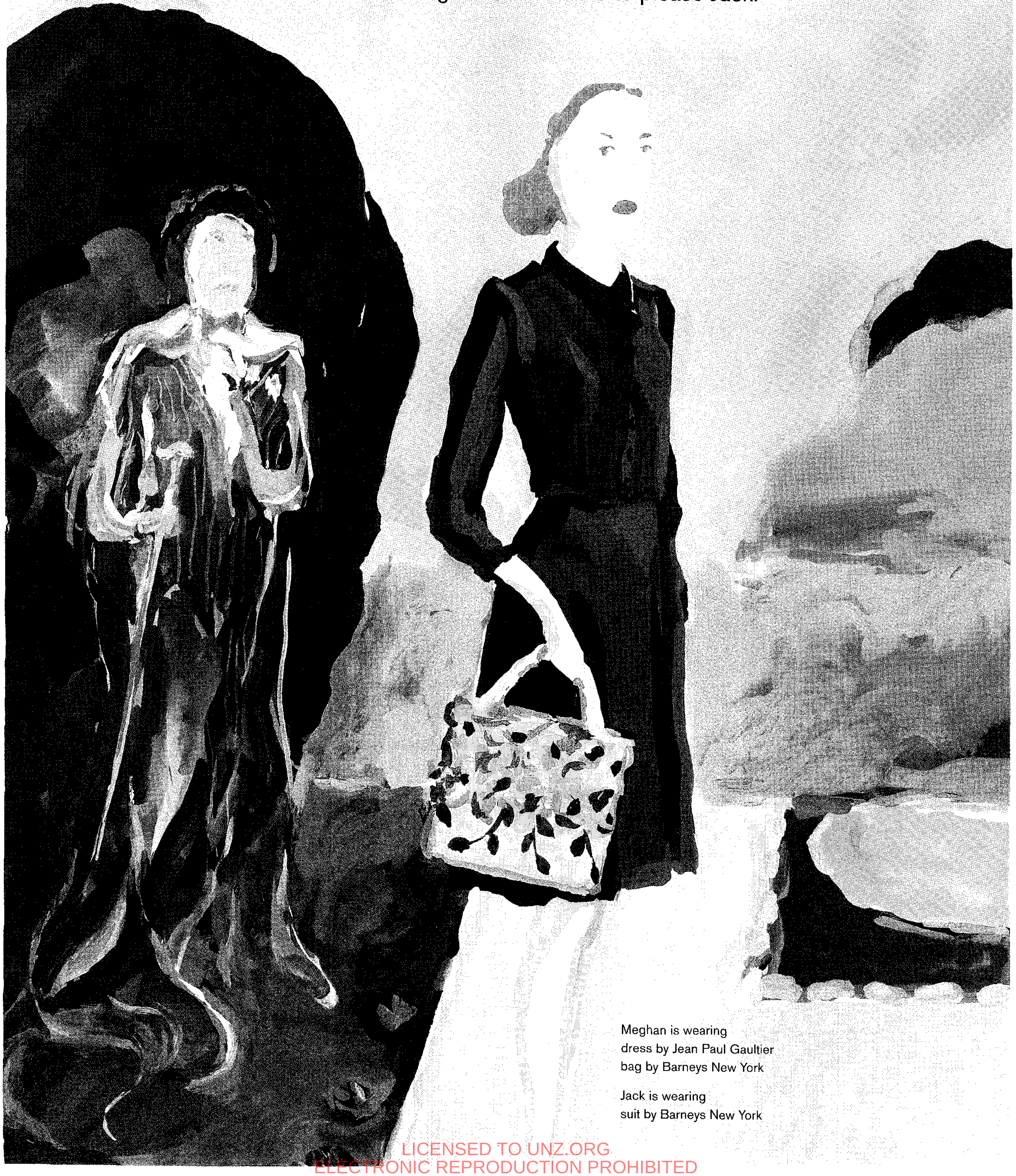
BARNEYS NEW YORK

Meghan still dressed to please Jack.



Meghan is wearing
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bag by Barneys New York

Jack is wearing
suit by Barneys New York

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Pride and Prejudice

A ghastly, incendiary letter to the editor provokes an outpouring from readers debating what is and is not fit to print.

I WAS ASTOUNDED TO READ WILLIAM Holdsworth's letter ["Letters," February 20]. What was astounding was not the letter itself. Of course, anti-Semitism in its most elemental and sophisticated forms still exists. But what astounded me most was the printing of the letter without any comment.

If *New York* was attempting to use this letter as a sample of the hate mail engendered by an earlier article, then that needed to be clearly stated. Such an illustration might have been a timely reminder of the prejudice that still exists in our society. However, by printing the letter without any form of clarification, *New York* has put itself in the position of appearing to countenance anti-Semitism as an acceptable form of expression.

Mark Weitzman
Task Force Against Hate
MANHATTAN

THE REAL SCOURGE OF ANY TIME IS THE decision to activate hate by providing the capacity with opportunity. You made an editorial decision to publish an anti-Semitic letter. It followed a letter confusing homophobia and conservatism with security, loyalty, and the worship of God. I refer you to the writer Maya Angelou, who cautions us that those who would pull just one hair from our head, just one bit of skin from our nose, should not be underestimated, for they want us dead.

R. A. Richin
STONY BROOK, N.Y.

THANK YOU FOR PUBLISHING THE LETTER IN which William Holdsworth refers to New York's "four-letter scourge known as Jews." It is a useful reminder to all New Yorkers that such people as Mr. Holdsworth still exist. I wonder if he included among the Jews in his "scourge" the one who is worshiped in the city's many churches every Sunday.

David S. Wachsman
MANHATTAN

THANK YOU FOR PRINTING MR. HOLDSWORTH'S letter about Jews as a "four-letter scourge." At first, I was shocked, and then I realized you performed a major public service by letting us know they are out there. As a New York Jew, I hold my head high. When I'm not transforming the city "into a dump of neurotic nudniks" (isn't it ironic for an anti-Semite to use Yiddish?), I'm busy trying to build bridges between faith communities, working eight hours a day, and getting by like the rest of my nefarious kind. Usually, the idea that someone despises me is upsetting, but in this case, it made my day.

Karen Silver
THE BRONX

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THE LETTER FROM JEW HATER WILLIAM Holdsworth should be a wake-up call for complacent American Jews.

Bernard Klainberg
MANHASSET, N.Y.

Southern Exposure

AS A SOUTHERNER WHO LIVES PART-TIME IN Manhattan, I was disturbed by Tad Friend's article "Why America Hates New York" [January 23]. The article reinforces northern paranoia about the territory below the Mason-Dixon line. The South, so the old story goes, is the seat of American racism, anti-Semitism, homophobia, religious fanaticism, and plain old mean-spiritedness. The article ends up rewriting the narrative with characters who are smarter than Boss Hogg but are portrayed as no less dangerous in their Republicanism. Readers could easily overlook the fact that some of these new(t) players aren't native Southerners at all, but relocated Northerners. Many of us Southerners get the shivers from Newt rhetoric.

Tess Lloyd
CHAPEL HILL, N.C.

RACIST REDNECKS IN GEORGIA ARE NOT representative of the Americans who have rejected the political philosophy of New York's liberal intellectuals. Those American voters are not predominantly ignorant, uneducated, or bigoted; they elected a Republican Congress because they reject the socialist, welfare-state policies of the Democrats. As Ayn Rand demonstrates in her great novel *Atlas Shrugged,* the American people stand for individual rights, private initiative, private enterprise, and political freedom against the Marxist state worship of the liberals.

Andrew Bernstein, Ph.D.
Department of Philosophy
Pace University
COLD SPRING, N.Y.

THE REVEREND DR. NELSON PRICE MAY INVOKE God as his witness when he laments moral decay in New York City; but when I read about the kinds of people who hate New York, I thank God for its existence.

Scott Bane
MANHATTAN

LURED BY LOWER RENTS AND WARMER WINters, I retired from New York to Newt's Fork. For four years, I've lived under the Bill of Grits: xenophobia, insularity, bedrock bigotry, "Christian" fundamentalism masking worship of the true god of the South, the Holy Auto. Take me to any of the public schools turning out their typically below-the-national-average students, and I'll pray! For deliverance, back to the big and blessed Apple!

Giulia Remingin
ATLANTA, GA.

At Random

THE "INTELLIGENCER" ITEM ABOUT ME ["Writers! Earn Big Bucks at Home!," February 20] is incorrect. I am writing my book for Random House, not Crown.

Jeffrey Toobin
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Corrections The fashion spread "Outward Bound" [February 20] was styled by Anne Kampmann.

The Bordeaux wines featured in the February 13 "Cue" listings ["Happenings—Bulletin: The Great Vineyards Are Great"] were supplied by Sherry-Lehmann, Inc.

The photograph of Brenda A Go-Go, Susan Olson, and Brandywine in "Little Cats Fête" ["Gotham: The Scene," by Alex Williams, February 27] was taken at Marylou's restaurant and not, as the caption stated, at Amber Valletta's birthday party at Barocco. ▬

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BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

MARK CANTON'S RUNAWAY MONEY TRAIN

Though he spent last year reorganizing Columbia-TriStar, the latest word at Sony is that executive vice-president **Jeff Sagansky** may not have gone far enough. Some insiders suggest that Columbia-TriStar chairman **Mark Canton** might consider updating his résumé. The problem: Canton's buddy/cop movie *Money Train,* starring **Wesley Snipes** and **Woody Harrelson,** may be all too aptly named. It's over budget by at least 25 or 30 percent, sources say, and that's *before* postproduction. Some smell another *Hudson Hawk,* except "this is not the eighties and this is not a Joel Silver production." The huge overruns reportedly piled up as a result of extensive filming in New York subways and such sensible ideas as filming in Times Square on New Year's Eve. "We've come to think of it as *Money Drain,*" quips one industry wag. Canton *did* score some successes last year, including *Little Women* and *Legends of the Fall;* this summer he can look forward to *Die Hard With a Vengeance* and *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers.* But Canton's real test will be *First Knight,* another budget-buster starring Sean Connery and Richard Gere as King Arthur and Sir Lancelot. This new twist on a stale tale is slated to open in July.

Woody Harrelson and Wesley Snipes: off track?

CINDY'S CRYSTAL-METH PERSUASION

Cindy Adams's page-one exclusive in the New York *Post* last Thursday—O.J. WAS HIGH ON SPEED—turns out to be an old story with a fishy pedigree. Last fall, the drug dealer in question—"J.R."—appeared on tabloid television with his tale of selling crystal meth to **O. J. Simpson** and Kato Kaelin shortly before the murders of Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman. Subsequently, he sent a book proposal to **Ian Shapolsky,** head of SPI Books here in New York. In several conversations, Shapolsky says, J.R. told him how he preserved the $100 bill Simpson gave him for the drugs. "There wasn't much there," recalls Shapolsky. "He seemed to be a person who exaggerated things." Dr. Edward Gelb, an L.A. polygraph expert, says that he stands by a report that a lie-detector test he performed on J.R. confirmed the drug dealer's story. But Gelb, who once worked for the LAPD, refuses to say who hired him to do the work. "Gil Garcetti has never called me in," he says of the L.A. district attorney. But Gelb's familiar with at least one member of the Dream Team: In 1983, he co-hosted a syndicated TV show with defense attorney **F. Lee Bailey** called *Lie Detector.*

LUD & WAR: KOONS'S CUSTODY CATFIGHT

A dream marriage has turned into a nightmare divorce for artist **Jeff Koons** and his former wife, **Ilona Staller,** the Italian parliamentarian/porn star also known as La Cicciolina. Last week, an Italian court denied Koons temporary custody of the couple's $2^1/_2$-year-old son, **Ludwig Maximillian,** even though New York judge David Saxe had previously awarded custody of the child to Koons. Despite the earlier ruling, Staller defied a court order and lugged young Lud out of the country. She maintains that she was simply returning to Italy with her son, of whom she has always had custody. "Jeff removed the child from Rome using a duplicate passport under false pretenses," claims **Rita Warner,** Staller's most recent New York attorney. "He had been denied temporary custody in Italy originally, but was given temporary visitation rights." In happier times, the publicity-loving couple posed for and exhibited a notorious series of sexually explicit photographs and sculptures, and Staller is featured prominently in a Koons work called *Made in Heaven.* But a more circumspect Staller now regrets the entire experience. "I want the judge to order Jeff to destroy the series," she says, "in the best interest of our son." Staller also complains that Koons never compensated her for any of her "modeling." "He's using the money he made from me to take my child. . . . I loved him," Staller sighs. "But I was in a big delusion." Koons's office says he is in Italy and can't be reached.

IT'S AN AFFIRMATIVE-INACTION COMMITTEE

Rutgers University president **Francis Lawrence**—who angered black students by saying that minorities fail to perform well on standardized tests for genetic reasons—boasts about his record on behalf of minorities. And indeed, he even has his own handpicked affirmative-action advisory committee. So what advice has the group pressed on Lawrence at this time of crisis? No one will ever know, because the executive committee has been unable to get together with the beleaguered president. Meetings were tentatively set and then canceled. Worse still, Lawrence has not even gotten around to naming a new chairman. The committee has been leaderless since August, when Lawrence decided to "rotate out" the group's chairman, associate dean James D. Anderson.

Ilona Staller: baby love

Photographs: top right, Bill Davila/Retna; center left, Sygma; bottom right, Arnal/Urli/Garcia/Stills/Retna.

"At this time in particular," notes a source, "you'd think a committee on bias awareness would be the first one he'd call."

James Fox,
keeping his good name

A FOXY SOLUTION

The producers of *Uncle Vanya* at Circle in the Square knew they were getting a popular name when they landed **James Fox,** famous for such tony British fare as *The Remains of the Day* and *A Passage to India.* But when it comes to New York theater, James Fox is apparently a household name in one household too many. Soon after he made his New York theatrical debut in *Uncle Vanya* last week, the startled British thespian received a letter from Actors' Equity informing him that his membership application could not be processed because "there is currently a member using the professional name you have chosen." Fox was instructed to select "a new name by changing the first or last name completely or by adding a full middle name." "The New York *Times* already informed me that I have a problem, being confused with my two actor brothers, Edward and Robert," says Fox, referring to an article that appeared last week. "Now I may be confused with myself as well." The actor was busily thinking up a suitable alias ("Perhaps Michael James Fox.") when Equity finally relented. Because he is not a resident of the United States and *Vanya* has a limited run, James Fox can keep his name . . . for now.

Frank Sinatra,
selling it his way

SO MANY CLIENTS, SO FEW LAWYERS

Are there only four criminal-defense lawyers in Los Angeles? So it sometimes seems. **Carl Jones,** a specialist in death-penalty cases, took on Jason Simpson last fall, followed by Marquerite Simpson, O. J. Simpson's first ex-wife. Now he also represents Rosa Lopez, the maid and probable defense witness who was scheduled to be deposed last Friday about her intentions to return to her native El Salvador. "She was recommended to me by Johnnie Cochran," says Jones. But no impropriety here. Jones says he hasn't been paid by anyone for any of the work he's done on the case, and that's just fine. "You couldn't get better time on the Super Bowl. I'm getting a kick out of it." Jones also adds, somewhat indiscreetly, that should Marquerite take the stand as scheduled, on March 3, it will not be as a hostile witness for the prosecution. "It depends on how you define the term," says Jones. "She'll be there and will testify if they ask her. But she's still unhappy about the way she was served her subpoena."

NO MORE TIME FOR *MOUTH2MOUTH?*

While **Angela Janklow Harrington** is off with her new baby, her fledgling teen magazine *Mouth2Mouth* is supposedly on hiatus, but sources at Time Inc. claim that it's been killed for good. Company insiders say that a poor newsstand showing and a lackluster response to the manic, celebrity-stuffed magazine prompted Time executives to spike it after two prototype issues appeared last summer. Moreover, top editors of other Time publications expressed ill-concealed skepticism about Janklow Harrington's potential as well as the magazine's. "The consensus is that the thing is dead," says one editor. "It wasn't too popular around here to begin with, and the numbers were absolutely awful." But Time Inc. spokesman Peter Costiglio insists that rumors of the magazine's demise are premature and says a final decision has been put off until June.

Say good night, Angela

ARETHA GROOVES; SINATRA MOVES

MUSICAL NOTES: The Queen of Soul is ready to bare hers. William Morris is about to send out a proposal for **Aretha Franklin's** tell-all memoirs to be co-written by David Ritz, the author of biographies on Marvin Gaye and Ray Charles. One anecdote sure to be included in the book: how Aretha, decamped to Los Angeles, had her personal piano tuner flown in from Detroit to investigate a persistent hum. After extensive probing and testing, the surprised expert finally came upon a mountain of golden flecks deep inside the piano. Fritos dust . . .

THE MOBILE CHAIRMAN: Word from Palm Springs, California, is that **Frank Sinatra** and his wife, **Barbara,** are selling their sumptuous Rancho Mirage place after years of reigning over the desert. Why? According to one insider: "We're told it's to avoid a probate battle later on among his three children—**Frank Jr., Nancy,** and **Tina.**" Once the house is sold, Christie's is set to gear up for a major auction of Sinatra memorabilia. No word yet on whether horses' heads will be included.

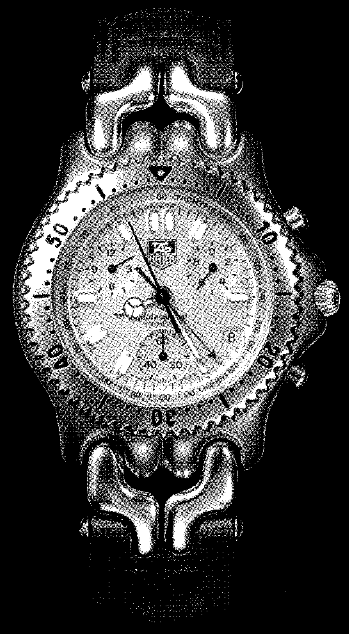
Aretha, queen of letters

STRAIGHT FROM *ELLE:* In the never-ending war among the fashion magazines, *Harper's Bazaar* has scored a victory. Last month, **Liz Tilberis** snatched away *Vogue's* lead celebrity wrangler, **Maggie Buckley.** But *Vogue* isn't sitting back and looking pretty; the Condé Nast magazine hired former *Elle* fashion director **Marin Hopper,** the 32-year-old daughter of actor **Dennis Hopper** and author **Brooke Hayward.** Does this mean we'll soon be seeing Dennis Hopper decked out in Todd Oldham? "Most probably," laughs Hopper. "I'm sure he'd look great in a dress!"

Photographs: top, Outline; center left, Jeff Slocomb/Outline; center right, Andrew Kent/Retna; bottom, George Lange/Onyx.

LD COURS
ST. ANDRE

DON'T CRACK UNDER PRESSURE



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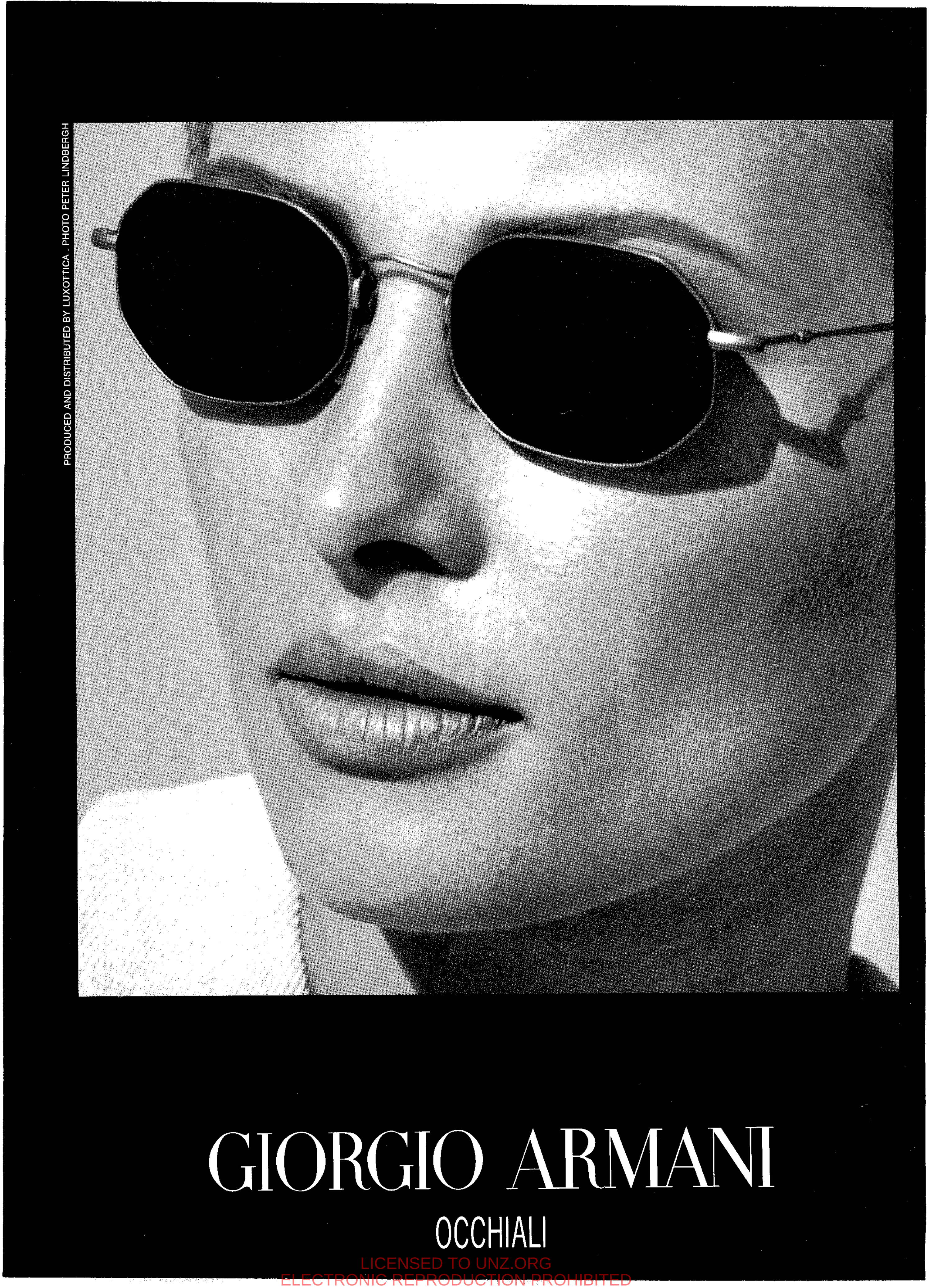
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GOTHAM

inferno of greenish abstraction under a flat sky—*Roland Barthes*

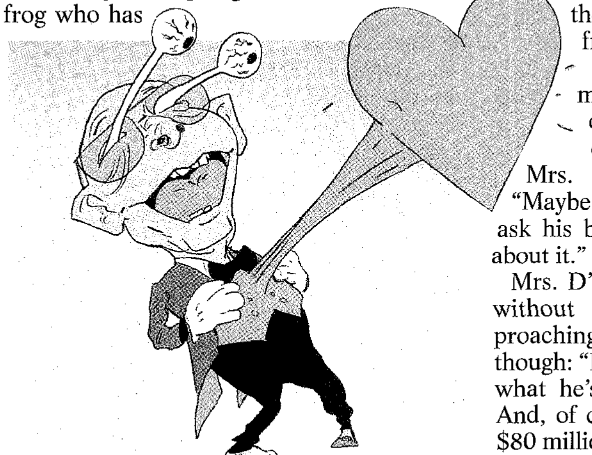
THE FRONT PAGE

Love Finds Al D'Amato

To behold Alfonse D'Amato and Claudia Cohen is to realize the existence of a beneficent, forgiving God. To watch the two of them cuddle and coo before a room full of reporters is to marvel at humanity's infinite capacity for love. To hear her say, clutching his arm and gazing into that face, "He is a kind, caring, warm, understanding man" is to wonder at the mysterious hearts of women and be glad.

For if Al D'Amato can find love in this mean little world—even as he toils to make it a little meaner—there is hope for us all.

Al didn't seem to believe it himself at the Water Club media availability he and Claudia held last week to announce they were going steady. "I feel like the frog who has been kissed by a princess," he said. "Claudia is my Cinderella." It seemed entirely appropriate that he conflated two fairy tales to create one modern fable, the story of two victims who rescue each other. Theirs is a co-romance.



The media, dizzy from the pheromones, didn't know what to make of it. "Let me get this straight," said one whirling Washington *Post* reporter. "You have not announced your engagement—you've announced your *love*?"

Yes, I said, yes, D'Amato said, his heart going like mad.

"And you haven't announced any kind of imminent wedding?"

Yes, I will, yes, D'Amato said, but not at this point in time. "We're going to have more to say about tying the knot later."

First, to mix in another metaphor, there must be the tying of loose ends. The loosest being Mrs. D'Amato—not Mama D'Amato, who is already revealing family calamari secrets to Claudia, but the mama of D'Amato's children, and, in the eyes of the Catholic Church and the state of New York, Al's wife. This Mrs. D'Amato, who's been separated from her husband for thirteen happy years, was not at all at a loss for words when her husband publicly declared his adultery. "What is he trying to do?" she asked. "Out-Donald the Donald?" She scoffed at her husband's hope that "my church would understand" and expunge the first marriage from his record.

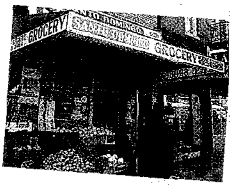
"An annulment—that's the craziest thing I ever heard," Mrs. D'Amato said. "Maybe you ought to ask his bastard children about it."

Mrs. D'Amato was not without something approaching good wishes, though: "I hope he knows what he's getting into." And, of course, he does: $80 million. Which is the other matter that Al and Mrs. Ron Perelman (ret.) will have to resolve pre-Cana, according to half of the celebrity divorce lawyers consulted by the New York *Post*. "It would be a sign of mental deficiency for a woman of her wealth to go ahead with a marriage without a prenuptial agreement," advised Marvin Mitchelson. "This is the one case in 10 million that doesn't need a prenup," insisted Al's friend Raoul Felder. "He's the poorest person in the Senate, but he'd never take a dime from her."

Which brings to mind the spontaneous, heartfelt response of President Bill Clinton, according to the *Post*, when he heard the happy news: *"You're shitting me!"*

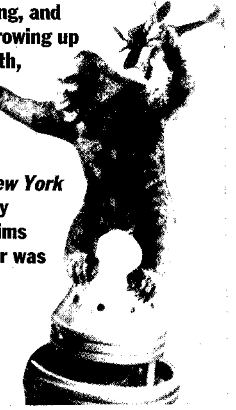
OFF THE RECORD **"Dollar for dollar, the merger is a big mistake. We would go into places that the NYPD would *never* go without radioing for backup," a former Transit Police officer told *New York* last week, regarding the March 1 merger of the city's three police forces.**

SALES PLUG **Last week, a Bronx teenager became the fifth person to be shot by a bodega owner or clerk since 1993, but it's still less safe behind the counter. A total of 23 bodega employees were wounded or killed by gunfire during that same time period. Seven customers were caught in crossfire in the aisles.**

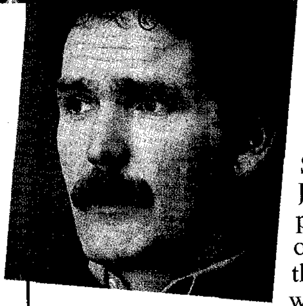


HORRIFIC-CLICHÉ WATCH **When Congressman Charles Rangel called Newt Gingrich "worse than Hitler" last week, he wasn't the first to indulge in that ugly hyperbole. Others who have been called the same: Saddam Hussein, by George Bush; Ronald Reagan, by Nicaraguan leader Daniel Ortega and by Muammar Qadaffi; Richard Nixon, by George McGovern; Henry Kissinger, by Lyndon LaRouche; John Kennedy, by Linus Pauling.**

TRUMP TELLS TRUTH! **"We have rodents the size of gerbils in our office. Other tenants have rats with long pink tails. There are droppings on the desks . . . foul odors coming from the pipes, wires hanging down from the ceiling, and mushrooms were growing up the wall," Suzy Smith, president of the Empire State Building's Tenant/Employee Association, told *New York* when asked to verify Donald Trump's claims that the office tower was "rodent-infested."**



Photographs: top, Richard B. Levine; bottom, Photofest; illustration by Istvan Banyai.



McGivern being escorted by police in 1971; today.

State

THE SHAWSHANK EXCEPTION

WHEN GARY MCGIVERN WALKED OUT OF an upstate prison on St. Patrick's Day, 1989, he was a celebrity. Pete Seeger and William F. Buckley Jr. had campaigned for his release. Then-governor Mario Cuomo had granted him clemency. Then-vice-president George Bush had condemned Cuomo for it. The headline in the New York *Times* read, THE MURDERER OF A SHERIFF WINS PAROLE.

Last week, McGivern sat in Orange County Jail, waiting to find out whether a misdemeanor charge would put him back in prison for life, and nobody much cared.

"It scares the hell out of me," the 50-year-old convicted cop killer said during a jailhouse interview. "My worst crime is disappointing people, my family most of all—and myself."

Arrested last summer on a misdemeanor heroin-possession charge, McGivern was scheduled to be tried February 27. Even he considers a conviction a "foregone conclusion." Next on his schedule is a parole-violation hearing. The likely result will be a return to state prison for at least two years and possibly for the remainder of his original life sentence. (He has already served six months for violating parole after an arrest in 1992 for drunk driving.)

"I consider my present incarceration a total failure on a personal level," McGivern said. To blame, he said, is his "spiritual bankruptcy."

McGivern is where he is today because he literally ran out of gas. His motorcycle died on a dark local road at about midnight on June 13, as he returned to his Monroe home from Manhattan. A pair of state troopers noticed the bike abandoned on the shoulder while McGivern was hiking to a local gas station for fuel. A routine license-plate check revealed that the bike's owner was Gary McGivern, convicted of killing Westchester County deputy sheriff William Fitzgerald in 1968.

"When they ran the plates," McGivern says, "that was it."

Upon McGivern's return, the troopers discovered he didn't have a valid motorcycle license and then searched his pockets. They found two small packets of heroin.

Though his Legal Aid Society lawyer, James Hill, plans to appeal on the grounds that the search was illegal, McGivern doesn't seem too hopeful. "It's amazing," he says, "how much time and energy the state is putting into this prosecution."

In a sense, McGivern's fate was probably sealed on New Year's Eve, 1985, when Cuomo granted him clemency. Cuomo was persuaded by Seeger, Buckley, and several members of the clergy that while McGivern did participate in a botched escape from the Auburn State Prison, he had not shot Fitzgerald.

Cuomo's clemency did not immediately result in McGivern's freedom; in fact, all 56 Republican members of the state Assembly—including then–state senator George Pataki—lobbied against his release, and, in a highly unusual move, the state parole board rejected McGivern twice.

The day McGivern was released, Ulster County district attorney Michael Kavanagh, who prosecuted the 1968 murder, commented, "As much as I am upset about him being released, I think this will be the impetus to have capital punishment enacted." Now Kavanagh says McGivern's return to prison is "really all we want."

Asked for a comment, a Cuomo spokeswoman said "He's just too busy."

ED SHANAHAN

Culture

MOB RULES

WHEN IT COMES TO KISSING, ITALIANS ARE supposed to be *maestri*. But in the old world of organized-crime smooches, Rome is taking its cues from New York.

Last week, Italian newspapers reported that the Sicilian mob had outlawed its "kiss of honor," which, according to La Cosa Nostra policy, was a signal that the kisser was part of crime society. But according to a confidential December 1991 FBI report obtained by *New York,* kissing has been out of fashion among Mulberry Street mafiosi for a number of years.

Alphonse "Little Al" D'Arco, former acting boss of the Lucchese crime family turned government witness, told a federal agent word had been passed that "members should refrain from kissing each other, at least in public. The reason for this is that the Government, at various racketeering trials, was producing surveillance photographs showing members kissing each other. The photos seemed to lend credence to Government assertions that the La Cosa Nostra (LCN) was a highly organized secret society, and that this was hurting the [defendants'] cases."

Among other New York–Mafia customs and other tidbits from the D'Arco debriefing:

- "A 'made,' or formally initiated, member of an LCN Family is not permitted to introduce himself as such to another member. Instead, a third member who knows both individuals must make the introduction."
- "At one point it was forbidden for made members to wear any clothing which had the color red in it, because red was for some unknown reason

Photographs: top, UPI/Bettmann; center, Dan Neville/*Newsday;* bottom, Kobal Collection.

CRIME

Killing Time

“Someone is not fully convinced,” Alton Rose—Colin Ferguson’s sad-sack legal adviser—said just four hours into deliberations, surprised by how long it was taking a Long Island jury to convict Ferguson of killing six people in front of a trainload of eyewitnesses. But in celebrated New York murder trials, it seems, the wheels of justice almost always turn slowly.

NORMAN VANAMEE

ACCUSED	**Colin Ferguson**	**Joel Rifkin**	**Joel Steinberg**	**Robert Chambers**	**Jack Henry Abbott**	**Jean Harris**
JURY IN	*February 17, 1995*	*May 9, 1994*	*January 30, 1989*	*March 25, 1988*	*January 21, 1982*	*February 24, 1981*
VERDICT	*Guilty of six counts of second-degree murder and nineteen counts of attempted murder*	*Guilty of second-degree murder*	*Guilty of first-degree manslaughter*	*Chambers pleaded guilty to first-degree manslaughter during deliberations*	*Not guilty of second-degree murder; guilty of first-degree manslaughter*	*Jury rejected plea that shooting was an accident; guilty of second-degree murder*
TIME	*10 hours*	*2 hours*	*8 days*	*8.5 days*	*24 hours*	*48 hours*
WHAT JURORS WERE THINKING	*“We had to decide on his actions and state of mind when he got on the train and started shooting,” said one juror. “When he intended to kill someone, did he kill* that *person or someone else?”*	*“Our first vote was unanimous, which surprised me,” said juror Joseph Cavaco. “I thought for sure there would be some differences of opinion, but no one bought his insanity defense.”*	*Juror Jerimiah Cole told papers that the jury agreed on a verdict of first-degree manslaughter because “we didn’t want to get hung on the charge of second-degree murder.”*	*“I feel very firmly that we could have reached a verdict,” said juror Cole Wallace, despite the fact that the judge had to send three officers into the jury room to break up a shouting match.*	*As Abbott walked out of court, one juror called out, “Happy birthday.” Another juror also said “Happy birthday,” but sarcastically.*	*“We reenacted it a couple of ways,” said juror Marie C. Jackson. “We couldn’t see how he could have come in back of her and gotten shot in the hand.”*

thought to be worn by ‘rats.’ ”

- To get made, “it is not necessary that a man have killed someone” or even “be a ‘good earner.’ It is essential, however, that he can be relied on to carry out his assignments and ‘keep his mouth shut.’ ”
- Someone being considered for the family was never told he was on the short list. If he was chosen, but declined the offer, he was killed. This was “an ideal system for preventing infiltration by undercover enforcement agents.”
- “Mustaches generally are not worn by made members.”

DANIEL GREEN

Publishing

INCREDIBLY STRANGE, INC.

ANDREA JUNO DOES NOT HAVE EYEBROW, lip, or septum pierces (cf. Juno’s *Modern Primitives,* 1989). She does have a tattoo or two, “but I don’t display them. They’re private.” She does not send dead animals through the mail in an effort to subvert the corporate superstructure (cf. Juno’s *Industrial Culture Handbook,* 1983). She does not advocate dragging weak men into the street and beating them for sport (cf. Juno’s *Angry Women,* 1991)—though she does own several firearms, is a member of the NRA, and says the only gun-control law she’d endorse would be one that allowed only women to pack heat. The thing is, for a woman who, as the editor and publisher of Re/Search Publications, has spent fifteen years cataloguing the aggressively perverse, she’s *really sweet.*

“I like to defy expectations,” chirps the energetic, earnest 39-year-old, who threw away her leather jackets years ago. Juno is perky and chatty and, as she will tell you about a hundred times, *thrilled* to have moved to New York. “This city is my Mecca,” she says. “The joke about San Francisco is that you can move there, and in six months you will know everyone you’re ever gonna know. My life is about talking to people and meeting people, and I’ve wanted to move here for years.”

Re/Search’s stark, freshly painted downtown Manhattan offices are a far cry from the junk-and-kitsch-cluttered North Beach loft that from 1980 to just last month was the company’s headquarters (her partner, V. Vale, has stayed behind). It’s hard to imagine an editorial meeting for, say, *The Re/Search Guide to Bodily Fluids* taking place around the stately conference table here.

But here is where Juno has to come to face a future that, even by Re/Search standards, promises to be disturbing. “This is the *fin de siècle,*” she says, leaning across her desk. “This is an *incredibly heavy* millennium, and things are gonna change! There are alarm buttons going off all over! Why aren’t people going, ‘Wow, this is shocking, we are *dying*!’ There’s an ecological crisis, poverty, a population crisis of the most *extreme* proportions. That’s what *I* find shocking.”

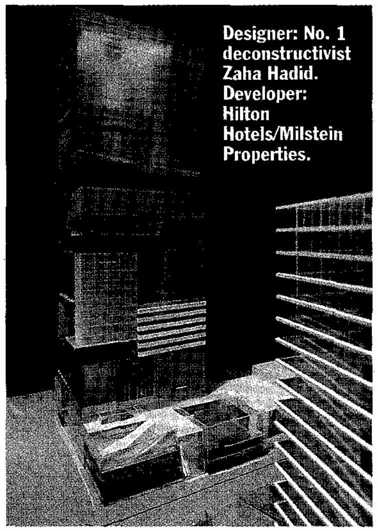
More shocking than, say, a performance artist who hangs twenty-pound weights from his testicles (cf. Juno’s *Bob Flanagan, Super-Masochist,* 1993). Bob Flanagan is not part of the

Photographs: top, Rick Maiman/Sygma; bottom, Chris Toliver/Retna.

ARCHITECTURE

Broadway Beauties of 1995

The official unveiling of three bids to redevelop an acre and a half of Times Square into a hotel-and-retail complex came with surprisingly little fanfare. WABC News was the only media outlet to cover the February 17 event in the *Daily News* building. "A decision was made not to do any publicity," says one source close to the project. "They didn't want this to be a beauty contest." But considering that at least $35 million in city money has gone into the project already, *New York* thought it in the public interest to take the designs to the very corner the contenders covet—42nd Street and Eighth Avenue—and let people judge the contestants themselves. LUCY HAWKING

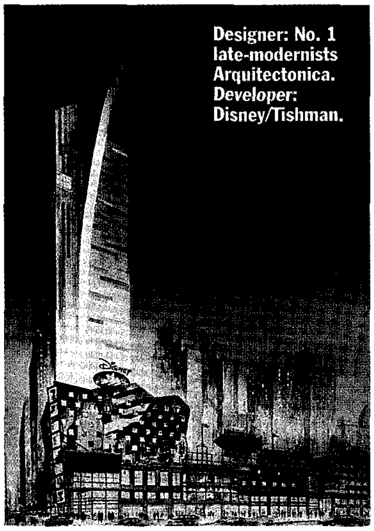


Designer: No. 1 deconstructivist Zaha Hadid. Developer: Hilton Hotels/Milstein Properties.

"It's too plain. It's just not this city; it doesn't move."

"I'd rather look out and see this building, because it's pretty."

"It's modernistic and forward-looking."

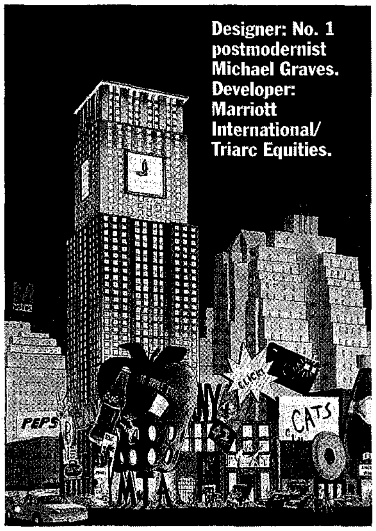


Designer: No. 1 late-modernists Arquitectonica. *Developer:* Disney/Tishman.

"This one would be my choice. It would add a nice sparkle. This corner needs something to brighten it up."

"I kinda like the arch—the rest are much too square for me."

"It says DISNEY on it. I don't like it."



Designer: No. 1 postmodernist Michael Graves. Developer: Marriott International/ Triarc Equities.

"Too touristy. I hate tourists."

"The others have a Wall Street look about them. This is Times Square; this building says *Times Square.*"

"They're all ugly. I wouldn't want to see this area looking as ugly as *that.*"

problem, Juno says, but part of the solution. "He is deeply exploring his own, very unique—and I stress, really unique—sexuality. I mean, it's not for everyone," she says. "But he's a very accessible, very articulate, and a very, I think, life-affirming person."

A Faith Popcorn for the goatee set, Juno has demonstrated a consistently keen radar for hitting on counterculture fads—*Angry Women, Modern Primitives* (the piercing-and-tattooing book), *Incredibly Strange Music, Volumes I* and *II*—just before they're embraced by the mainstream. But Re/Search, which started as a fanzine, has always been an outlet solely for Vale and Juno's obsessions of the moment (as well as a reprint house for hipster cult books, such as *The Confessions of Wanda Von Sacher-Masoch,* J. G. Ballard's *The Atrocity Exhibition,* and Daniel P. Mannix's *Freaks*), and now Juno is obsessed with new media. She is hooking up with SonicNet, the downtown online service, and is very, very intrigued by the possibilities of CD-ROM. ("The list is just totally made for CD-ROM!," she squeals. "I think like CD-ROM! I was made to do CD-ROM!")

Still, Juno worries about a world in which today's fringe fetish is tomorrow's *House of Style* segment. "The mainstream sucks all of the life of a subject dry, like a vampire," she says. "I'd much rather see an Ed Wood movie than Tim Burton's well-meaning homage."

Likewise, she doesn't know quite what to make of a recent "About Men" column in *The New York Times Magazine* that dealt with a father accompanying his teenage daughter to have her bellybutton pierced at Gauntlet—the San Francisco salon whose owner, fittingly, was featured in *Modern Primitives.* "Now she's going to have to find some really rebellious rite of passage," Juno says with a laugh. "Most rites of passage don't involve one's parents." KIM FRANCE

Business

THE ELVES TALK SHOP

ON A SLEEPLESS NIGHT SEVEN YEARS AGO, Richard Anderson, a then-frustrated aerospace engineer, put his hands together, his fingertips touching to form a sphere. Suddenly, "I saw it all in my head"—a globe with knobs you turn to doodle designs in the round. It's called, appropriately enough, the Doodle Dome. The large neon variety, the latest addition to the line, retails for about $18. "A buyer came up to our booth this year, rubbed one of the silver globes, and said she wished it could tell her fortune. I told her it sure tells mine."

Anderson's eager nuttiness was quite at home last week at the Jacob Javits Center, which played host to the genuinely fun part of the American International Toy Fair: For the $1,900 it takes to rent a ten-by-ten-foot booth, and the cost of a very loud tie (or for the women, dangling toy earrings), anyone can be a toy designer. Anderson, the company's president—its other full-time employees are his wife and two sons—boasts he has fifteen other inventions back home in California that are just as good, but "if I told you about them, I'd have to put out a contract on you." One minute the ebullient 57-year-old CEO declares that the company, RTOY, will be worth "about $50 million in a couple of years," and the next he is confessing that he was up all night "setting up the booth and then just worrying."

Nearby, a Pet Plant salesman is exhibiting no such doubts. "The educational interactives of it are just incredible," he rhapsodizes about several dozen seeds germinating in jars of color-tinted "magic gel" that reveal their root structure. "A beautiful thing is that there's also a birth certificate, so it's given a name and a birthday, and it's got an identity."

"Pick a card, any card," a slim TableTalk representative in a white sweatshirt commands. She's pushing KidTalk Cards, conversational icebreakers for kids. *What is your favorite game? Why do you like it? How do you play it? With whom do you play it?* the card inquires. "It's light, it's easy, it's fun," the representative says.

Deborah Schimberg, CEO and sole employee of Verve, Inc., has dreamed up a new way to save the rain forest—get kids to make their own chewing gum. The $10 Verve gum-making kits include chicle, which oozes, in its raw form, through the X's that "chewing-gum cowboys" hack into Guatemalan rain-forest trees with machetes. "These guys brave stinging ants and poisonous snakes to get this stuff," Schimberg enthuses. Getting out the stray leaves and bug wings, though, has been a major problem. American gum manufacturers, who no longer use natural gum bases, wouldn't touch the stuff, and Schimberg has resorted to having the chicle cleaned at an Italian gum factory.

When pressed about what President Clinton might have learned from playing his Save the President! board game last year, Scotsman Jack Jaffe declares that perhaps "t'would be the importance of patience and not declaring his hand too soon, as it wair." Jaffe's game, which involves "a great deal of the element of bluff," has his own smiling face and signature on the box next to the glowing statement, "Of all the games I have invented or played over the last ten years . . . Save the President! . . . remains my favorite."

BARBARA ENSOR

Fashion

OUR MAN IN NIRVANA

THE TROOPS ARE UPSTAIRS AT CAFE TABAC, celebrating Bridget Hall's recent accomplishments. What were the accomplishments? The print campaigns, the magazine covers, a day rate over $10,000, the two $1 million–plus contracts with Ralph Lauren. Bridget Hall is a punishing, jackbooted paratrooper in Ford Models' Praetorian Guard.

She's also a ninth-grade dropout from Farmer's Branch, Texas, with a pack of Marlboros and a Coke who scampers through the room like she's at her second boy-girl party. A few guests, older than the 17-year-old honoree by multiples of three and four, try to reconcile her finances with parts of her anatomy.

"I think it's her hips."

"Her eyes."

"No. It's the turned-down lower lip."

Aside from a Nabokovian *I-am-12-I-am-34* appeal, part of Miss Hall's accomplishment is that she offers physical correlates of character, but without character. *You* supply the character. And, with the grasshopping to rival agencies of big girls Patricia Velasquez and Naomi Campbell, the comet-like occurrence of Bridget Hall makes the loss to Ford less industrially important.

A couple of almost-greasy, middle-aged misfits appear in the room. One of them—bald, big gut, bad suit—has his hands in his waistband just to make sure we don't miss his snub-nosed revolver. *Ugly mooks with gats!* It's a bit early-career to be providing Miss Hall with muscle. And the guy is drinking beer, which is not good procedure.

I stroll over. "You boys are doing an *excellent* job."

"What? I'm in a *completely different* business," the mook says. He stares uncomprehendingly at me.

I stare at him.

Aside from these two, there are remarkably few drooling, middle-aged guys, which lends the fête a more purposeful, military feel. Agency founder Eileen Ford, who describes her new trooper as "a wolf in chic clothing," surveys the room, ramrod straight, champagne in hand.

"You can teach these girls which fork to use," she says crisply, "and how to go to a party. The two things we don't teach are *geography* and how to speak *correctly.* But we should."

When Bridget Hall is in mufti, she's a good deal less ferocious than she is on the page. She's more a good-looking 4-H majorette-to-be-chaperoned than a flighty bad girl à la Naomi Campbell. Miss Hall drops by our little drinks group for a round of introductions. She shakes hands extremely well.

"Hi. Pleased to meet you," she says.

This is untrue, of course, but, for an adolescent multimillionaire, valiant. There is just a whiff of Texas in the voice. She's chomping at the bit *not to be* in our part of the room.

I concoct a parachute for her that makes it officially uncool, in adolescent terms, to hang. "How's your mom?" I ask. "She here tonight?"

Bridget Hall is gone in a nanosecond.

WILLIAM BOOT

SPORTS

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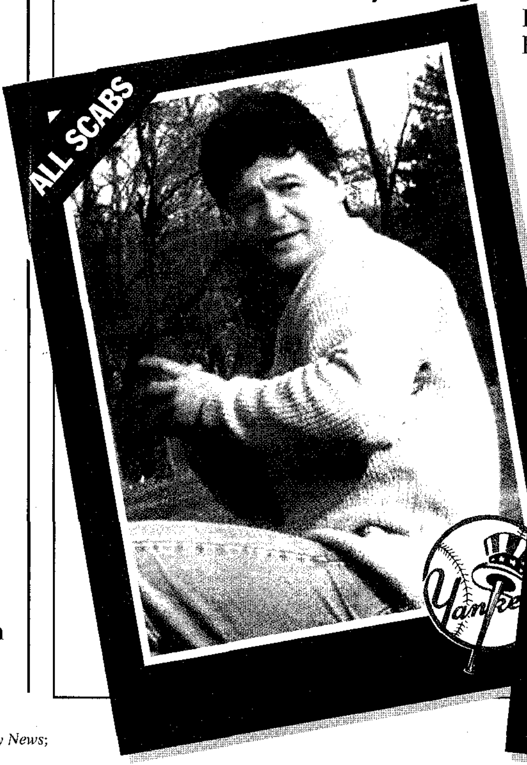
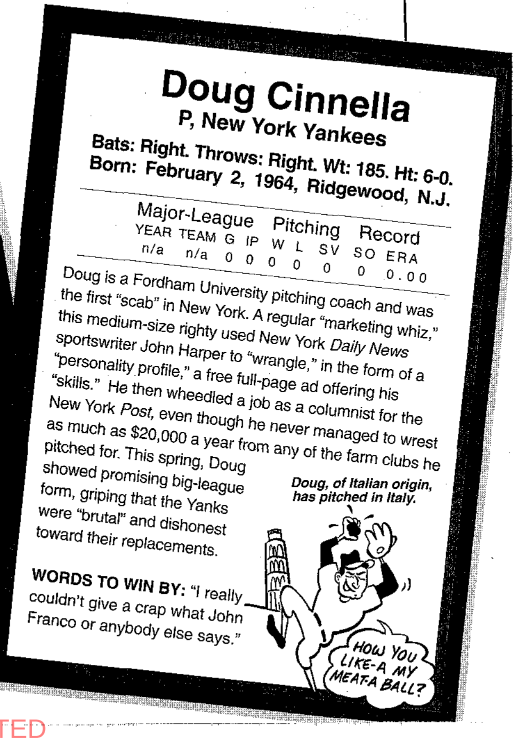




Doug Cinnella

P, New York Yankees

Bats: Right. Throws: Right. Wt: 185. Ht: 6-0.
Born: February 2, 1964, Ridgewood, N.J.

Major-League Pitching Record

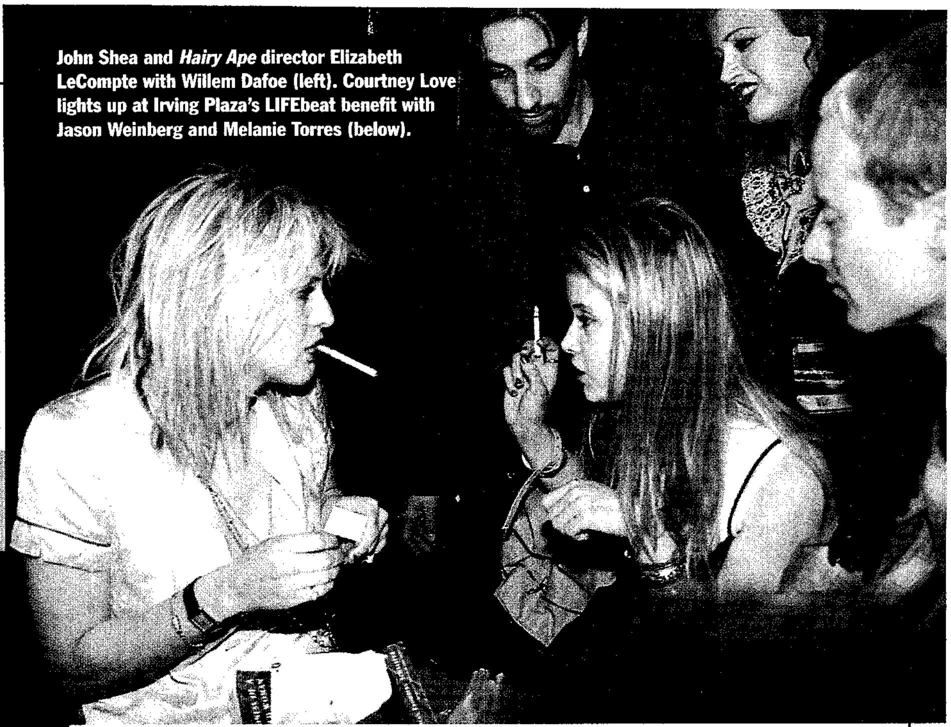
YEAR	TEAM	G	IP	W	L	SV	SO	ERA
n/a	n/a	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.00

Doug is a Fordham University pitching coach and was the first "scab" in New York. A regular "marketing whiz," this medium-size righty used New York *Daily News* sportswriter John Harper to "wrangle," in the form of a "personality profile," a free full-page ad offering his "skills." He then wheedled a job as a columnist for the New York *Post,* even though he never managed to wrest as much as $20,000 a year from any of the farm clubs he pitched for. This spring, Doug showed promising big-league form, griping that the Yanks were "brutal" and dishonest toward their replacements.

WORDS TO WIN BY: "I really couldn't give a crap what John Franco or anybody else says."

Doug, of Italian origin, has pitched in Italy.

Photographs: top, Patrick McMullan; bottom, New York *Daily News*; illustration by Robert Leighton.



John Shea and *Hairy Ape* director Elizabeth LeCompte with Willem Dafoe (left). Courtney Love lights up at Irving Plaza's LIFEbeat benefit with Jason Weinberg and Melanie Torres (below).

Above: Choreographer Karole Armitage pauses with artist David Salle after the O'Neill play. Far right: Former Steven Tyler wife and Warholite Cyrinda Foxe celebrates her birthday with daughter Mia Tyler at Gauguin. Below: Actor Richard Edson drops in on the recently Parisian Molly Ringwald's birthday bash at the Greenwich Village apartment of friend Victoria Leacock. Below, right: Ann Jones comes home to a surprise birthday party thrown by husband Mick (Foreigner, not Clash) Jones, alongside Blaine Trump.

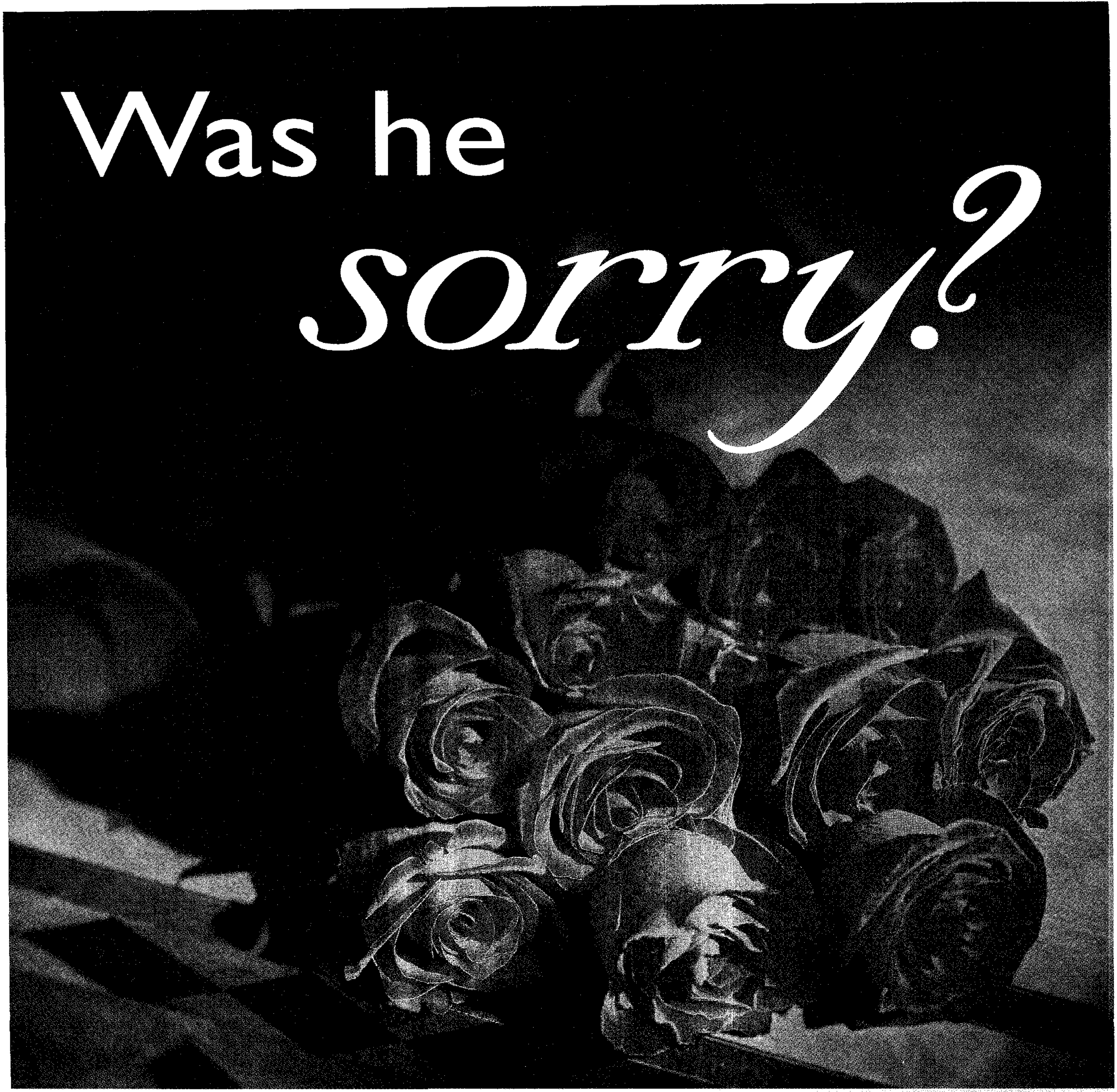
The Ape's the Thing

By Alex Williams
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

THE SOHO COGNOSCENTI ARE SPEAKING IN tongues, or at least Brooklynese. "Oim de hairy ape," proclaims one Mr. Groovy, standing in the TZ'Art gallery for a party toasting the Wooster Group's performance of *The Hairy Ape.* "You're the mohairy ape," says a tall redhead, plucking her white sweater fibers from his black suit.

"In this play in particular, there are really strong rhythms," Wooster Group diehard Willem Dafoe says, explaining his virtual rap interpretation of Eugene O'Neill. But that *accent.* "It's an old-fashioned stage accent," Dafoe says, his wide mouth switching between masks of tragedy and comedy. "I don't know if it really exists."

The artist Brice Marden and his wife, Helen, are there, as are actors Marisa Tomei and John Shea, as is downtown diva Lady Miss Kier. And the artist David Salle, who is willing to discuss those hockey shorts the performers wear, and how they fit with the John Lurie score. "It's all gestalt," says the artist. A near wink. "It's the whole thing."


Was he
sorry?

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THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

The Elephant Woman

Congresswoman Susan Molinari is now a key member of the Gingrich elite. To stay there, she might have to abandon the New Yorkers who elected her.

When Susan Molinari announced she would be holding a hearing on the future of Amtrak, it seemed like a great opportunity to see New York City's only Republican member of Congress squirm. The issue of whether the money-losing passenger rail system should continue to receive an operating subsidy is one of those bright lines that divide conservatives from liberals. Her House Republican colleagues, who recently elected her to a leadership post, consider Amtrak symbolic of all that is wrong with federal spending. Yet even her conservative constituents in Staten Island and Brooklyn are train riders, certain to be dismayed by fare increases, service cuts, or the very real prospect of a total shutdown. Thus was the stage set for a small political drama, a vexing choice, maybe even a psychic meltdown.

Newty Dearest: Molinari is trying to finesse a fundamental choice, Gotham or Gingrich.

But Susan Molinari's political existence is predicated on avoiding such complications. If you had walked into the grandiose hearing room of the House Transportation Committee (subcommittee on railroads) February 7, you'd never have known there was a problem. There was no awkwardness on the chairwoman's part, only her usual perkiness. Molinari ran the show in her best student-council-president manner, chirpily thanking her colleagues for their hard work and excellent questions. Republican Bud Shuster of Pennsylvania blasted away at Amtrak's chief, Tom Downs. Democrat Jerrold Nadler of New York City rose to Downs's defense. But Molinari herself betrayed no hint of an opinion. When I asked her about Amtrak later that day, she paused a good while and glanced helplessly across the coffee table at an aide before responding, with a disarming smile, "I'm not real clear on it." Then she looked away and added in a more solemn tone, "I am tempted to explore the possibility of having a commission of rail experts and businesspeople study the entire system."

A *commission?* Commissions have been considering the future of Amtrak since the dawn of time. At the hearing, representatives of the General Accounting Office presented a definitive 117-page report on the corporation's predicament. It's time to put up or shut up. But Molinari's answer is paradigmatic of her approach to such dilemmas. For Amtrak, substitute arts funding, welfare, public broadcasting, Medicaid, Medicare, transportation subsidies, or school lunches. All are hard cases for an urban moderate who happens to be the vice-chairwoman of the House Republican Conference, the top woman in Newt's army. And she won't give you a straight answer about any of them.

If Molinari is a gold medalist in the game of political dodgeball, the talent may be genetic. Her grandfather S. Robert Molinari was an assemblyman from Staten Island in the forties. Her father, Guy, represented the borough in Congress in the eighties. After graduating from SUNY-Albany in 1980 with a degree in communications, she drew upon the family connection to get a job with the Republican National Committee. In 1985, she returned home and was elected to the New York City Council. When father resigned in 1989 to run for Staten Island borough president, daughter won a special election, inheriting his seat and his Rolodex at the tender age of 32. Her conservative district, which also includes Brooklyn's Bensonhurst, has ensured her reelection by wide margins in '92 and '94.

Where Guy Molinari is a classic ethnic ward boss, however, his daughter is a shrewd media-age politician. Though she understands the need to focus on parochial issues like trying to reduce the toll on the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and developing a new ferry terminal, she has taken care to pare off the moldy bits of the paternal ideology, such as her father's homophobia and anti-abortion stance. Molinari calls herself an "urban Republican." What this has meant in the past is voting conservative on foreign-policy and economic issues while siding more often with liberals on social and cultural ones, like abortion and gun control. The result has been a free ride from the press, which is largely sympathetic to her "maverick" position.

When Republicans were the minority in Congress, Molinari and her fellow moderates had a relatively easy time of it. There was no need for absolute party unity, and minority leader Bob Michel had no taste or knack for enforcing discipline. Since Gingrich assumed effective control of the party in the House, however, it has become more difficult to be an independent-minded Republican. The crime bill, for instance, was clearly good for New York, so much so that Mayor Giuliani broke with his party to campaign with Bill Clinton in favor of it. Yet Newt Gingrich saw it as a chance to hand the president a major defeat. Molinari played it both ways: First she criticized Rudy for not warning her of his endorsement in advance; then she extorted fatuous face-saving concessions about changing the rules of evidence in federal rape trials (in all likelihood an unconstitutional change) in exchange for her vote.

If there was any ill will among her fellow Republicans over her defection on the crime bill, it was overwhelmed by Molinari's new celebrity status. What sealed it was her July marriage to Bill Paxon, a conservative upstate Republican who proposed to her on the House floor. *People's* recent "10 Most Romantic Couples" issue featured a full-page picture of the two nuzzling in front of a glowing fireplace with their Labrador. During the election, the pair was much in demand on the GOP

Photograph by UPI/Bettmann.

fund-raising circuit. Though Paxon has a more important position in the Gingrich posse—he chairs the National Republican Congressional Committee—Molinari is the one with the personality and the politically attractive X chromosome, and her husband has made it clear that her more promising career will take precedence.

Becoming the It girl of the Gingrich revolution has meant some compromises. Last year, she was called upon to do TV ads for pro-life Republicans running against pro-choice Democrats. She recorded a particularly nasty one on behalf of Bill Witt, who came within 300 votes of defeating incumbent Liz Furse of Oregon. Furse remains angry about the ad, and recently announced she would not rejoin the Women's Caucus, of which Molinari is a prominent member. Louise Slaughter, a Democrat who represents Rochester, was upset over Molinari's campaign work on behalf of pro-lifers as well. In response, Molinari says that abortion, "while it is an important issue, is just one issue."

That's a legitimate position. Since the election, however, she has soft-pedaled *all* the issues that distinguish her from the party's right wing: not only choice but the assault-weapons ban and social-spending cuts that will have a disproportionate impact on New York City. The bind she is in deserves some sympathy—it's tough to be a teetotaler at Newt's party. But it's not impossible: Molinari, who is hugely popular, could try to convince her constituents why it is in their own interest to do with fewer services and benefits. And at the same time, she could judiciously, but openly, break with Newt on a few key issues.

In any case, she can't hide out forever. Last week, after endorsing Bob Dole for president, Molinari quietly cast a major anti–New York vote, to cut off funds for the $315 million Penn Station redevelopment Pat Moynihan has championed (though she says she supports the project and voted against it only for procedural reasons). Tougher issues await. Molinari will have to decide how to vote on the various "rescission" bills now coming up before the House. These are retroactive cuts in the 1995 budget—for New York, they may mean higher subway fares, more-expensive school lunches, less money for student loans. The 1996 budget battle will delineate the conflict even more starkly. If Republicans are at all serious about approaching a balanced budget, it will mean enormous reductions in the federal contribution toward New York's Medicaid and welfare burdens, just as the state and city are slashing their own shares. Molinari will at some point have to make an actual choice between Newt and New York. A winning smile won't excuse her. ■

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6 **7:30-8:30 p.m.**
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675 Sixth Ave.
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THURSDAY
9 **6:30-7:30 p.m.**
Join **Philip K. Howard**, author of the provocative new book *The Death of Common Sense: How Law Is Suffocating America*, for a discussion and signing.

Citicorp Building
54th St. and
Third Ave.

THURSDAY
9 **8:00-9:00 p.m.**
As part of our Discover Great New Writers series, we welcome **Katherine Mosby**, author of the acclaimed new novel *Private Altars*, for a reading and signing.

Upper West Side
2289 Broadway
at 82nd St.

FRIDAY
10 **7:30-8:30 p.m.**
Meet author **Bartholomew Gill**, creator of the savvy Irish cop Peter McGarr, when he reads from and signs copies of his new mystery, *The Death of an Ardent Bibliophile.*

Upper East Side
1280 Lexington
Ave. at 86th St.

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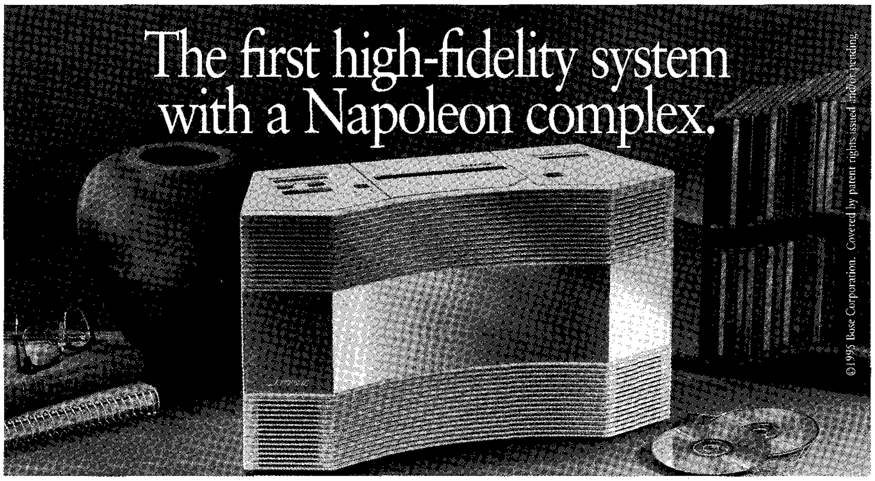
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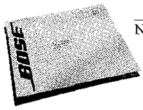

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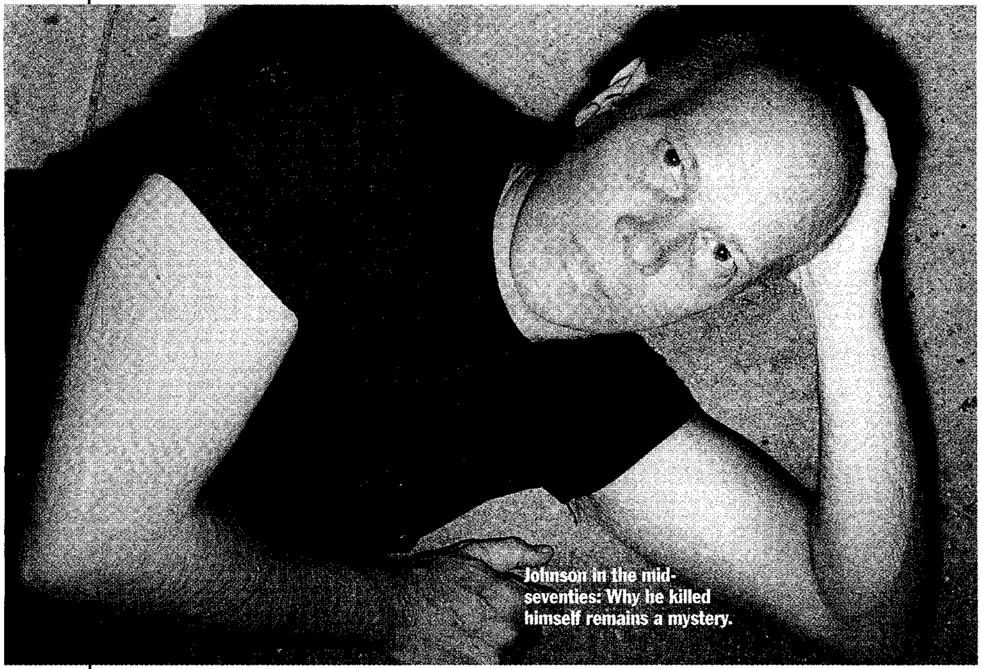
HARRY HURT III

A Performance-Art Death

Legendary (and legendarily unknown) artist Ray Johnson plotted his apparent suicide like one of his practical jokes. Now he's a celebrity.

THE BIZARRE SUICIDE OF ARTIST Ray Johnson was recently memorialized by an even stranger postmortem in the New York *Times* that suggested his death may have been related to numerology. Johnson drowned in Sag Harbor Cove on Friday, January 13, the *Times* reported. The digits in his age, 67, added up to 13, the paper of record said. So did the digits in his motel-room number, 247, *and in the time he was last seen alive, 7:15* P.M. The *Times* noted further that Johnson had left his car parked in front of the local 7-Eleven. Seven plus eleven is *eight*een, but the paper quoted a friend of the late artist's who pointed out, "Seven-eleven is obvious, in terms of chance and the throw of the dice."


Johnson in the mid-seventies: Why he killed himself remains a mystery.

Sag Harbor police chief Joseph J. Ialacci, who has been investigating the Johnson case for more than six weeks, calls the numerology angle a bunch of bunk. And he should know. "I was just gigging the *Times* reporter about all that No. 13 stuff," he says.

A desk clerk at the Baron's Cove Inn says that room 247 was the only one available when Johnson checked in the afternoon before he died. Witnesses who gave statements to the police say the time they last saw Johnson alive was actually a little before or a little after 7:15 P.M. And, according to Ialacci, the only "obvious" significance of the 7-Eleven is that it happens to be located in the parking lot closest to the Sag Harbor–North Haven bridge from which Johnson evidently leaped.

All of which makes Johnson's death even more puzzling to his closest friends. If there was no numerological subtext, what *was* his suicide supposed to mean? "Nobody can figure out why Ray killed himself or what he was trying to accomplish," says Richard Feigen, the artist's longtime dealer. "It will make him better known, but I've been trying to make him better known for 33 years."

Making the late Raymond Edward Johnson better known wasn't easy. Though he allowed his work to be displayed at Feigen's gallery, the Willard Gallery, the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum, and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Philadelphia, he resisted even well-intentioned attempts to commercialize his art, preferring to give most of it away. And yet, despite his self-imposed obscurity, Johnson is regarded by many fellow artists as one of the more important figures of our time. Some of his early collages, which incorporate found objects and images of celebrities, such as *Elvis Presley, No. 1* (circa 1955) and *James Dean* (1958), seemed to anticipate the work of artists like Andy Warhol and David Salle. "Ray was a precursor of Pop Art," Feigen observes. "He was doing what he did long before Andy Warhol."

Back in the sixties, Johnson made a name in East Village circles as a pioneering performance artist who hung with the likes of composer John Cage and dancer Merce Cunningham. During one memorable "Ray Johnson event," he put on a sky-blue suit, climbed aboard a helicopter, and dropped foot-long hot dogs on the crowd attending an arts festival on Wards Island in the East River. He would also do empty-room shows, which he called "Ray Johnson nothings," as opposed to happenings.

But Johnson may be best remembered for starting the New York Correspondence (a.k.a. Correspondance) School around 1968. Using coin-operated public-library Xerox machines and the U.S. Postal Service, he circulated personalized art-and-wordplay messages to friends and acquaintances around the world, typically requesting each "correspondent" to add something to the work and pass it along to someone else in the "school." Much of this art featured Johnson's two trademark images: a bunny and a snake.

"Ray invented the idea of mail art," says former MOMA librarian Clive Phillpot. "Ray's use of mails was part of his subversive approach," adds artist Chuck Close, a friend and collector for more than 25 years. "He didn't like dealing with museum curators because he didn't like the idea of rejection, so he corresponded with the museum librarian, knowing his letters would have to be filed."

"He was brilliant, quite brilliant," says literary agent Morton L. Janklow, a collector and a former correspondent, "but he was a very, very strange man."

A Detroit native, Johnson attended Black Mountain College in North Carolina, the legendary avant-garde art academy, where he studied under Josef Albers and Robert Motherwell with classmates Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg. In the summer of 1948, the blue-green-eyed, cherub-faced 20-year-old art student met sculptor Richard Lippold, then a visiting lecturer a few years his senior.

"Ray was really a beautiful young man,

Photograph by Marcia Resnick.

and I was quite fond of him, so I summoned him to New York," Lippold recalls. "He and I were lovers for the next 30 years until I dissolved it. I'm bisexual, and I was breeding three children, so it was difficult for us to live together."

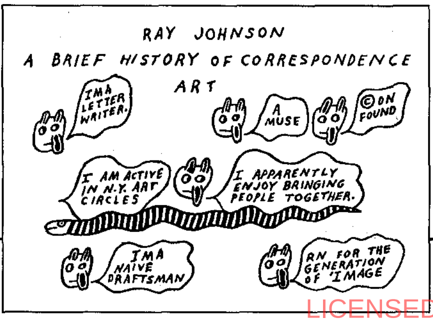
In the early eighties, Johnson spent part of two summers on Shelter Island working on a portrait project with his closest female friend, Toby Spiselman, a New York bank officer. At one point, he presented Janklow with 26 color portraits of the agent's head, demanding he buy all 26 at roughly $1,000 per. When Janklow balked at the price, Johnson turned the Janklow heads into portraits of Paloma Picasso.

Gerard Malanga, a former Warhol aide, recalls that Johnson liked to give the impression his art was fetching high prices as a way of explaining why he could afford to sell so little of it. But according to Feigen, the reverse was true. "Ray's work usually got only a few hundred dollars at auction, maybe $1,000 or $1,200 maximum."

In recent years, Johnson had grown ever more remote and reclusive. He put brown paper over every window of his two-story wooden frame house in Locust Valley and received few visitors. According to Ialacci, who examined the place after Johnson's death, the lower rooms were filled with floor-to-ceiling shelves stacked with boxes, a worktable, and a solitary mattress. "There was no art on the walls," Ialacci reports, "and all the paintings were leaned against the shelves so you could only see the back of them."

"Ray became very paranoid," Lippold says. "One day, he called me and said, 'People are stealing my work. They broke into my garage.' Another time, he told me, 'People are bugging my telephone.' There was no evidence of any of that." Still, there were signs that he was ready to come out of his shell. A few days before his death, Johnson called Feigen's office about showing some of his work. "I think I'm finished with this period of nothing," he told Feigen executive Frances F. L. Beatty, "and I'm onto something."

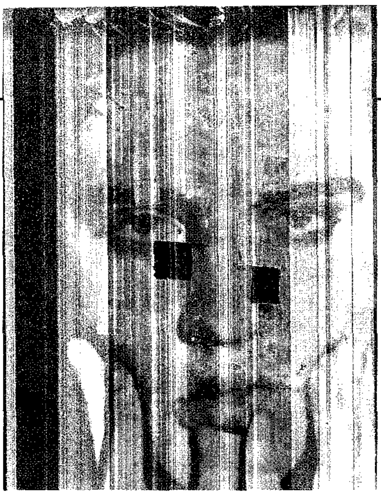
True to form, Johnson left a puzzling paper trail leading up to his death. At 11:29 A.M. on Friday, January 13, he withdrew $2,000 from his account at the Emigrant Bank in Locust Valley. Johnson then climbed into his 1986 Volkswagen Golf and drove 80 miles to Orient Point, where he mailed at least three packets to Spiselman. They contained an ace of hearts and a letter announcing a "mail event."


RAY JOHNSON
A BRIEF HISTORY OF CORRESPONDENCE ART
IMA LETTER WRITER.
A MUSE
© ON FOUND
I AM ACTIVE IN N.Y. ART CIRCLES
I APPARENTLY ENJOY BRINGING PEOPLE TOGETHER.
IMA NAIVE DRAFTSMAN
RN FOR THE GENERATION OF 'IMAGE

Johnson's "Correspondence Art."

Later that afternoon, Johnson took the North Ferry from Greenport on the North Fork to Shelter Island, and continued on the South Ferry to North Haven, on the South Fork. One of the receipts is marked with a time stamp (3:45 P.M.). Neither ferry has a time stamp—did Johnson stamp it himself?

At 5:24 P.M., Johnson checked into the Baron's Cove Inn. Desk clerk Hathaway M. Barry recalled that Johnson "appeared tired and definitely not happy." Local contractor Chris Kuziw, who was staying in the room next door, says that he thought he heard "two males talking loud" in room 247. "I thought, I hope they don't keep this up all night. A minute later, the noise stopped and I heard two people leave."



***Elvis Presley 2* (1955): Prefiguring Warhol.**

Leaving his room virtually untouched, Johnson drove his VW out of the motel lot and parked it in front of the 7-Eleven about a hundred feet from the Sag Harbor–North Haven bridge. Two local girls, ages 14 and 15, said that around 7:10 or 7:15 P.M. they bought Cokes at the 7-Eleven and went under the bridge to drink them. Then they heard a splash and ran up onto the bridge.

They saw "a bald man wearing dark clothing" who was "on his back and moving his arms in a swimming motion." Both girls noted that the man looked "relaxed." One recalled: "At no time did this person yell for help or say anything. I thought he had a wet suit on."

The girls walked to the village police station, but found it closed for the night. Then they ran into the mother of a friend, who told them not to be concerned, so they went on to the movies at Sag Harbor Cinema. "Ray would've loved that," his friend the artist James Rosenquist says. "The two girls walking away and not reporting it—that was like Ray's sense of humor."

The next day police found Johnson's body floating face up with both arms laid across his chest. "There was no grimace on the victim's face, no abrasions indicating that he may have hit his head on a rock," Police Chief Ialacci recalls. "With a water temperature of 40 degrees, I figure he only lasted about five minutes; then he went into a euphoric state and drowned."

But a subsequent search of Johnson's car, house, and personal papers complicates the picture somewhat. His locked VW was packed with enough clothes for several days (three T-shirts, five pairs of socks, six pairs of briefs, an overcoat, an extra pair of jeans). There was $1,670 in his pocket. Police say John Ritter, an attorney originally retained by his friends, found $400,000 in Johnson's bank account. And Johnson had apparently rented a safe-deposit box, then hidden the key.

Johnson's friends insist that he was in good physical health and did not smoke, drink, or take drugs. But police, who are still awaiting a toxicology report from the Suffolk County medical examiner, found a bottle of Valium in his car, which contained only $6\frac{2}{3}$ tablets out of the original 30; the prescription was four years old. A few days after Johnson's death, a postcard dated January 13 arrived at Johnson's home in Locust Valley. It featured a bunny smiling over the words IF YOU ARE READING THIS, I MUST BE DEAD, and it had a sticker bearing Johnson's return address, suggesting he had mailed it to himself. But in an interview, John Tostado, a New York Correspondence School member who lives in Los Angeles, confessed to mailing out this and 199 other identical postcards. "Some people thought it was tasteless," he says nervously, "and some people thought Ray would really have appreciated it."

Since Johnson left no will, the fate of his estate and the disposition of his art, which may be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, is in the hands of ten cousins whom he rarely saw. In the meantime, efforts to solve the riddle of his suicide have only added to the postmortem weirdness. Two weeks after the death, collage artist Robert Warner walked out on the Sag Harbor–North Haven bridge for a "silent act of communion" with Johnson. A passing motorist, fearing that another man might be attempting a jump, notified police, who called out the Fire Department and shut down the bridge for hours.

Johnson, his friends say, would have delighted in just this sort of false alarm—and in the irony that by killing himself he would now get the public recognition that he avoided in life. His house in Locust Valley has already become a shrine, with a bouquet of dead roses jammed into the door handle and a gray bunny doll perched on the steps. Feigen is giving a memorial show of his work in April and is planning to host a Johnson symposium in May.

Even the Sag Harbor police chief has become something of a Johnson groupie. "I'm not one of these art snobs; I'm what you'd call a traditionalist," Ialacci says. "But after going through all this stuff about Ray Johnson, I gotta say I like the guy. He was gigging everybody all along, and they never even knew it." ■

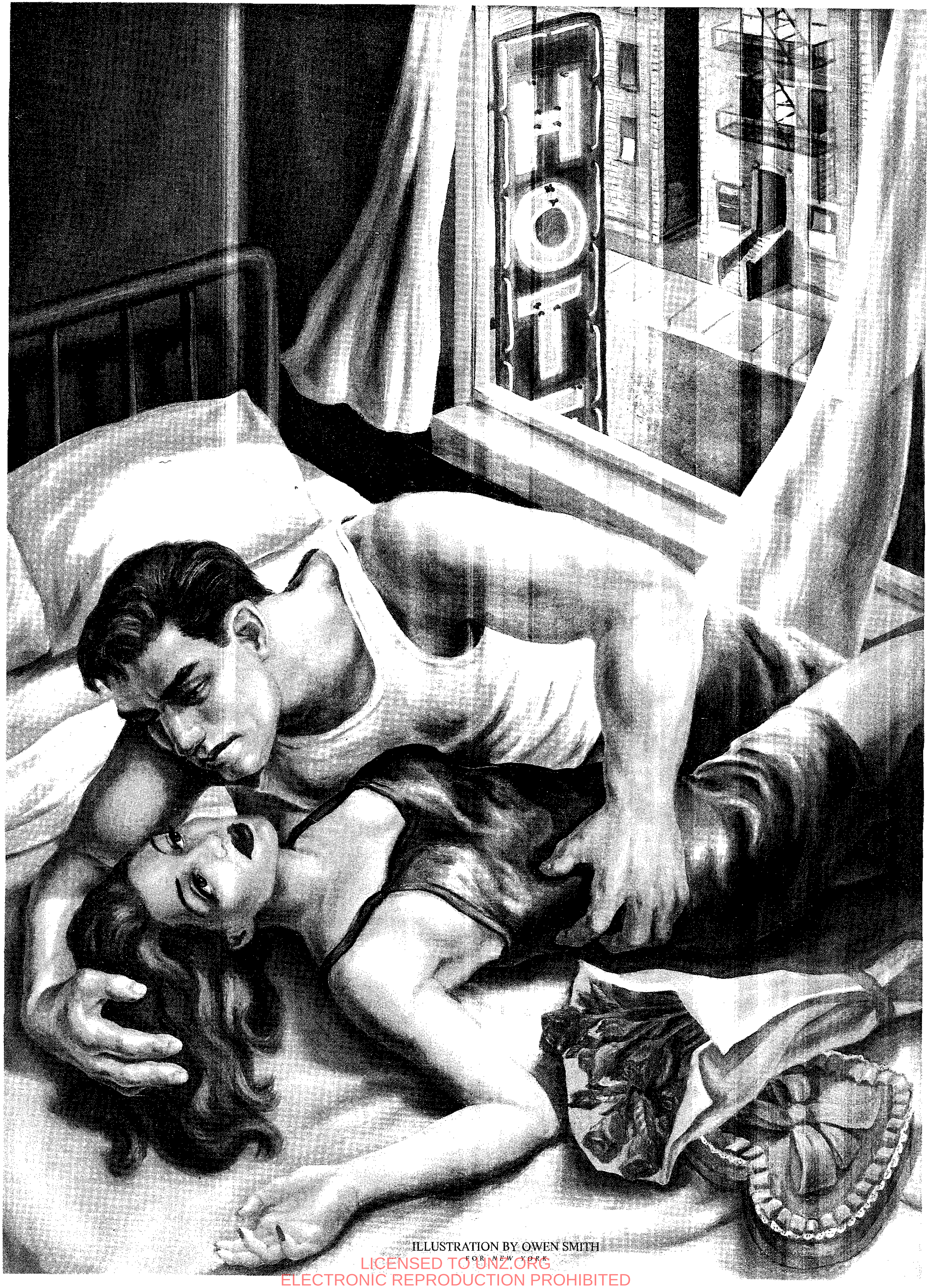


ILLUSTRATION BY OWEN SMITH
FOR *NEW YORK*

The End *of* The Affair

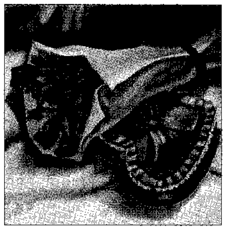
These days, casual, zipless sex is on every channel, every chat-line, every billboard. Everywhere, that is, but in our own lives. How the sexual revolution was both won and lost

BY JAMES KAPLAN

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CONVERSATION OF the couple in the next diner booth caught my wife's ear, slicing through the lively, urgent foreground music of talk and jabber from our two little boys. The man and woman sitting behind her were, she guessed with a glance, somewhere in their mid-fifties: gray-haired, striking in their ordinariness. It was a sunny afternoon in Westchester, an ordinary weekday in our local greasy spoon—a spot cherished only half ironically by the sophisticated citizens of our river town for its home-fry predictability—late in the lunch hour, the restaurant almost empty. And what caught my wife's attention was the jar between the tone of the couple's conversation—which was neither furtive nor exhibitionistic but absolutely matter-of-fact—and the subject they were discussing, which was the adultery they were plainly in the midst of conducting.

There was no mistaking it, from the mentions of "your wife" and "your husband" to the careful logistics for a motel tryst later on in the week. It was fascinating, in a banal way. But after a little while, what my wife began to find herself feeling was less fascinated than offended—not morally, since this couple seemed far removed from our socioeconomic niche, and thus whatever they did had no immediate tribal effect on us, but personally. What must she seem to them, she wondered, that this couple should care so little about her overhearing? Just another mom. Out of it, beyond all caring. Her sexuality reduced to a domestic function, and a stunted-enough one at that.

Yet what also struck my wife, and strikes me, is that the couple were like living versions of that small, infinitely touching, ready-for-anything-except-what-killed-him, 5,000-year-old hunter found frozen and mummified in the Italian Alps: something out of a time warp, relics of the sixties and seventies, the time in America that John Updike calls “the paradise of flesh.” “Do you know about anyone our age having affairs?” I recently asked a friend, a mom up the street with a wide acquaintanceship and a sharp ear for the local tom-tom. *“Nobody,”* she responded instantly. “People aren’t even having sex with their *husbands.*”



“In the sixties, when we were going wild, it was all new,” says Ed McCabe. “We were trying to escape the repression of the forties and fifties. It was that whole ‘Playboy’ ethic—‘Hey, man, let’s boogie.’ ”

NOT QUITE TRUE, ACCORDING TO THE RECENTLY PUBlished, thumpingly titled *Sex in America,* the popularized version of Robert T. Michael, John H. Gagnon, and Edward O. Laumann’s massive University of Chicago study of American sexual mores set forth by Gina Kolata, a reporter for the New York *Times.* The survey is, according to the authors, nothing less than the most methodologically ambitious such poll ever attempted. What it winds up being is a reverberating (if unintended) commercial for straight, married, monogamous, grade-A vanilla American intercourse.

Claiming new levels of poll-taking accuracy, the report asserts that fewer of us are having sex than anyone ever expected, and that the sex we are managing to have is amazingly . . . unamazing. In the chapter called “Practices and Preferences,” for example, 61 percent of women ages 18 to 44 report “using dildo/vibrator” as “not at all appealing”; only 6 percent of men in the same age category report finding “watching others do sexual things” as “very appealing.”

And, *pace* the mom up the street, in the chapter titled “How Often Do Americans Have Sex?,” we find that almost 80 percent of married men and women report that they do it either “a few times per month” or “2 or 3 times a week.”

But most surprising is that we do it *with each other*. In the chapter called “How Many Sex Partners Do We Have?” (can’t you just see it in that Woody Allen typeface, white letters on a black movie screen?), Michael, Gagnon, et al. write, “More than 80 percent of women and 65 to 85 percent of men of every age report that they had no partners other than their spouse while they were married.”

Big numbers! And big news. Maybe this is what the mom up the street was trying to get at. For if one believes the survey (although one’s faith in the strict accuracy of *Sex in America* is proportional to one’s belief that people would sit down in a room with absolute strangers and reveal their most intimate secrets, secrets they may not have even admitted to themselves), we baby-boomers are a uniquely . . . temperate generation. That’s the nice way of putting it.

We must understand, first of all, that sexually, the USA is fairly strange territory. Anthropologists tell us—as Robert Wright points out in *The Moral Animal*—that the modern industrial nations are among only a small fraction of societies in the history of the world that have been both monogamous and economically stratified. (Monogamy is no surprise in societies homogeneously close to subsistence level, where polygamy of any sort is simply *too expensive.*) And it will come as no shock to any casual observer of, say, Western European mores that among all the industrial nations, America is uniquely obsessed with the matter of marital fidelity.

Maybe it has to do with our Puritan bedrock, the comparative youth of the country, our insular innocence. At the same time, the very air we breathe in the nineties seethes with images of vacant-eyed, nubile-bodied sex, images that have slipped the special precincts once reserved for them and permeated the television shows and commercials and magazines most of us spend much of our free time looking at. Shouldn’t (the images tell us) we all look this way? Shouldn’t we all act and feel this way?

The myth is troubling enough to teens and young singles, but to married baby-boomers, awash in a sea of youth-worshiping visuals, it presents a special challenge. How are we—that is to say, currently married and child-rearing couples born between the death of Franklin Roosevelt and the election of Jack Kennedy, and participating in that great gentrification known as the American middle-to-upper-middle class—handling it? At arm’s length, in many cases.

Never before in history have so many virtual extramarital sexual outlets—from cable to video to telephone to strip clubs to trysts in cyberspace—been available. “Adultery certainly doesn’t have any interest for me,” says novelist Nicholson Baker, who has been married for almost a decade and whose last two novels, *Vox* and *The Fermata,* have been urtexts of virtual sex. *“Cinq à sept?* That’s a big chunk of time! None of the married couples we know have gone through [infidelity]. I think it has a lot to do with drinking—there’s a lot less drinking at parties these days. In a way, I think it’s too bad—it’s a lot less fun.”

Fun? Wasn’t that something we did in the seventies? Since we didn’t have to marry to have sex, many of us spent our postcollege years assiduously devoted to pleasure and self-discovery. As a result, we married and had kids much later in life than, well, virtually every previous generation in recorded history.

And now we’re feeling the effects. We sleep less than our parents did (blame Letterman), we work longer hours (blame the downsizing that began in the late eighties). Tidal waves of data, relevant and otherwise, wash over us, through the media, by fax, by cellular phone, leading to attention shutdowns and general grumpiness. Info-fatigue, fear of AIDS, the continuous shift of male and female roles within the workplace and marriage and parenthood, the sexual-harassment tinderbox—all seem to have combined to nudge all of us, and especially the generation of which I speak (and to which I belong), away from real sex, both intramural and extracurricular. And it would appear that many of us who are staying faithful are doing so by actual moral choice, rather than (as it often was for our parents) out of fear of social stigma. We’re old, we’re tired, we’re good, and we’ve had our fun. Infidelity? We don’t do that. Much. Anymore.

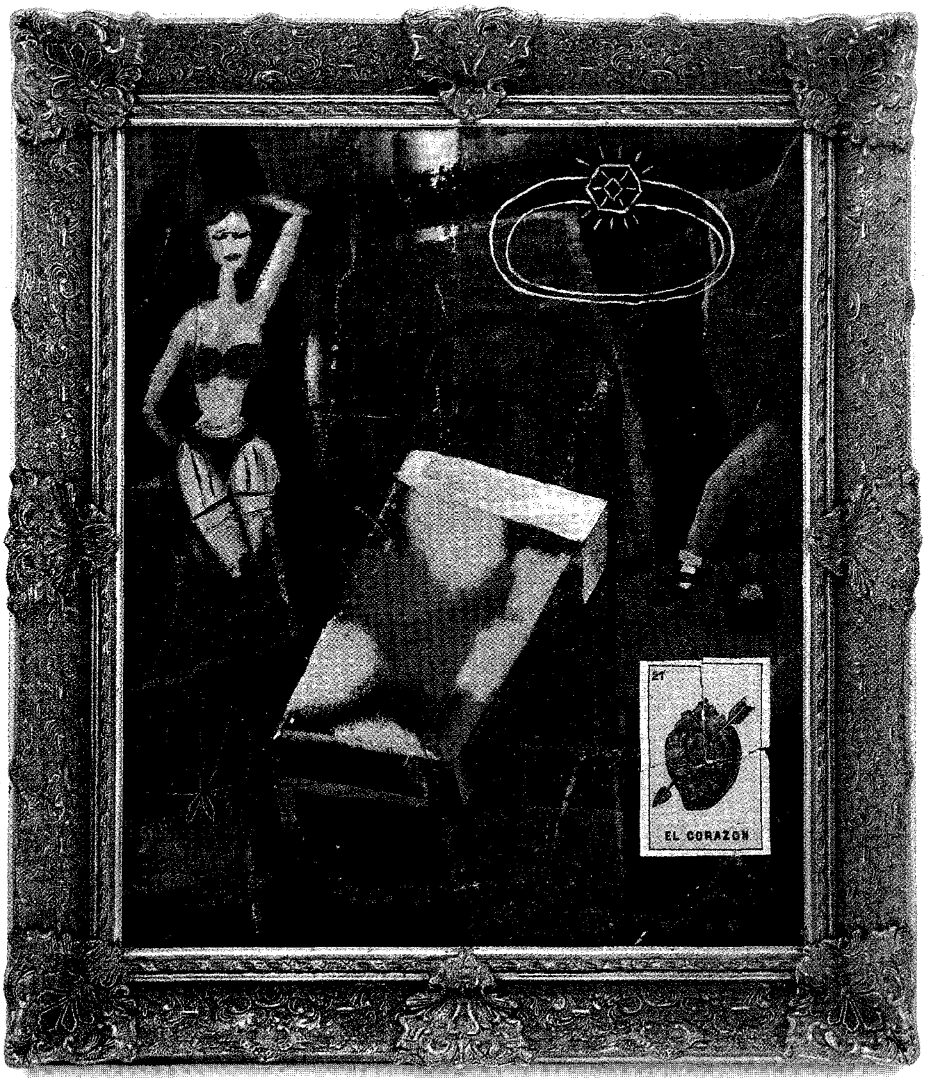
My God. Is this really true?

BACK IN THE MID-EIGHTIES, NOT LONG after my wife and I moved to Westchester and before we had our first child, there was a short story I tried to write: I called it “Don Juan in Larchmont.” The hero was a happy guy who, improbably, kept showing up in public, in broad daylight, with other men’s wives—and the wives’ children. He was invariably pushing a stroller or wearing a Snugli, and invariably beaming and making everyone around him happy as well.

It was, as you can instantly see, a cute idea, high-concept on the face of it, but quickly tailing off into impracticability: What was this guy’s M.O.? What were his *motives*? The narrative manqué was a sort of multi-level parable: a reaction to my strange new milieu and its polyphiloprogenitive folkways; an attempt to process my own imminent future; a struggling to come to grips with *haute* suburban literary models Updike and Cheever. If you’re going to write, the still-born story told me, you're going to have to find another subject besides suburban adultery. It's been done.

Not only as a subject, seemingly, but as an activity. That was why "Don Juan" rang true: All around me, in the suburbs, in the city, all I seemed to see was a lot of guys a lot like me, doing something our fathers had never done—Taking an Active Part in Child-Rearing. There were the bad examples, of course—harried-looking, vaguely epicene male drudges, soft and resigned around the face and middle, one baby strapped to the stomach, another in the shopping cart.

But then, a year or so before we got pregnant, I began spotting another, more stirring, example around our town: a man I came to think of as the Cool Dad. Tall, rugged, and homely-handsome in his leather jacket and boots, he was, or so I fantasized, in one of the whitish-blue-collar trades, doing something solid—an engineer, a contractor. A man's man. He was invariably carrying his 6-month-old-or-so infant in a backpack through the local greengrocer's. And he not only loved this baby but *relished* it: As he walked through the aisles (manfully gathering dinner for his family), as he waited patiently at the meat counter, he would frequently turn and nuzzle the child, a look of delighted wonder on his blue-jawed face. Here, surely, was a new race of men, and one of the things I wondered about it was whether they—whether we—would have the time, let alone the inclination, to step out on our wives.



ONE GREW UP, YOU SEE, IN SUCH different times: an era when somebody was actually in charge, and that somebody was most certainly male. It was the era of John Cheever's "The Five-Forty-Eight" and Billy Wilder's *The Apartment*, when men (like the adulterous Blake in the Cheever story, or Fred MacMurray in Wilder's film) were men, and young women in the workplace (like the mad Miss Dent in "The Five-Forty-Eight" or the merely hapless Shirley MacLaine in *The Apartment*) were girls, ripe for the plucking. A world in which adultery, from the male point of view, was a kind of droit du seigneur, and a swank, Hefnerian mark of sophistication to boot.

But most young women were not in the workplace. They were at home having babies, like my mom. Very young women, barely past girlhood, smoking cigarettes, wearing red lipstick, crying a lot. My father rode the commuter train to the city; frequently, he got on planes and trains and traveled for business. For a couple of years in the late fifties, such were the demands of his work that he came home only on weekends. Did he have affairs? In a way, I don't see how he could have avoided it. But then, the men in my family seem peculiarly disposed, as if through some rogue gene, toward fidelity. Still, many other men of his acquaintance did; it was an age of roving hunter-gatherers and at-home wives. An age when Kennedy, in the White House, read, and seemed to inspire, Ian Fleming. An age whose domestic mores were chronicled, with microscopic precision, by John Updike.

In his memoir *Self-Consciousness*, Updike writes with autumnal nostalgia of an Arcadian Sunday volleyball game in the late fifties or early sixties in Ipswich, Massachusetts: "[T]he soft white ball darted this way and that in the sky as erratically as the erotic currents in our violent harem atmosphere: anxious, bare-limbed housewives got bumped and upended as we aging young bucks leaped and dived and spiked and saved."

"Violent"? "Harem"? Repression is a powerful force, titillating, suffocating: "When young," Updike writes elsewhere in the book, "I had wanted a wife who would be attractive, and motherly, and artistic, and quiet, and she materialized. We wanted children, and they obediently came, healthy and lovable and two of each sex. Now, through no fault of their own, they composed a household whose walls seemed to be shrinking around me, squeezing my chest."

A far cry from the Cool Dad. And, it seemed, it wasn't just Updike's chest that was being squeezed: "My notions of heterosexual love," he writes, "had been derived from Hollywood movies and pornographic comic books and then such modernist benchmarks of sexual realism as *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the last chapter of *Ulysses*, Henry Miller's *Tropics* books, *The Story of O*, and the memoirs of Frank Harris; perhaps I was disappointed when an overworked mother of four failed to follow these scripts."

All by way of saying that sex, inevitably, was about to rear its blood-engorged head. In *Couples*, published in 1968, the cat came thoroughly out of the bag. *Couples* was *about* sex, as a reaction to repression, about adultery as aphrodisiac. The daisy-chaining tribe of the fictional but recognizable town of Tarbox, Massachusetts, now in their thirties, were those very same bare-limbed young house-

With the rise of cable TV, the video boom, the p.c. revolution, we became entertained to within an inch of our lives. So why bother to talk with the neighbors, let alone go out and sleep with them?

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSH GOSFIELD
FOR *NEW YORK*

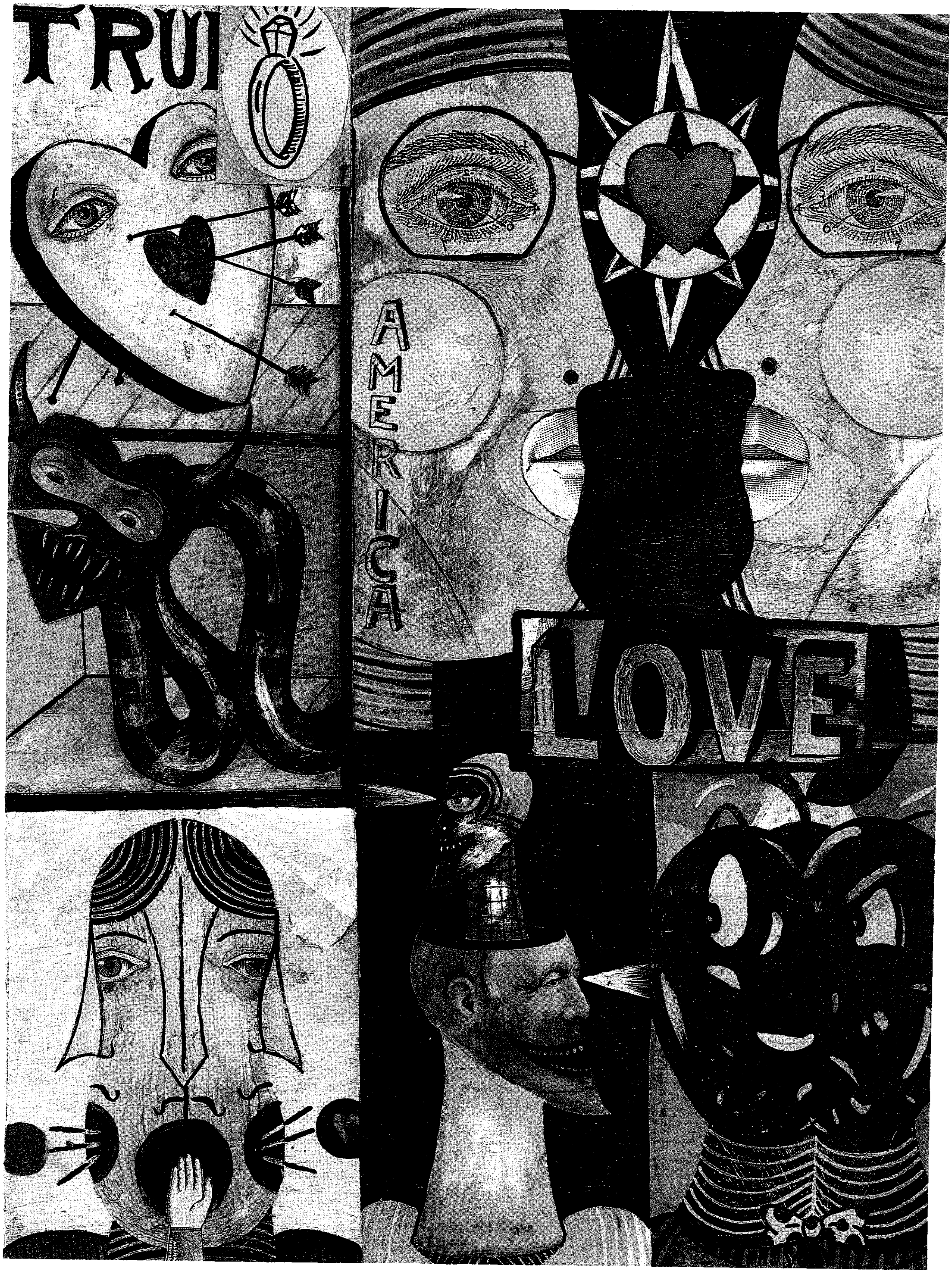

TRU
AMERICA
LOVE

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTIAN NORTHEAST
FOR *NEW YORK*

wives and aging young bucks, *mutatis mutandis.* The harem had become a love-in.

A couple in my Westchester town, now close to 70, have unfond, and corroborating, memories of those Johnson-Nixon days. "In the sixties, people were angry," the husband says. "They were saying, 'To hell with all the rules.' So there was an enormous acting-out." Among the then-35-year-olds, they recall, there were parties at which house keys were put into a basket: You picked out a set and went home with whomever they belonged to. Among their own crowd, then in their mid-forties, "everyone we knew except us was having affairs," they say.

It wasn't just the suburbs. "In the sixties, when we were going wild, it was all new," says advertising legend Ed McCabe, who founded his first agency in Manhattan in 1967. "We were trying to escape the repression of the forties and fifties. It was that whole *Playboy* ethic—'Hey, man, let's boogie.' "

Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint,* which came out the year after *Couples,* and Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying,* in 1973, were also about breaking out of repression and the putative virtues of libertinism. But in being about the sex life of individuals rather than of a tribe, Roth's and Jong's books were more prescient than Updike's. When the sixties' brief burst of communality, spurious and otherwise, ended, what we were left with was sex itself.

THE SEVENTIES POSED AN INTERESTING, NAGGING QUESTION: If no one was in charge—not Nixon, not Gerald Ford, not God—what was morality? Left to their own devices, many took a do-it-yourself approach.

It was the time when I had my own small skein of adventures. The ancient double standard had discreetly encouraged young men to sow their wild oats before marrying; young women had been explicitly encouraged to wait. Suddenly, there was a whole countryful of young women every bit as eager as young men (or made to feel they ought to be as eager) to sow oats, or whatever the female equivalent might be. Recreational drugs were widely available, and offices were full of young people ripe for adventure. It was an overheated time, and not as smart as it looked.

"The 1970s fueled a new kind of sexual ignorance," Sallie Tisdale writes in her new sensualist manifesto, *Talk Dirty to Me.* I found my own experiments with serial monogamy (with a shot of bigamy thrown in here and there) occasionally delightful, frequently confusing, and most often lonely.

In 1980, Gay Talese published his own investigation of the sexual seventies, *Thy Neighbor's Wife.* It is, to a person of my generation, a deeply strange book. Its centerpiece is a detailed study of a California sex commune called Sandstone; the messages are mixed. Talese was attempting nothing less than a definitive prose portrait of sex in America; what comes across more strongly, however, is the point of view of a white heterosexual male then in his forties. By the end of the book, when Talese brings himself in, *in the third person* ("a writer from New York named Gay Talese . . . a lean, dark-eyed man of forty-three whose brown hair was beginning to turn gray"), as a character, his usual detachment is suddenly and dramatically compromised: He reveals that he himself participated in Sandstone's polymorphous curriculum, and that his cross-country sex investigations finally landed him at the front desk of a Manhattan massage parlor, where he worked as the manager, an occupation he appeared to enjoy thoroughly.

Thy Neighbor's Wife insisted on the dignity of everyone portrayed, from masseuses to Hugh Hefner, and the result is magnificent, Rembrandtian. But somehow the dignity insisted on most vehemently is Talese's own. The book is a (would-be) zipless fuck. What feels missing at the end is the humor, the chaos of sex, and any real sense of what effect his dip in the rivers of Babylon had on his life. Writer Talese, who, according to the traditional template, had married early, wished to continue his marriage (narrator Talese said). And he'd had affairs, he remained friendly with his mistresses, and he said nothing about intending to change his ways. So. A Zen koan for the New Age: How can the cat be out of the bag and in it at the same time? Was Talese's some new vision of the institution of marriage, or simply the old droit du seigneur in new undress?

With this failure to explain, Talese left us with the unnerving impression that he had merely turned the sow's ear of an old-fashioned midlife crisis into the silk purse of literature. And a strange, incomplete sort of literature, which left untransformed, unredeemed, the lunar solitude of sexual experimentation in the seventies.

Pleasure for pleasure's sake was (presumably) all well and good if one was rebelling against too-early marriage and responsibility. But if one was young, single, and alone, hedonism wore thin pretty fast. Connection was what I was seeking throughout the seventies, and providentially, I found it. With precise sociological punctuality, as the decade ended, I became We, and have remained so, for better and worse, by far mostly better, since.

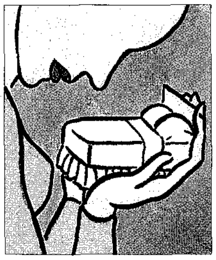
AND THE WORLD OUTSIDE, MEANWHILE, got really strange. AIDS, the personal computer, the VCR, the Walkman, and MTV lent themselves to, or at least reflected, a state of divisiveness, of atomization, never before seen in civilization.

Updike, who had seen himself as "a literary spy within average, public-school, supermarket America," had written from the late fifties through the sixties of a vanishing social order, one in which young marrieds-with-children formed, and actively participated in, real communities. But as we boomers married and had kids, the tribes became smaller, and tighter, and more suspicious of one another. The atmosphere grew charged with political lightning. Everyone was entitled, everyone was a victim, everyone was pissed off. Look cross-eyed at someone and it was abuse, harassment, or dis.

At the same time, with the rise of cable TV, the boom in the video market, the increase in electronic news outlets, we became entertained (or merely distracted) to within an inch of our lives. So why bother to talk with the neighbors, let alone go out and sleep with them? More and more, what we've tended to do at night is close the door, double-lock it, and turn on the tube.

"Is there less infidelity these days? I think so," Nicholson Baker says. "For one thing, there must be hundreds of novels that have studied the cost of adultery. And I think they did a very good job—we now have this incredible fund of case histories. I think that's the big moral my generation has extracted—that basically, the massive, devastating disruption of a family caused by an affair is not worth it.

"In my case," Baker says, "I just like to be mar-



"It's nothing like that old Cheever model—getting looped and keeping things to yourself. If I had an affair, I'm positive that despite the most vigorous bathing to get the smell off, the minute I walked in the door, my wife would know."

ried. I'm much happier than I was before. I've gotten hundreds of times more work done than I did before. And marriage itself is an object of study."

Well, that sounds cozy, and Baker's testimony is borne out by my own experience and the reports of many of my friends around the country and the plugged-into-the-neighborhood mom up my street. Not to mention *Sex in America.*

We were the generation that could have whatever it wanted. When we wanted sex, we grabbed it. We still want it, reflexively, but we can't grab it anymore. It's a chastening thought, but not a cheerless one.

YET THERE ARE A LOT OF WELL-INFORMED PEOPLE WHO disagree with the premise that unfaithfulness is waning—including a number of psychologists, psychiatrists, and couples therapists I talked to—who (on the basis of an admittedly skewed sample) report little or no decrease in the number of affairs they see among their patients, and who think that many people have drawn entirely different lessons from recent history.

"Infidelity is less a moral issue than it used to be—it's moved into the mainstream," says psychiatrist and psychoanalyst Dr. Willard Gaylin. "I think it's infinitely more prevalent than it used to be—so much more that it's no longer interesting. There's an assumption among married couples that 'I don't want to hear about it.' "

Dennis G. Shulman, Ph.D., a psychologist with practices in Manhattan and New Jersey, reports, "Fifty percent of the couples I see come in as a result of an affair. Many of my patients are from wealthy populations, and I don't get the sense that in this social group issues like HIV are having an effect in terms of making people not having affairs. They're just having more-monogamous affairs."

A Manhattan couples therapist says, "There's a lot of writing saying that from an evolutionary point of view, the idea of lifelong monogamy is a fiction—that in fact, a more natural marriage lasts seven or eight years, just enough to get children grown. From where I sit, when somebody's married twenty years, what you're really talking about resembles three or four different marriages—serial monogamy they're lucky enough to have with the same person."

Seventy-three-year-old *Cosmopolitan* editor Helen Gurley Brown inevitably concurs. "Yes, there's this new survey indicating that sex is very quiet out there, and nobody ever cheated on anybody, but I think it's a lot of nonsense," she insists. "Fifty-five percent of our readers have had a fling at one time or another. I know couples who are having affairs. Listen, my dear. It all has to do with the fact that breathtaking, cliff-hanging sex cannot go on in a relationship. I give it three years at the outside. No matter how many times you leave the kids at Grandma's, or check into a hotel for the afternoon, sex is not, in the sixth or ninth or twelfth year of a marriage, the same as it was at the beginning. People have affairs because sex with somebody new is *exciting.*"

"I've gotten very wary of making generalizations," novelist and essayist Susan Cheever, daughter of John, tells me. "But I think if you have a person who is getting older, who's in their forties instead of their twenties, and has little children, and doesn't drink, and has read the AIDS statistics, yes, it is less likely that they'll be sleeping around," Cheever says. "It's a lot harder to cheat if you have little children, and you don't use anything that uninhibits you, and you don't leave the house."

"In '67, when I started my agency, there were married people fucking around—but there still are," says Ed McCabe. "The older guys are still fucking around, trying to be young. I would be very careful about putting a generational spin on this. But I'm not even sure it's about sex anymore. I think it may be more about solace and understanding and shared despair. I think computers have desocialized the population—I would guess attendance at singles bars is way down. There's a breakdown in interaction. People crave emotional contact in sex—that's very hard to come by these days."

AND SO WE MARRY, CREATING NEW challenges. "I have a real intimate, demanding, high-communication relationship," journalist and new novelist Philip Weiss says. "It's nothing like that old [John] Cheever model—getting looped and keeping things to yourself. If I had an affair, I'm positive that despite the most vigorous bathing to get the smell off, the minute I walked in the door, my wife would *know.*"

And yet a minute later, he asks me: "Have you ever had an affair?" I tell him no. "I haven't, but I think I probably will someday," he muses. "The fantasy is, you travel somewhere, and it's completely zipless."

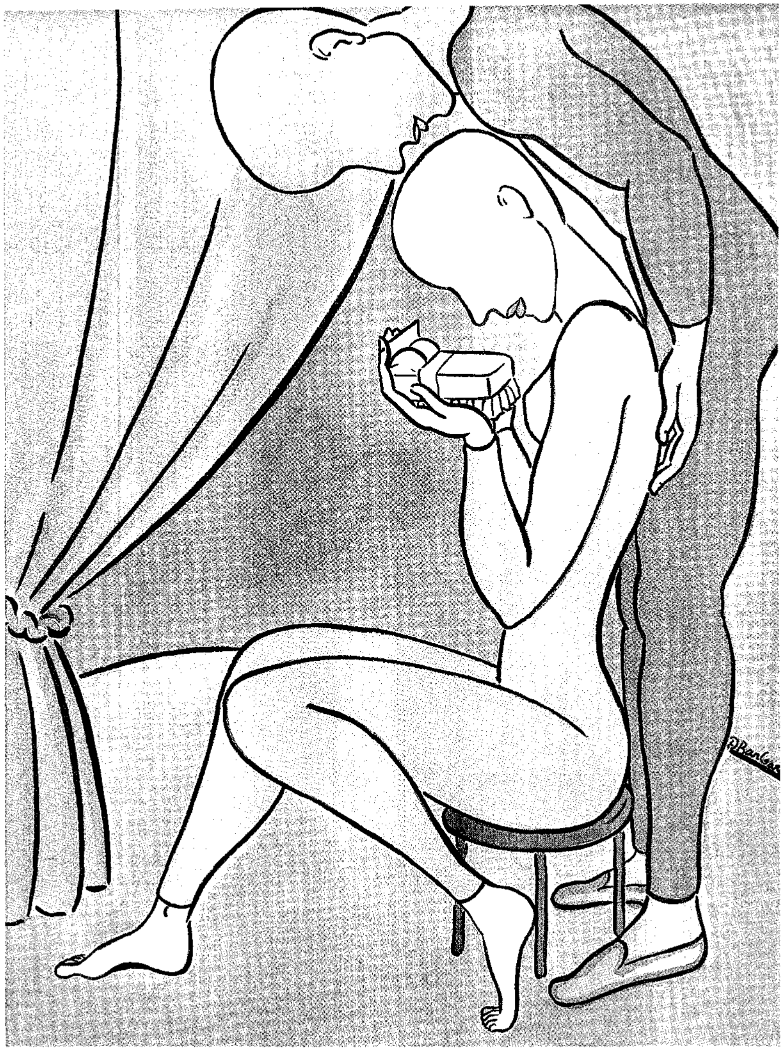
Maybe this is just another way of saying that for the male of the species, programmed, as Robert Wright tells us in *The Moral Animal,* to want to broadcast his genetic information as extensively as possible, the thought that the buck stops here, period, is just too hard to take. Yet conscience (or something) makes cowards of us all. Or many of us. An old college friend of mine, powerfully vain, and before his marriage relentlessly promiscuous, with more than 100 scores on his fuselage, told me a story of riding on a commuter train not long ago and catching the eye of a beautiful woman. They looked; they smiled; he got off at her stop. They ended up riding around in her car, talking; she drove him to his station, and he went home to his pregnant wife.

What stopped him? *Fear of getting caught,* the cynic would say, but maybe that's not so cynical after all. A persistently annoying buzzword of the moment is *interactive.* Well, what is interactivity, anyway, but intimacy at some third-generation remove, filtered through cyberspeak to make ourselves strange to ourselves? "It seems to me quite possible that the 1960s represented the last burst of the human being before he was extinguished," says André Gregory in *My Dinner With André.* Yes, he was speaking theatrically, and saying this in the context of the early eighties. But even if Gregory was exaggerating, maybe there is some truth to what he said. Maybe virtual reality has arrived, and we can hardly tell, because we're living smack in the middle of it.

Maybe the reason we have such trouble finding a glib nickname for the nineties isn't just that we're inside them—it's that we've become such a Balkanized world of cadres and factions and outraged splinter groups, from the NRA to the Baby-Sitters' Club, that a catchall title for our time is no longer possible, unless you want to call it the Tribe Decade.

And in a certain basic way, we've become strangers to one another. It's easier to go home and watch TV than to go through the work of sleeping with somebody. I live in a neighborhood where many of the older inhabitants are gregarious, as was the habit of their era, but most of the younger couples barely speak, let alone know one another's names. (Let alone have house-key-swapping parties.) The other day, I was walking my son to school when I saw a little girl, the child of a neighbor, holding on to a branch, stuck halfway up an icy hill. She was scared to go up, scared to go back down. But when I offered her a hand, I saw in her eyes that she was even more scared of me. *Stranger.* Even though I was with my boy. It's become a cliché that the suspect in the unspeakable crime was *quiet,* and *kept to himself.* That would describe about 90 percent of us. No wonder our nightmares—our daymares—are about satanic cults and depraved day-care workers. We are tribes in the night; and wolves, we know and imagine, grab the young and the weak from the fringes.

So we huddle in our tents. And it may be less than perfect in there—as my first son, then 18 months old, seemed to be indicating when he toddled up one day and handed me, as though I'd just misplaced it, a copy of Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents*—but you don't really want to get thrown out.



JOHN CHEEVER'S 1953 STORY "O YOUTH AND Beauty!," set in his mythical but achingly familiar Episcopalian suburb of Shady Hill, began at a Saturday-night party, when everyone who was going to play golf or tennis in the morning had gone home, when "the ten or twelve people remaining seemed powerless to bring the evening to an end although the gin and whisky were running low." And the last partygoers got to witness a ritual: The furniture was moved, Trace Bearden fired a revolver out the window, and former college track star Cash Bentley ran a hurdle race over sofa, tables, fire screen, and wood box.

The race, of course, was a symbolic dash against time, one that Cash, though still slender at 40, had already lost. Cash Bentley was an anomaly in Cheever's day; many more of us are Cashes now. We protest more loudly than our parents, with low fat, high fiber, and StairMasters, but we're losing the race, anyway.

"Certainly we worship youth more than we did ten or twenty years ago," Dr. Shulman says. "People are having children later, working out, having plastic surgery. As this huge population of baby-boomers moves into its forties and fifties, we're going to begin to consider the forties and fifties young. My wealthy Upper West Side patients have trainers; they go to gyms. They're not going gently into the night—they're jogging away from it."

It seems so simple, so obvious; at the same time, it feels like a cold splash of water in our collective face: *We were the generation that could have what we wanted.* When we wanted sex, we grabbed it. We still want it, reflexively, but we can't grab it anymore. It's a chastening thought, but not an entirely cheerless one.

My wife and I went to a New Year's Eve party eight weeks ago, at the house of a couple we're friends with. Our children and some others attended, watching kid tapes upstairs, sneaking down now and then to gawk at the grown-ups. But there wasn't much to see: The party was friendly, smokeless, and thoroughly decorous. Some masculine voices were raised in the dining room toward midnight, but it turned out it was all in good fun. No one passed out; nobody appeared to make a pass at anyone else's husband or wife. Certainly nobody fired a gun. Party poppers at midnight was as raucous as things got. We didn't even dance.

I remember the parties of the fifties, when we were the same age as the kids who attended our New Year's Eve: I remember the smoke, the drink, the risqué remarks we overheard as we peered down from the top of the stairs. *People were propositioning each other down there.* The parties aren't like that anymore. Our parents were younger then than we are now—they'd had little, if any, chance to mess around. So they did their messing around, whether imaginary or actual, at parties, drunk. They were doing their growing up (messily) in front of our eyes.

Watching them, we learned too much. This generation has too much knowledge about many things, and too much in particular about what was wrong with Victorian standards, and Eisenhower-era standards, and the lack of standards of the sixties, seventies, and eighties. All the pillared structures we railed against, we learned, could topple all too easily. Marriage was one of the big ones.

Now we've moved in. We have grown up at last. And we are raising children under uniquely assaultive circumstances, trying to redefine the roles of fathers and mothers on the fly, trying to have fun, without destroying what we have. And we do have fun, in our own way. Many of us are discovering pleasures in marriage, and in family, that our parents never knew.

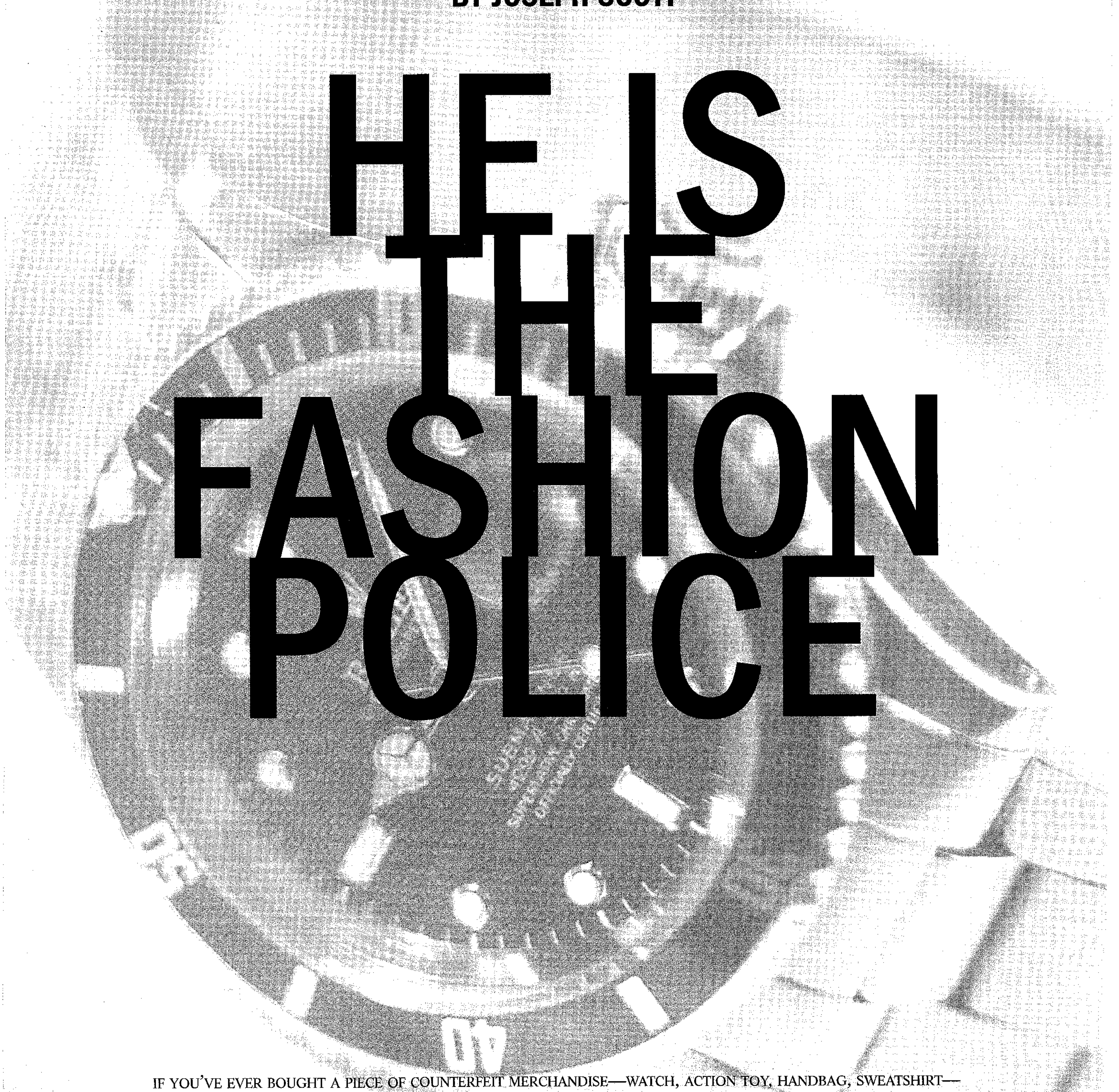
The millennium is coming. A chastening thought, and an astonishing one. I tried to talk about it with some people at the New Year's Eve party, but the subject made us shy. All those zeroes. We regard the event with the superstitious awe of natives watching an eclipse. But then, this is who we are: a new tribe, in our tents in the night, settling in as the wind and wolves howl outside, gathering what strength we can before setting out again in the morning.

We know too much about what was wrong with Victorian standards, and Eisenhower-era standards, and the lack of standards of the sixties, seventies, and eighties.

ILLUSTRATION BY BARBARA NESSIM
FOR *NEW YORK*

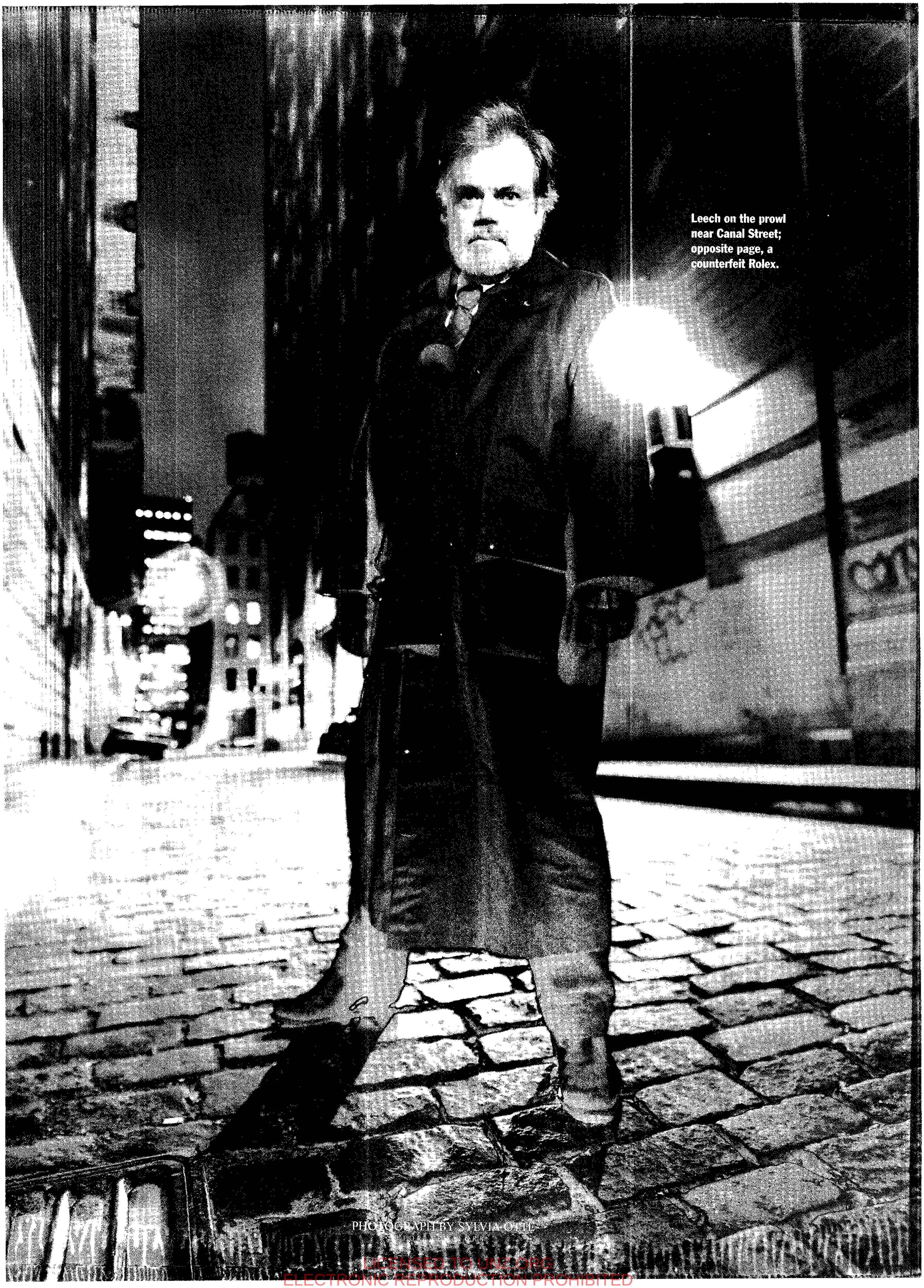
DEMPSTER LEECH, P.I., GAVE UP ACTING IN THE SEVENTIES TO PACK HEAT AND TRAWL THE CITY'S FRINGES—CANAL STREET, JACKSON HEIGHTS, JERSEY CITY—BUSTING TRADEMARK PIRATES ON BEHALF OF ROLEX, CHANEL, GLORIA VANDERBILT, RALPH LAUREN, GUCCI, AND LOUIS VUITTON. HE'S GOT GUTS, A HUGE DATABASE, A MASTER'S IN PSYCHOLOGY, AND A ZEAL FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WAY

BY JOSEPH SCOTT



HE IS THE FASHION POLICE

IF YOU'VE EVER BOUGHT A PIECE OF COUNTERFEIT MERCHANDISE—WATCH, ACTION TOY, HANDBAG, SWEATSHIRT—you have supported organized crime, tolerated child abuse, committed larceny, and participated in a business that uses murder as a sales tool. You have also contributed to your nation's trade imbalance and your city's revenue shortfall, and possibly to international terrorism. You have bargained with felons in violation of state and federal laws, and if you so much as wear what you bought during your next vacation to France, where authorities take a particularly dim view of product counterfeiting, you could get arrested and thrown in jail.



Leech on the prowl near Canal Street; opposite page, a counterfeit Rolex.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SYLVIA OTTE
FOR FORBES

Outside Radio City Music Hall, P.I. Leech, right, and a security guard, center, scan light swords that they suspect are counterfeit.

Miller
Draft
MANNY
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1993
AGUE

"THERE ARE SO MANY SCUZZY PEOPLE WHO DO THIS WORK," SAYS AN CHANEL, A LEECH CLIENT, "THAT IT'S VERY NICE TO BE ABLE TO WORK W

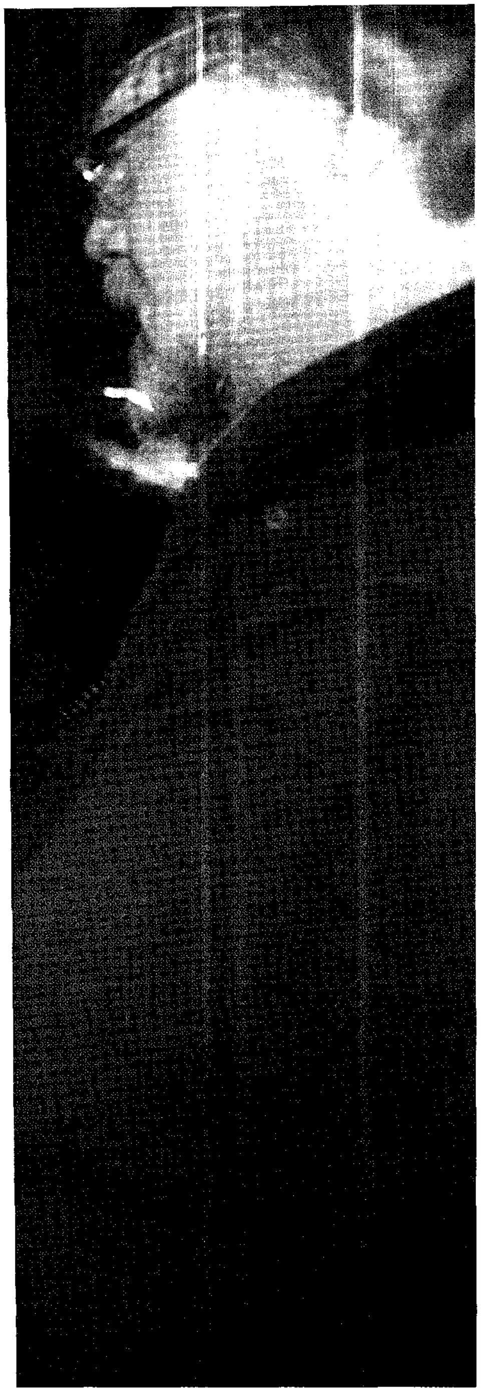
Corporate counterfeiting is the lifting of recognized trade names—Cartier, Ralph Lauren, Disney, Chanel, Louis Vuitton, even Ford and Caterpillar—on an international scale. Until relatively recently, no federal or New York State law prohibited this piracy, though its consequences are enormous. Corporate counterfeiting cheats New York City of more than $350 million in tax revenues every year, the city's public advocate, Mark Green, estimates. And in 1993, it robbed the U.S. of perhaps 750,000 jobs. (The American auto industry alone contends that it could hire an additional 210,000 workers if it were able to shut down the trade in counterfeit auto parts.) In fact, the U.S. is so exercised about the factories in China that rip off American CDs and computer software that this week the government is scheduled to take a drastic step—slap a 100 percent tariff on all Chinese imports. There is strong evidence that some of the cash derived from counterfeiting designers' logos helps international terrorist rings buy their explosives.

Sweatshops in Bangkok and Brooklyn, China and Queens, exploit child laborers to manufacture products that compete illegally with goods designed and manufactured in America. And some of the merchandise itself is dangerous. During the Cabbage Patch Kid craze, overseas knockoffs were dipped in kerosene to keep the bugs out while the dolls were being shipped. Today, many imitation Power Rangers readily come apart in tiny, easy-to-swallow pieces that surely will endanger children, not to mention Saban Entertainment, manufacturer of the real Power Rangers.

Counterfeiters routinely put U.S. car companies' reputations at risk, either by manufacturing imitation car parts or by stripping stolen cars, cleaning up the parts, triple-packaging them in counterfeit General Motors boxes and wrappers, and selling them overseas as new.

Other pirates lace Hoechst Celanese resins with inferior materials and sell the results to plastic-parts manufacturers who might unknowingly use the diluted materials in anything from screwdriver handles to brake housings.

Photograph by Ron Haviv/Saba.



USE LAWYER FOR
[illegible] TRUST.

Most pirates, though, traffic in the more popular designer names. Often, this trafficking is ruthless. In 1991, David Thai, a successful (about $13 million a year) Canal Street purveyor of counterfeit Cartier and Rolex watches, ran out of stock. Alarmed at the prospective sinking of his bottom line, he sent four members of his Vietnamese gang, Born to Kill, to hold up a Vietnamese importer. The importer fingered the four for the cops, so Thai had him assassinated. When they arrested Thai at his home in Melville, Long Island, the police found a counterfeit-watch factory in the basement.

Corporate counterfeiting is organized crime at its most resourceful. It involves the smuggling of phony blue jeans from China; knocked-off audio- and videotapes and software from Bangkok and Taipei; and clothing, accessories, and watches from just about everywhere. New York is the international hub for sales and distribution. And Canal Street is where the contraband all hangs out.

ARRAYED AGAINST THESE multi-billion-dollar international scams are a handful of law firms representing ripped-off clients, an understaffed U.S. Customs regional office, a small NYPD task force, some U.S. marshals, and a few private investigators.

The man who gives counterfeiters in New York the most trouble is Dempster Leech, a diminutive 52-year-old ex-hippie with unruly salt-and-pepper hair who would have no trouble working undercover as a college professor. He is relentlessly low-key; no matter how violent the tale, he recounts it in a soft, raspy, solicitous voice. But he wears black jeans, black boots, and a black vest with a dozen pockets; he wants to intimidate.

He has been beaten, bombed, bitten, and shot at in his fourteen years of anti-counterfeiting ploys, stings, and hot pursuits. Among his tools are a database (12,000 to 14,000 perpetrators and their methods of operation), a master's degree in clinical psychology, and a background as a professional Shakespearean actor. He has consulted with Congress and the FBI.

When he's in his headquarters, a two-story warehouse on West 29th Street, Leech sits with his back to the brick wall, always facing the door and windows, like a riverboat gambler. His bookshelves bear corporate histories, an old spittoon from the Southern Pacific Railroad, and, on the top shelf, a Stetson, a fedora, and a golf cap—a different look for every day. Ebulliently bounding about the place is Warner the boxer; on a raid two years ago, Leech found her caged in a warehouse with two pit bulls and 5,000 counterfeit Warner Bros. T-shirts (her fate would probably have been to prime the pit bulls for fighting).

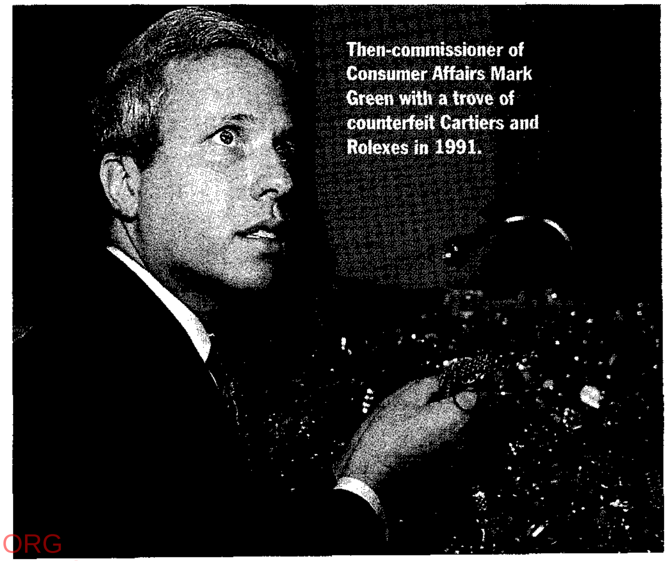
Many of the seven investigators who work for him at his company, Harper Associates, have been cops. Leech has not. But one of his strengths—versatility—showed up early: He was both an athlete (football player and wrestler) and something of a child prodigy in painting (he was accepted into the Art Institute of Chicago's program for gifted children; his work remains in the institute's permanent collection). He was offered two scholarships—one to the Rhode Island School of Design, and another to Adelphi, for speech and drama. His mother thought dramatic training would help young Dempster overcome his shyness. In fact, it led to an acting internship at Lincoln Center. He played leading roles (Shylock, Othello, Walt Whitman) for the No Smoking Theatre and the New York Theatre Company in New York, and parts like Sade in *Marat/Sade* and Antonio in *Twelfth Night* in regional theaters.

When Leech returned to New York in 1970 after his stint in the theater, he learned about intellectual-property theft the hard way: He and some friends created a cabaret show whose concept, he says, was stolen and produced on Broadway. "I learned a lot about copyright," he says. "It occurred to me that what you create, you own."

Back then, the actor was drifting away from his craft. "I decided I didn't want to be involved in make-believe anymore," he says. First he went back to Adelphi and got his master's in psychology. "Then," he says, "I got involved in detective work. The idea that there was a difference between right and wrong fascinated me, as a child of the sixties—a time when the differences were blurred. When you investigate, you look for the truth."

So he took a night course in insurance adjusting in 1978, got a field job asking embarrassing questions in bad neighborhoods, and began going on undercover operations.

He usually poses as a sucker who's ready to spend a lot of money; his targets tend to invite him in and show him around. Occasionally, though, he has to switch into tough-guy mode. One day about three years ago, for instance, he got caught using the wrong alias in the offices of a garmento at Broadway and 41st Street. He'd been dealing with the man's partner in Brooklyn under a different name, and his quarry saw through the ruse. "He became very hostile," Leech says. "He told me, 'You're not who you seem to be.' So I said, as threateningly as I could, 'That's right—you don't



Then-commissioner of Consumer Affairs Mark Green with a trove of counterfeit Cartiers and Rolexes in 1991.

Photograph by Richard B. Levine.

know who you're dealing with. But if you want to find out, you'll follow me through that door! And I walked. All my muscles tensed up; I wasn't sure if he would shoot me in the back or not."

TOP TEN OFFSHORE OUTLAWS:

Fake Goods Seized, by Country of Origin, 1994

Country	No. of Seizures	Domestic Value
China	178	$7,983,921
Hong Kong	169	7,154,303
Unknown	521	6,192,672
Taiwan	115	3,941,863
Korea	803	2,935,577
Thailand	62	1,421,492
India	18	1,380,869
Pakistan	22	1,156,898
Indonesia	7	674,400
Bangladesh	2	368,796

Source: U.S. Customs

THE FIRST TRADEmark Leech policed was Gloria Vanderbilt's swan. Her jeans were being knocked off by gangs in New Jersey and Brooklyn. "Back then—1979—there were no felony laws, so they had very little to fear," Leech says. (A federal anticounterfeiting law wasn't passed until 1984, and New York State had no criminal sanctions until 1992.) "But Gloria Vanderbilt was willing to take a stand." Before the laws were passed, companies tried to quell counterfeiting by filing civil suits. So, empowered by ex parte seizure authority—court orders that enable a company to impound counterfeit products—Leech went after the gangs using lawsuits. He took thousands of pairs of jeans off the streets.

In the two years since New York State imposed criminal sanctions, prosecutors have won more than 2,500 counterfeiting convictions. Perps can get anything from a slap on the wrist for selling a watch on a corner (a misdemeanor) to one and a third to four years in jail for possessing more than $100,000 worth of counterfeit goods.

Under federal law, injured trademark owners must try for recompense in civil court, says John Malone, a paralegal who works for Leech. However, the Feds *may* conclude that the counterfeiters deserve jail time: "It is mandatory for us private investigators to notify the U.S. Attorneys to apprise them of our intent to seize product." But U.S. Attorneys prosecute these thieves only if their malefactions are significant, like those of Nghia Nguyen, who was recently given a two-year sentence for counterfeiting watches. Leech and his people uncovered more than 200,000 phony watches in Nguyen's Jersey City factory.

Dempster Leech likes trademark policing because it's so unambiguous. "There are always two sides to a divorce or an insurance story," Leech says, "but these guys know they're committing a crime, and it doesn't seem to matter to them. I enjoy sticking it to people who don't care about the law."

Since Leech set up his own shop in 1980, he has worked for Ralph Lauren, Tommy Hilfiger, Guess?, Timberland, Nautica, Chanel, Louis Vuitton, Coach, Warner Bros., Disney, the Hard Rock Cafe, Levi Strauss, Gucci, the Recording Industry Association of America, Major League Baseball, the NFL, the NBA, the NHL, and many other clients.

"People in the industry trust him," says Steve Gursky of Gursky & Blau, who polices Tommy Hilfiger's trademark. And, he says, "though many investigators will act on leads we supply, Dempster will very often call *me* with a lead. He traces information back to the source and has made some significant busts along with the police." And Leech has so many clients that he can put together an investigation on behalf of all or several of them, thereby sharply reducing each client's costs.

"There are so many scuzzy people who do this work that it's very nice to be able to work with someone I can trust," says Veronica Hrdy, an in-house lawyer with Chanel. "He has very good relationships with the law-enforcement agencies. If I were doing his job, I'm sure I would antagonize them to a point where they'd never work with me again."

Leech's professionalism and efficiency set him apart from other investigators, says Frederic Grangie, who is in charge of Louis Vuitton's anticounterfeiting efforts in the Americas. Leech helps with some of the company's 1,500 actions each year, including civil proceedings, seizures, raids, and investigations, Grangie says. "We estimate that there are 2 million to 3 million counterfeit [Vuitton] pieces per year. This is about double the genuine product." (In New York, it is easy to avoid fake Vuittons; the only legitimate products are sold at the company's stores at 48th and Madison and on 57th Street, and at Saks and Macy's.)

Leech has seized thousand-pound pallets of plastic particles for Celanese, phony shampoo for Nexxus, Cross-pen knockoffs that were made in South America, ship transmissions for Caterpillar, and counterfeit Kracow Polish sausages and Bambu rolling papers. In one raid, he got $8 million worth of counterfeit brake shoes off the market for General Motors. Last summer, he took more than 200,000 counterfeit T-shirts in a single Manhattan raid; they were worth more than $1 million. In fourteen years, Leech estimates, he has seized between $500 million and $1 billion worth of merchandise for his clients.

IN NEW YORK, IN THE NINETIES, THE REward for being the guy in the white hat can be perverse. "I have $3 million in lawsuits against me from Senegalese vendors," Leech complains. "When a couple of them saw my guys coming, they took off across the street. One guy got hit by a truck, another by a taxicab. We never touched them, but they're suing us for carelessness and negligence and for the money they lost in their trade as a result of their injuries.

"When I found out I was being sued by those jerks," he says, "I stomped around, grinding my teeth, for two hours." (Dinkes & Morelli, the firm representing the injured watch vendors, did not return New York's phone calls asking for comment.)

Worse even than being sued for doing the right thing is having your van ripped apart for doing the right thing. One afternoon recently, Leech and ten or twelve P.I.'s were hiding in a van, ready to serve seizure orders on three targets on the north side of Canal Street, off Broadway. As they rushed out, they were confronted by about 30 people, led by gang kids waving baseball bats. Leech's crew rolled back into the van, but the vehicle couldn't move; a tractor-trailer had pulled alongside. The kids kept up the attack, smashing the windshield and windows and jumping on the van to tip it over. Then they began ripping through its side with pipes. The driver kept slamming into the tractor-trailer. There was so much noise, Leech couldn't even radio for help. Finally, a nasty couple of minutes later, the P.I.'s burst out past the tractor-trailer and drove away in a van that had been ripped to shreds.

Big-time corporate counterfeiter and convicted murderer David Thai.

Photograph by Richard Lee/ New York *Newsday*.

Leech's thumb still bears tooth marks from the day a Chinatown jeweler flipped an electric switch, locked him in her store, and ground her teeth into his hand. "I served the papers on her and very calmly started to explain to her that she had to give up her counterfeit watches, and I was going to search the premises," Leech says, wincing. "When we got to what must have been a sensitive area of the premises for this lady, she grabbed me and tried to stran-

Leech discovered these machines sewing fake Fila logos on T-shirts in a Jersey City factory.

LEECH'S THUMB BEARS TOOTH MARKS FROM THE DAY A CHINATOWN EWELER LOCKED HIM IN HER STORE, TRIED TO STRANGLE HIM, AND BIT HIM HARD. "IT WAS EMBARRASSING," HE SAYS. "SHE WEIGHED 100 POUNDS."

gle me. We got into a wrestling match, and she grabbed my hand and bit. I was bleeding like a stuck pig and trying to restrain her. She was about five feet tall and a hundred pounds—it was totally embarrassing."

At least the P.I. needn't be shamefaced about an antagonist like David Thai. Once, while Leech was taking a smoking break near the site of a raid, Thai sneaked up behind him and punched him in the back. Kevin, one of Leech's private investigators, pulled out his pistol; everybody else reached for a weapon.

"Thai was in a tuxedo with no shirt," Leech says. "All he really wanted to do was talk to me about trading evidence to get him off a gun charge. I told him to go fuck himself."

This sort of attitude has made Chinatown dangerous turf for Leech. On Canal Street, he and his investigators have been targets for bombs made with firecrackers and tossed by Vietnamese hoods. "They're ingenious," he says. "Once, such a bomb was thrown off a roof on Canal Street; it bounced off the side of one of our trucks and exploded in midair. I had just run around the corner, and it blew up in my face. It was an amazing detonation, beautiful orange and white, and it stuck in my retina, and I couldn't see or hear anything for a couple of minutes."

These days, Leech won't get out of his car on Canal Street. So, on a drive-through in Chinatown earlier this winter, we swung over to cavernous Mott Street to conduct some research. Before the car doors slammed shut behind us, the Rolexes were gone from the display case at the front of the tiny shop across the narrow street. There was scurrying up and down the block, swift, smooth, hardly noticeable. And then there were blank spots on all the display cases where the $10 Rolexes had been. Yet there remained piles of phony Tag-Heuer watches: That company does not have a strong enforcement program, and the shopkeepers knew he wouldn't be seizing them. As we ambled along the crowded sidewalk from awning to awning, every shopkeeper wore a hint of the perp look. All eyes were on Leech, but never directly. We hadn't heard a word spoken, but hundreds of people apparently knew that Dempster Leech was there, and they knew what he was looking for.

When P.I.'s such as Leech locate a warehousing or manufacturing operation, they generally elicit the support of the NYPD's Organized Crime Investigative Division, U.S. Customs, or federal marshals. Though any of these law-enforcement authorities can raid suspected illegal operations by themselves, private investigators are usually involved.

Leech's work led to more than 40 arrests in Manhattan in 1994 alone. "That's outstanding," says Lieutenant Robert Martino, the most decorated officer in NYPD history. "I've dealt with at least four or five agencies in the business, the guys who do seizures or counterfeiting work—there are ten or twelve in the country—and Dempster is the best."

ON A BRIGHT OCTOBER MORNING, DEMPSTER and his crew and some New Jersey cops are raiding a factory at 112 Bay Street in Jersey City, where entrepreneur Aqueel Khan has kids working leased Barndam Unitech Embroidery Automats, making Timberland, Polo, Fila, Nautica, and Guess? shirts. The machines are impressive. Sixteen stations incorporate nine bobbins, each with a different-color thread. At the end of the line is a computer that runs scanned-logo software, embroidering authentic marks onto each shirt. It's like photocopying money, six-

Photograph by Joseph Scott.

IN A ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR, THREE PERPS SIT ON ONE OF THE TWO BEDS. UNDER IT, LEECH FINDS THE BOOTY. "THE CHICKEN ALWAYS SITS ON THE EGG," A COLLEAGUE SAYS.

teen bills at a time. The machines are made in Japan, they sell here for about $160,000 each, and they are leased to anybody with some up-front money, no questions asked.

The cops and Dempster and his people (John, Bobby, Vinny, and Tony—"no last names, please"; Dempster himself owns his home in his brother-in-law's name), had arrived at first light. Now, in mid-morning, they are shopping the way any guy would love to. They count out sweatshirts by the dozen, throw them into huge cartons, tape the boxes shut, mark them GUESS or TIMBERLAND, heave them onto their shoulders, and throw them into a truck, hollering to a detective with a clipboard, who is keeping inventory. The stuff will be destroyed or, if the phony embroidery can be removed without wrecking the shirts, given to charity.

Back at the office on West 29th Street, Kevin is getting ready to raid a Queens warehouse with U.S. Customs; CiCi, a novelist turned detective, is mapping her way to Scarsdale to serve notice on a boutique that is selling Power Rangers counterfeits; Jan is planning a similar trip to a discount store on Long Island; and Mas is doing something that nobody wants to talk about. "It's a strange profile, to be undercover," Dempster says. "You have to present yourself as a victim and then have a nasty enough streak to say, 'You're under arrest.' You go in looking like a naïve chump with money to invest." Like acting? "Yeah, just like acting."

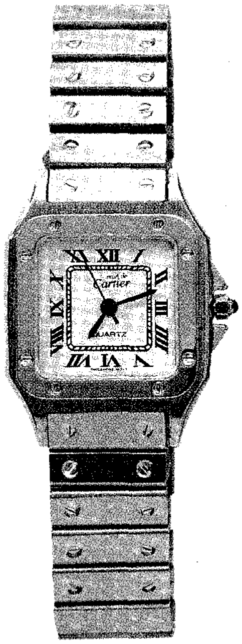
ONE DAY IN MID-JANUARY, THE SENEGALESE vendors in a turn-of-the-century single-room-occupancy hotel in midtown are sleeping late; they have no idea Dempster Leech and his raiders are coming.

A dozen of Dempster's people wait in cars and a van four blocks away, outside the Midtown North Precinct. They are waiting for a squad from the NYPD's Organized Crime Investigative Division (OCID) to join them on the raid.

Leech warns his people that there could be violence. Two years ago, one of the lawyers accompanying a raid on Senegalese watch vendors was stabbed in the back. "You were expected to bring your own flashlights and weapons of choice," Dempster reminds his people, "but if you gotta get outta there, get outta there. These are just watches, after all."

When everybody's finally ready, CiCi and Mas stay outside on 50th Street with the cars and trucks to keep a lookout, while Dempster, nine investigators, and the four OCID cops move quickly into the building.

Armed and vested, wielding sledgehammers and bolt cutters, they are an imposing force. The plan is to raid two rooms on the fifth floor and one on each of the fourth, third, and second floors.



The fake Cartier watch on the left was bought in a Canal Street shop for $20. The real Cartier "Santos" on the right would cost from $1,700 to $2,500 (or more) at a fine jeweler's. Besides having the obvious signs of fakery—low price, light weight, inferior materials—a counterfeit Cartier lacks serial numbers on the back. It also lacks imprinted interlocked C's on the clasp, as well as the trade name CARTIER stamped on the clasp and the back. Authentic Cartiers also have markings on the various internal mechanisms.

In each room, there are three or four sleeping men in their twenties and thirties. One stocky dealer, who's in polka-dotted silk pajamas, is not at all happy to find Leech pulling watches out from under the bed in which he has just been awakened.

Leech serves a seizure order and starts emptying briefcase after briefcase of counterfeit Rolexes into plastic bags. He's bent over the bed. The mood is tense. "Hey, hey," a man is yelling into Dempster's ear, "who are you, who are you?" Dempster senses that Kevin has left the room. "Cover my back," he calls out without turning around. Before the word *back* is out of his mouth, Kevin is back in the room, pushing himself between Dempster and the unhappy watch dealers.

Hundreds of Rolexes are hauled out of each of two rooms on the fifth floor, and then hundreds more of other brands are hauled out after them.

On the fourth floor, Vinny and Bob are pounding on the door, hollering, "Federal order, federal order!" Raiders are backed up in the hallway, waiting to push in, and Vinny begins to slam an eight-pound hammer into the door. A woman steps out of her apartment down the hall. "Excuse me," she says. "I know they were in this morning; they don't always hear the door."

Senegalese men start to cluster in knots around the teams of investigators. On the second floor, there are two beds in a very cramped room, and three perps are sitting on one of them. Dempster looks at Kevin, who says, "The chicken always sits on the egg"; Dempster drops to the floor and starts searching under that bed. He drags out a huge valise with about 1,000 counterfeit Rolexes in it, and John's eyes widen. Then Joe and John pull out another thousand knockoffs of other brands from beneath the other bed.

The twenty or so men who've already been hit are gathering outside the building. Bobby radios up to Kevin, "This crowd is getting that look."

"Where's the OCID crew?" Kevin asks. "They left!" Bobby says. Kevin and all the people who can hear all the radios the investigators are carrying know instantly that the police protection is gone and the men in the building are on their own. "When you leave," Bobby says, "you had better come out all together."

The men outside are in a foul mood; they are watching about 5,000 of their watches being carried out the front door—about $100,000 worth, retail, of faked goods. They are grumbling among themselves, getting more angry by the moment. "Hey, man," one of them shouts, "how come all of you are white, huh?" (In fact, three of Dempster's raiders are African-Americans, and a fourth is Asian-American.) "Hey, how come you're all white?"

The perps have their court orders and receipts, the transaction is complete, and there's no more need for talk. Except for a final remark from Dempster Leech, who seems too frazzled even to enjoy his victory. "I'm getting too old for this shit," he says, to no one in particular. ■

Photographs: left, Jonathan Gross; right, Orcutt Vanderputten.

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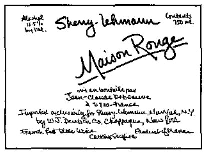
Alcohol 12.5% by Vol.
Sherry-Lehmann
Contents 750 ml.
Maison Rouge
mis en bouteille par
Jean-Claude Debeauve
Imported exclusively for Sherry-Lehmann, New York, N.Y.
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French Red Table Wine
Product of France

Here's a red wine that has no pretensions - you will find it light, fragrant and utterly delicious. We acknowledge our indebtednes to **Georges Duboeuf**, who led us to the Avignon area where we discovered our Maison Rouge *(1083)*

Your Choice

$4.99 Bottle $59.88 Case

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Produce of France
750 ml
Cler' Blanc
"Spécial Fruits de Mer"
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APPELLATION POMEROL CONTROLÉE
CHÂTEAU TROTANOY
POMEROL

"Elegant and balanced, with concentration. Well-defined vanilla and black olive flavors; should age well." - **The Wine Spectator** and rated a high score of 85-90 in the 6/30/89 issue! *(1155)*

$24.95 Bottle ON SALE $299.40 Case

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"SANTIAGO 1541"

SANTIAGO 1541
1988
CABERNET SAUVIGNON
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White Wine	Bottle	Case
SANTIAGO "1541" SAUVIGNON BLANC 1994 Elegantly dry and golden. *(7166)*	4.99	59.88
SANTIAGO "1541" CHARDONNAY 1993 Full flavored and quite dry. *(4888)*	5.99	71.88
Red Wine		
SANTIAGO "1541" CABERNET SAUVIGNON 1992 Deep color, full of fruit and, as the English say, very claret-like in style. *(1026)*	4.99	59.88
SANTIAGO "1541" MERLOT 1993 The Merlot grape is well suited to the MaipoValley's rich soil. *(4889)*	5.99	71.88

DISCOVER CHILE SAMPLER 65.50
Twelve Bottles - Cosists of three of each of the four Santiago "1541" wines listed here. *(6640)*

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"If Bacchus owned a wine store, this would be it," the many admirers of this East Side carriage trade shop are uniformly enthusiastic about the quality and selection here, noting that the shop has all the best French and California producers, plus a solid list of top wines from Italy, Spain, Germany and Australia, in addition to vintage port, old Madeira and kosher wines; **"the staff is patient, knowledgeable and very accommodating."**

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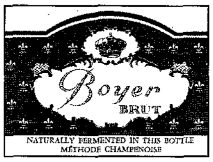
Boyer
BRUT
NATURALLY FERMENTED IN THIS BOTTLE
MÉTHODE CHAMPENOISE

In a Letter to the Editor of **The New York Times' Sunday Magazine, Craig Claiborne** wrote: "When I serve large groups, I do not serve Dom Perignon Champagne, for which I have the greatest admiration! I serve a 'lowly' (but to my mind **excellent**) Boyer Brut sparkling wine that is a Champagne-type produced out of the Champagne region of France." *(81)*

$8.95 Bottle ON SALE $107.40 Case

1990 UNSUNG HEROES OF BORDEAUX

1030	ARNAULD 1990	11.95	143.40
1061	BEL-ORME TRONQUOY '90	11.79	141.48
1130	LES GRAND CHENES 1990	13.95	167.40
715	MAISON-NEUVE 1990	8.95	107.40
1131	MAYNE-VEIL 1990	7.49	89.88
1138	MONTHIL 1990	9.95	119.40
1160	NOAILLAC 1990	8.79	105.40
1173	PAGINON 1990	9.59	115.08
396	PERENNE 1990	7.79	93.48
825	PEYRAUD 1990	7.49	89.88
1010	SAINT-BONNET 1990	9.95	119.40
721	VERDIGNAN 1990	13.95	167.40

1990 UNSUNG HEROES SAMPLER 119.95
TWELVE BOTTLES - Consists of one of each of the Unsung Heroes shown here. *(6604)*

CORNEY & BARROW PECHE
Sparkling Peaches On Sale

CORNEY & BARROW
PÊCHE
10.5% vol
750 ml

London's famed wine merchant Corney & Barrow sends us this amazing cuvee. You will be delighted by its semi-dry, delicate balance and refreshingly fragrant fresh peach flavors. *(4026)*

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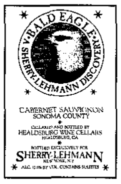
The Aristocrat of Beaujolais
Chateau de La Chaize 1993

BROUILLY
Appellation Brouilly Contrôlée
CHATEAU de LA CHAIZE
1676
750 ML
GRAND VIN de BEAUJOLAIS
Estate Bottled

Chateau de La Chaize is the star among the wines of Brouilly in Beaujolais. The Chateau was built for the famous Pere de La Chaize, confessor to Louis XIV, in 1676. It became the family inheritance of La Marquise Nicole de Roussy de Sales, a woman of great charm and dedication to uncompromising excellence. In this 1993 Brouilly you will find marvelous subtlety to balance the vibrant raspberry fruit. *(990)*

$8.49 Bottle ON SALE $101.88 Case

Buy Bald Eagle And
SAVE AN EAGLE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SHERRY-LEHMANN DISCOVERY
CABERNET SAUVIGNON
SONOMA COUNTY
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These Bald Eagle selections will provide the ideal solution for those who want **California red and white wines of high caliber, but at modest cost.** The Bald Eagle wines are fine examples of the varietal characteristics of three of the world's most popular grape varieties.

For Each Bottle Or Case Of Bald Eagle Sold, A Contribution Will Be Made To The Audubon Society Of New York State

Bald Eagle Red & White	Bottle	Case
SAUVIGNON BLANC 1992 Aromatic and fragrant, this Sauvignon Blanc is very pleasing. *(631)*	5.29	63.48
CHARDONNAY 1992 Will compete with $10 Chardonnays. Buttery and smooth with delicious flavors of apples and tropical fruit. *(549)*	7.49	89.88
CABERNET SAUVIGNON 1991 Rich, ripe fruit flavors in a warm and elegant style makes this one of our most popular California selections for everyday consumption. *(595)*	6.49	77.88

SAVE AN EAGLE SAMPLER 76.95
Twelve Bottles - Consists of four of each of the three Bald Eagle wines listed here. *(6625)*

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Castello di Gabbiano

CASTELLO di GABBIANO
Chianti Classico

Frank Prial of **The New York Times** comments: "For everyday drinking, the regular Castello di Gabbiano invariably offers excellent value for its price." *(1051)*

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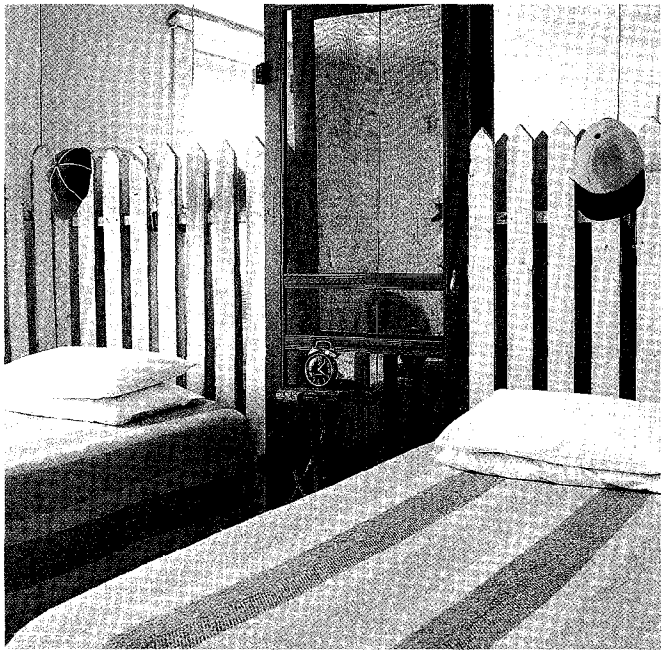


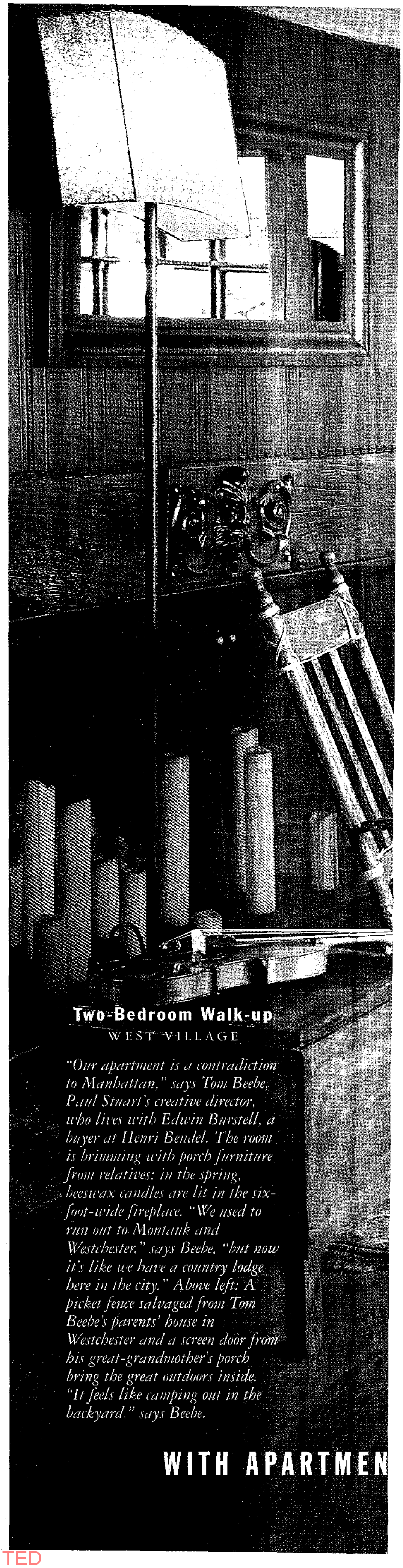
BY ANNE FOXLEY

For some people, those weekends in the country aren't enough. With a little old-fashioned ingenuity and a lot of taste, they've figured out ways to bring the country home with them. In brownstones and walk-ups from Hell's Kitchen to Brooklyn Heights, New Yorkers are living the Americana dream, re-creating idealized rusticity in urban apartments. Gingham curtains, porch rockers, and peeling green paint. Rag rugs, knotty-pine shelves, and even a picket fence in one West Village bedroom. Let the ambulances and police cars scream outside. You can practically smell the honeysuckle in the air and the cherry pie in the oven. It's the virtual good old days.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GROSS & DALEY

FOR *NEW YORK*

TEXT BY PHOEBE EATON

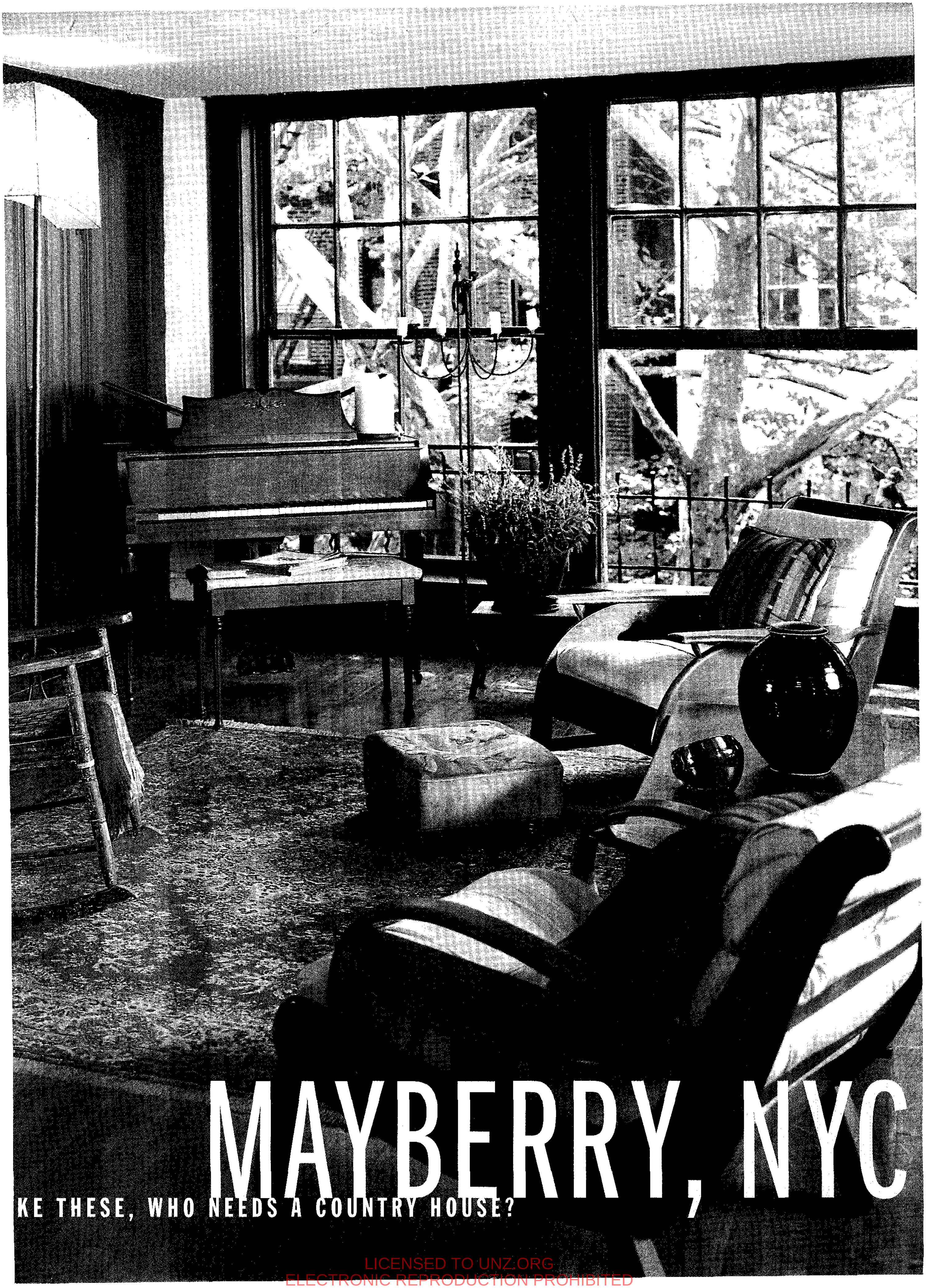


Two-Bedroom Walk-up

WEST VILLAGE

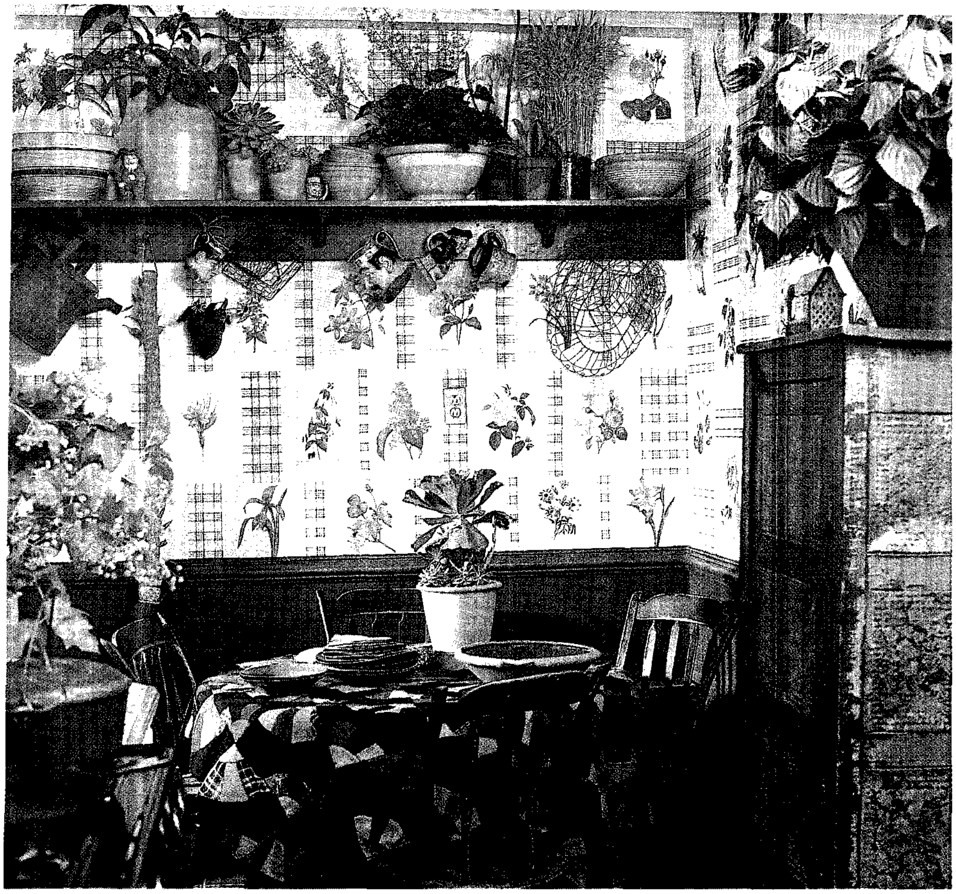
"Our apartment is a contradiction to Manhattan," says Tom Beebe, Paul Stuart's creative director, who lives with Edwin Burstell, a buyer at Henri Bendel. The room is brimming with porch furniture from relatives; in the spring, beeswax candles are lit in the six-foot-wide fireplace. "We used to run out to Montauk and Westchester," says Beebe, "but now it's like we have a country lodge here in the city." Above left: A picket fence salvaged from Tom Beebe's parents' house in Westchester and a screen door from his great-grandmother's porch bring the great outdoors inside. "It feels like camping out in the backyard," says Beebe.

WITH APARTMEN



MAYBERRY, NYC

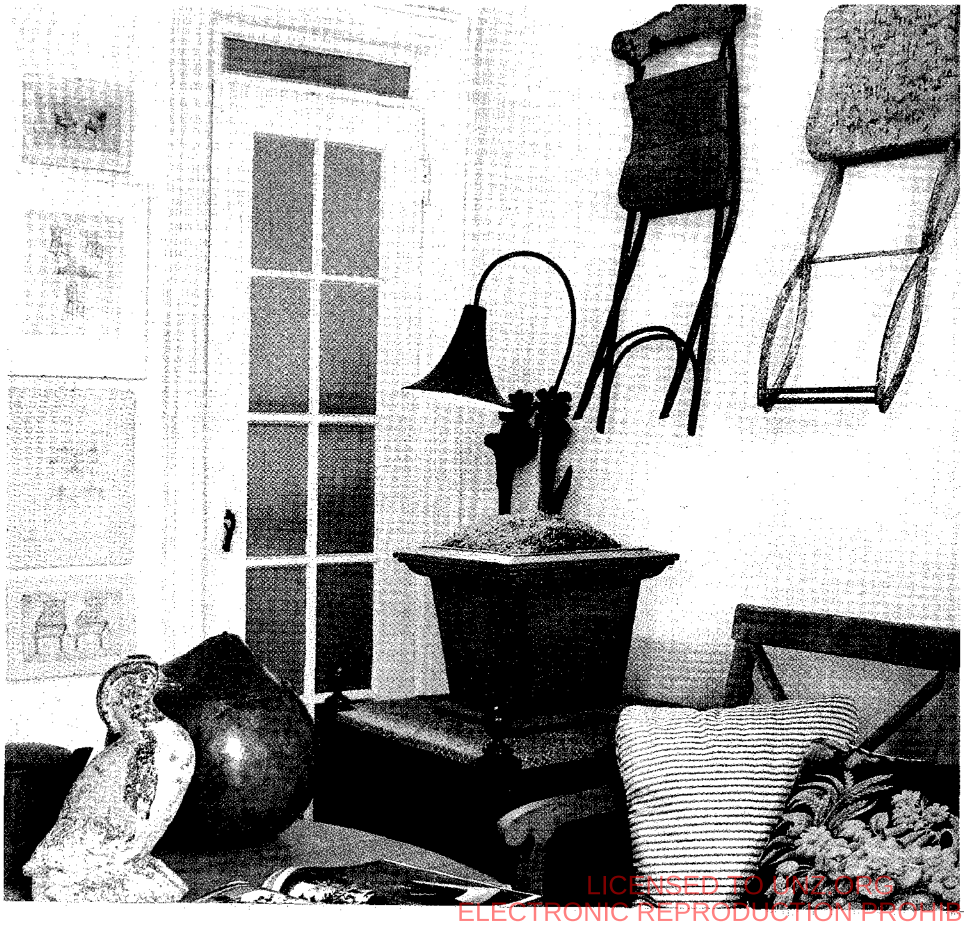
KE THESE, WHO NEEDS A COUNTRY HOUSE?

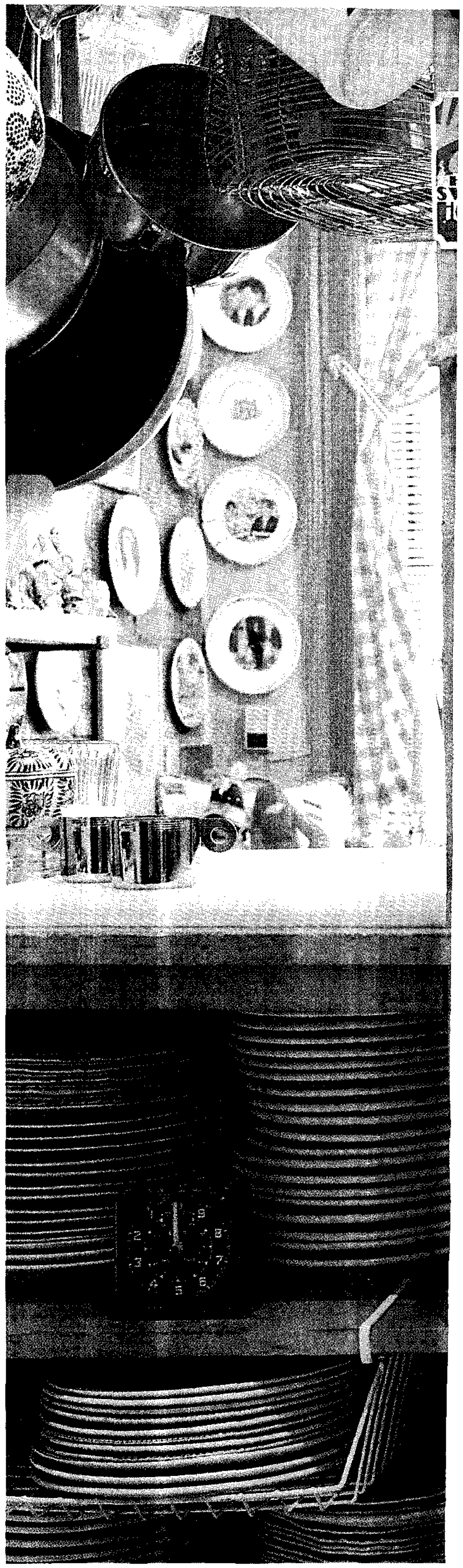


Garden Apartment

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS

"We'd prefer to have a country house," says Jack Follmer, a co-owner of Very Special Flowers, "but because we couldn't do that, we have a country apartment." When they couldn't find the right wallpaper for their kitchen turned greenhouse, Follmer and interior designer Arnel Punongbayan pulled botanical prints from a book of Redouté watercolors and meticulously glued them in place, framing them with squares of green-checked wallpaper. Old tavern chairs, a pie safe, and vintage yellowware make the room feel like Iowa circa 1940.

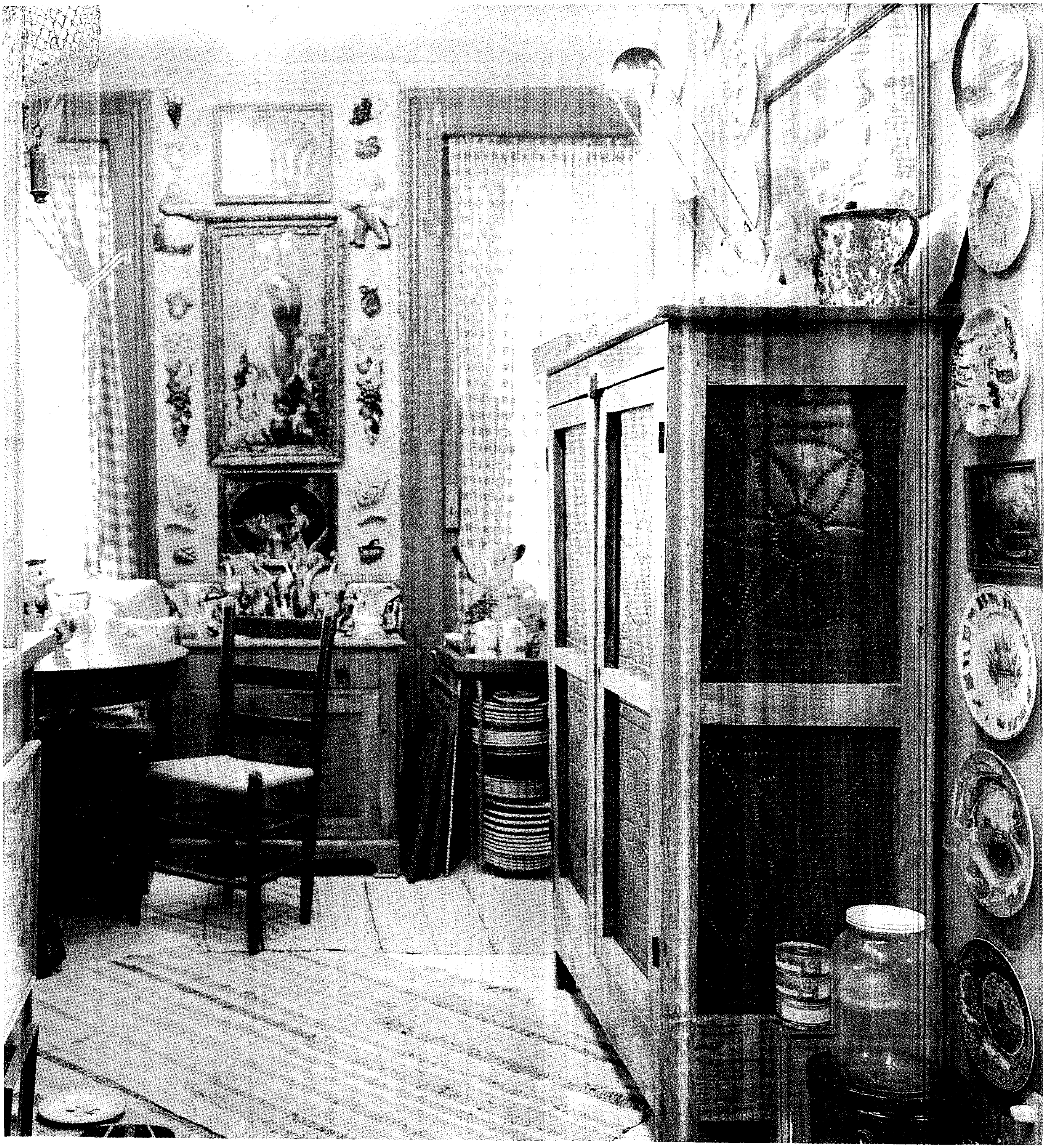




Brownstone Studio

UPPER WEST SIDE

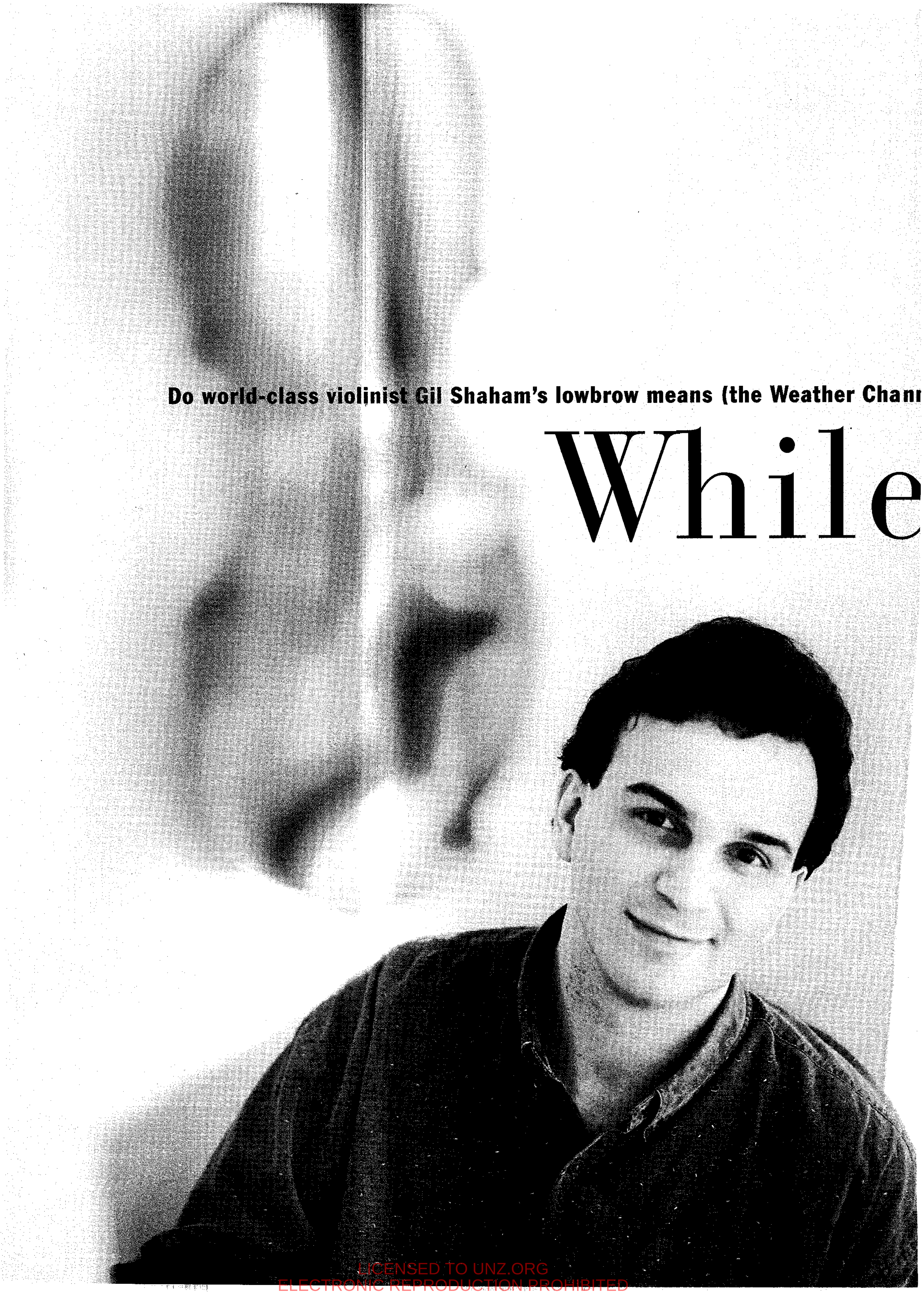
John Danzer had to find a place for his collection of antique folding garden chairs, so he hung them on the wall with forged-steel spikes. A passionate gardener and decorative-arts buff, Danzer founded the company Munder-Skiles to reproduce classic designs for furniture that doesn't necessarily have to live in the garden. Here, Danzer stuck a copper garden lamp inside a mahogany Hudson River planter box and topped it off with moss to create an unconventional reading light.



Railroad Tenement

HELL'S KITCHEN

"The country look just happened here," says Austin Chinn, an interior designer who has lived in the same rental apartment for more than twenty years. "I think it's homey and gemütlich and charming." As a poor student in the seventies, he hired a hippie carpenter to install pine counters. He painted the plywood floor with porch paint, laid down rag rugs, and imported a pie safe from back home in Tappahannock, Virginia. Chinn often has friends over for dinner, and he loves to surprise them with different place settings. Most of his china comes from the 26th Street flea market; Chinn has been a fixture there since 1972. His collection of souvenir plates is displayed with all the pride of Aunt Bee. "Things aren't just thrown around," says Chinn. "There is order, and there is presentation." After many years of decorating other people's places, he finally decided to spring for curtains, scooping up a giant windowpane gingham for $1.98 a yard on 39th Street. He finished off the frames with a chili-pepper-red paint job—"It makes the room come alive."



Do world-class violinist Gil Shaham's lowbrow means (the Weather Chan

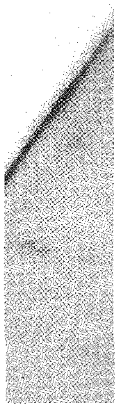
While

popularizing high culture (Vivaldi) portend the end of the world, or what?

Rome Burns

By Matthew Gurewitsch

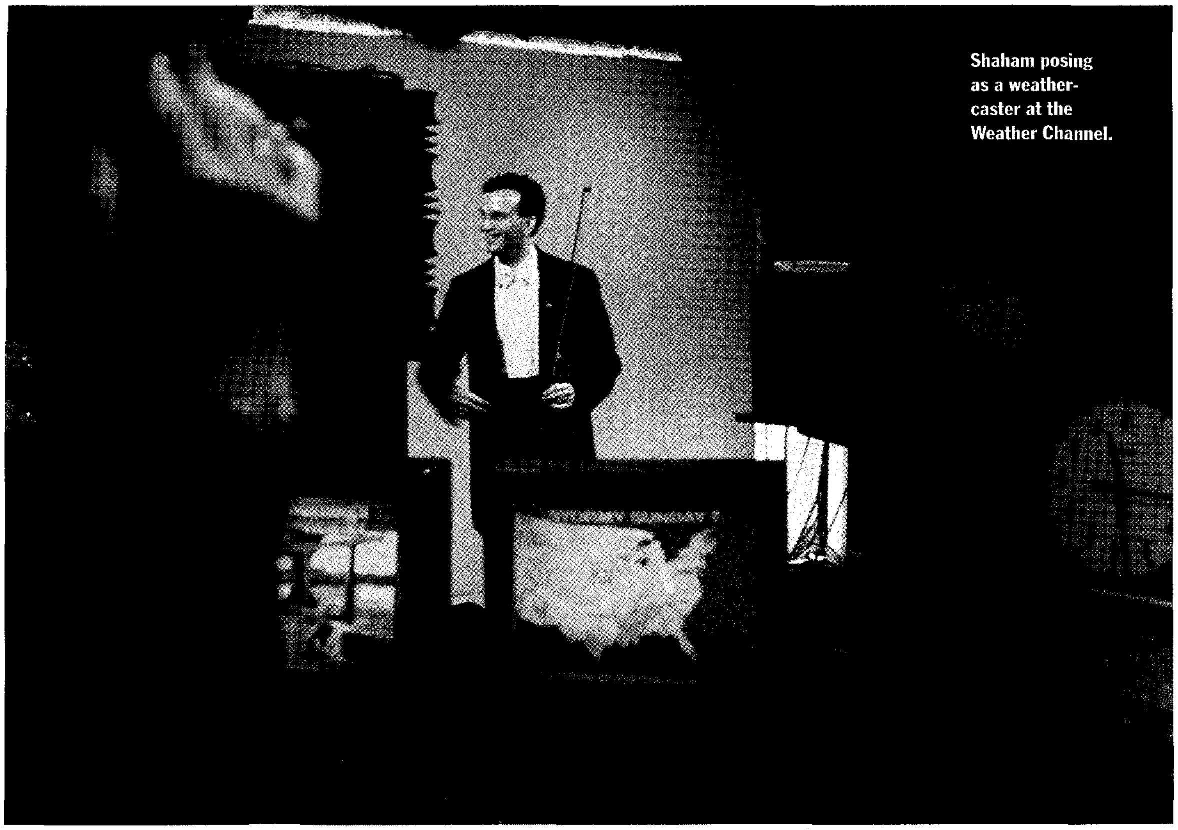
WINTER IS HALF OVER, AND GIL Shaham is on the road. The Upper West Side is where he pays his bills and gets his mail, but no young virtuoso with a Stradivarius to pay off can afford to spend much time at home. The 24-year-old's next pass by the mailbox doesn't come until he joins forces with the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra for a performance of *The Four Seasons* at Carnegie Hall. Not that he has been altogether out of sight: For a week in December, Shaham, Orpheus, Vivaldi, and arty black-and-white footage of a



PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDRA JOHNSON
FOR *NEW YORK*

snowy New York City were beamed into 58 million households by way of a music video aired on, of all places, the Weather Channel.

To graver spirits, this unprecedented alliance between the classical-music business and the cheesy popular media pretty much spells the end of the world as we know it. Just last week, for instance, New York *Times* music critic Alex Ross inveighed against the mass-marketing of classical music, singling out as one of the "portents of doom" the "famous young virtuoso playing *The Four Seasons* in a music video broadcast on the Weather Channel." "Promotional hysteria," he cried, laying the blame on "an acute, ever-growing fear that the audience is simply going away."


Shaham posing as a weathercaster at the Weather Channel.

"BY VIOLINIST STANDARDS, 17 IS PRACT
2- AND 3-YEAR-OLDS PLAYING PAGANI

And to think that the whole idea wasn't even some record executive's ploy, but the artist's own. Deutsche Grammophon, among the blue-chippiest in a blue-chip field, may be in the business of concocting marketing strategies, but in this case, Shaham was ahead of the experts. This story began when Shaham met award-winning video auteur Jem Cohen, who has worked with the rock band R.E.M. Both liked the idea of a classical-music video; they agreed on *The Four Seasons;* Deutsche Grammophon came up with the money; and presto! A video. Now, where to air it? "Gil thought: *Four Seasons . . . weather . . . the Weather Channel. . . .* It just made sense," says Albert Imperato, Deutsche Grammophon's 32-year-old director of media and artist relations.

The Weather Channel went for it, and the entire thing snowballed. "The Winter Video" is Baccarat Baroque in MTV wrapping, nothing like your conventional classical-music, eye-on-the-maestro masterpiece. The Deutsche Grammophon CD, which arrived in American stores on February 7, comes complete with a bonus CD-ROM single that contains the unabridged video and festoons of hypertext on Vivaldi, Shaham, and Orpheus. The screen graphics on the CD-ROM mimic a weather map, and the Weather Channel logo is emblazoned on the CD cover. The album is selling briskly.

IS SUCH HULLABALOO A DISGRACE? MUSIC purists may be put off, but the video generation is likely to find Cohen's cold, gritty cityscapes just hip enough. And the fact is, a star needs some way to stand out. Even the cognoscenti suffer from information overload: There's Midori, there's Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, there's Nigel Kennedy, not to mention Joshua Bell, Leila Josefowicz, Maxim Vengerov, Sarah Chang, and the Russian Vadim Repin (the violinist whose talent probably comes closest to Shaham's)—all holders of major recording contracts. And there are dozens of *Four Seasons* recordings already in release.

This is one of the questions in the back of my mind as Shaham and I exchange phone calls between New York and Dresden, London, and quake-spooked Tokyo, but not (profuse apologies are later offered) Tel Aviv, where I reach his guest house while the man at the switchboard is watching Shaham live on TV from Jerusalem.

We speak at odd hours—odd, that is, for Shaham, in his maelstrom of time zones. Maybe that accounts for the conversations' floaty, speculative, amused, past-midnight quality. One minute, it's China's Cultural Revolution; the next, "a fine motion picture called *Revenge of the Nerds.*" Maybe the legendary phone calls from that reclusive genius of the keyboard Glenn Gould were something like this, though Gould liked to let his eccentric brilliance flash freely, whereas Shaham seems to prefer that one not notice his mind at all.

Witness his first phone call—Shaham's purring voice preceded by the telltale intercontinental *ping.*

"Hello," it said. "This is Gil Shaham."

"And where," I ask, "are *you*?"

"Oh, in Bordeaux."

"And what are you doing there?"

"Oh, I'm doing the fiddle thing."

Shaham, it would seem, is easy to approach but hard to get to know. "He has no guile," says André Previn, and yet, open as Shaham appears, he's evasive. "Playing the violin—that, I know how to do," he tells me our first time on the line. "Talking—that's another thing."

For a while, he confines himself to pleasantries. "I'm in a new phase," he tells me. "I'm having a good time."

So . . . this new phase . . . would it by any chance have anything to do with *The Four Seasons*? Some sudden surge in visibility?

"I don't think we should be singling out one violinist," he replies. "We should get people excited about classical music *in general.*" Does the man have no ego? He really seems to mean this. "Music isn't about making people feel important and serious," he goes on. "It's about telling stories, communicating with people, entertaining people. People say, 'We'll rockify it! Jazz it up!' But that's wrong. Take it for what it is—which is awesome. People say to cross over. Why do we need to cross over? The music is great the way it is. Mozart and Beethoven went all out to take music to the masses.

Photograph courtesy of the Weather Channel.

They were out to change the world. We can still change the world with their music."

Messianic he may be; stuffy he is not. "At the premiere of Beethoven's Violin Concerto in 1806, Franz Clement stopped after the first movement and played his fiddle upside down," Shaham tells me at one point. "I guess maybe he did some gypsy tunes for a while, and then he did the rest of the concerto. In the classical-music world, we've got to loosen people up. There are a lot of walls we need to break down."

Can Shaham play the fiddle upside down? "Oh, I have a couple of trick shots. Nothing like Clement."

Well, he's loosening up. It may help that we have met before, at a listening party billed as the Ecstatic Living Room. A year ago, Deutsche Grammophon invited the media to a Broadway boîte for a sampling of new releases (*Firebird,* Kathleen Battle, lots more), played at shattering volume to an accompaniment of hard liquor, dancing, lasers, and puffs of smoke. There was an interlude of live entertainment, too, during which Shaham ambled onto the dance floor, plinked his strings to check the tuning, and without further ado stole into a lacy, old-fashioned valentine of a piece, rendered with intoxicating sweetness.

His demeanor was no different, really, onstage at Carnegie Hall, where he had earlier given his triumphant recital debut. Some stars stride in like toreadors pumped up to skewer the bull, but Shaham had entered like a well-bred guest, mindful of the honor of appearing in a gracious host's salon. Then he played, his face lit up by a shy, private smile, holding the room in thrall not with the exhibition of some inner drama of his own but with the sheer eloquence of the music. Then he left the stage the way he had arrived: politely, deferentially, as if acknowledging a kindness.

LY OVER THE HILL. LOOK AROUND AND YOU'LL SEE
Y CASE OF CHILD-PRODIGYISM WAS VERY MILD."

LUCKILY FOR HIS PROMOTERS, SHAHAM makes amusing copy. Here are a few of the stories they like to circulate: He wears socks with clocks on them. (True.) The pattern on the lining of his tailcoat is of little Mickey Mouses. (False. It's of Tweetys and Sylvesters.) He has recently attained the level of Emperor in the computer game Civilization, which he plays on his PowerBook. (True, and to get an extra ten minutes of play on a recent twelve-hour flight to Japan, he plugged into the razor receptacle in the rest room.) He practices in front of the television set. (True, "but only scales, and with the sound off. Baseball and *Jeopardy!* are great for this. *Columbo*? Forget it.") Once, in a Manhattan taxi, he regaled the curious driver with a whole movement of a concerto. (True.) He loves baseball and the movies, especially those starring Arnold Schwarzenegger, and especially *Terminator 2* and *Total Recall.* (One intuits a restless intelligence scrambling heroically to stay amused.) A more telling incident hasn't entered the lore. One night last fall, Deutsche Grammophon's Imperato was beaten unconscious outside his apartment. When I heard about the mugging, I went to see him. But Shaham had been there first; he had hurried over with his beloved SEGA video-game box, hooked it up to Imperato's TV, and stuck around for several hours in an effort to boost his spirits.

Both his generosity and his little eccentricities suggest a benign upbringing, and certainly his development as an artist was uncoerced. In fact, his parents actively discouraged him from taking up the violin. His father, an astrophysicist, had studied the instrument but not gotten very far. His mother, a geneticist, opposed anything that would result in "scratchy" noises. It was Gil who had to ask for a fiddle, at the age of 4. His wish went ungranted for three long years.

He began his studies with his father's former teacher, Samuel Bernstein, advancing at prodigious speed. Bernstein's great lesson, as Shaham puts it, was "freedom": "You can take the violin and do anything you like." The boy was recognized as a first-order talent from the start, and an appealing personality blossomed early, too. A new PBS documentary devoted to Shaham shows him at 11, chubbily cherubic, a slight gap between his two front teeth (it's still there), wowing that elder statesman of the violin, Henryk Szeryng.

Shortly thereafter, Shaham's father was offered a post at Columbia University—the family had been living in Jerusalem—and Gil enrolled in Juilliard as an 11-year-old in the precollege division, where he studied with Hyo Kang, Jens Ellerman, and the celebrated Dorothy DeLay (teacher of Salerno-Sonnenberg, Midori, and Chang, among others). DeLay remembers conducting technical experiments with Shaham of a sort she had never attempted with any other student, investigating how the placement and speed of the bow affected musical tone. "I loved getting involved in the most wild speculation with him," she says. "There's something about this kind of speculation about how things work that can make you really high. And then finally you break down and laugh because it's so wild."

When he was 12, Shaham was excused from school to perform with the New York Philharmonic. When he was 17, having just been called on in English class to recite lines from *The Canterbury Tales* that, as it turns out, he had failed to memorize, Shaham received a desperate summons to substitute for an ailing Itzhak Perlman in the Bruch and Sibelius violin concerti in London.

Rather an honor for one so young, I remark. Shaham corrects the misimpression: "By violinist standards, 17 is practically over the hill. Look around and you'll see 2- and 3-year-olds playing Paganini. My case of child-prodigyism was very mild."

But according to Joseph Polisi, the president of Juilliard, Shaham's talents were as remarkable for their breadth as for their depth. "He had a multidimensional quality one sees rarely," Polisi remembers. "He was very popular, involved with his peers and the institution. As a precollege student, he was the soloist in the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto with the Juilliard Orchestra at Avery Fisher Hall, and he did it with great style. To have a precollege soloist is definitely not the norm. But he was also intellectually exceptional—capable of handling rigorous academic courses." In fact, Shaham's example was instrumental in launching a joint program for Juilliard students at Columbia and Barnard. Shaham duly cross-registered but never got far with his Columbia course work. The subject was mathematics, which Shaham says he took in hopes of keeping up with the daunting dinner-table conversation at home. In addition to his parents' brainpower, there was that of Shaham's older brother Shai, another bud-

Shaham, left, and Albert Imperato outside Deutsche Grammophon's New York offices.

Photograph by Kevin Knight.

ding scientist. Fortunately, a younger sister, Orli, shared Gil's passion for music; she is now embarked on a career as a concert pianist. As for those dinner conversations, Shaham says, "I still don't know what they're talking about."

PACE ALEX ROSS, SHAHAM SEEMS LESS LIKE an artist who is selling out than like one who is doing what he loves. In the "Winter" video, Shaham's show-and-tell about the "pictures" written into Vivaldi's music conveys his pleasure as plainly as the sight of his face when he plays, glowing with serene yet infectious delight. Tolstoy writes somewhere of a warrior that "life played so joyously in [his] soul." This is how Shaham plays: with radiance of emotion, with vitality. These properties spring forth no less in a grand, tragic statement like the Sibelius Violin Concerto than in the dizzy pyrotechnics of Sarasate's "Carmen" Fantasy or the limpid slow movement of the "Winter" concerto. "Sometimes," Shaham says quietly, "you get that zone. . . ."

Shaham with his first teacher.

"PEOPLE NEED TO LET GO. TODAY WE HAV
STANCE—FOOTBALL—AND SUBSTANCE WIT

Part of the magic lies in a purity of intonation; in the stratospheric "harmonics" (achieved by the lightest pressure of the finger, without contact between string and fingerboard), his accuracy gives the sound an aching, unearthly beauty. And then there are his zest, his ease, the bloom and variety of his tone and attack, his generosity of emotion, unmarred by grandstanding. The simple word for all this is mastery.

Mastery tempered by a genuine humility—and by a Platonist's fastidiousness about form for which his shows of levity may be a smoke screen. "What's printed on the page is so perfect," he says a little wistfully. "Our job as performers is to bring it to life, like actors. On the way to the audience, you lose something—but it comes to life. On the page, it's so perfect. . . ."

If loss in translation is inevitable, Shaham probably loses less than most. One need only pick up the telephone to collect testimonials from the heavyweights in his profession. Wolfgang Sawallisch, the music director of the Philadelphia Orchestra, relates that his first meeting with Shaham was "one of the very rare occasions" on which he was "impressed immediately by the great artistic power of a young musician." For a comparison, the German maestro reaches back to David Oistrakh (1908–74), memorialized in the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* thus: "His technical mastery was complete, his tone warm and powerful, and his approach a perfect fusion of virtuosity and musicianship."

Esa-Pekka Salonen, the vibrant young Finnish music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, calls Shaham "one of the most naturally talented players I have ever seen anywhere." "In his hands," Salonen continues, "the violin becomes a medium of accurate reproduction of his musical ideas rather than an instrument to be fought against."

And here is André Previn, who knows Shaham not only as an orchestral soloist but also as a chamber-music partner: "He's quite obviously the violinist of his generation. He has the most dazzling technique I've heard in many years. Absolutely nothing gives him difficulties. He's incapable of playing out of tune. And he's a quite remarkable musician. He knows all about why he does everything. It may start out as instinctual, but he's always aware of the structure of a piece. He makes a gorgeous sound, and he loves playing chamber music, which he wouldn't need to do for his career.

"Another thing is that, well, he's the absolute antithesis of people who bounce up and down and look toward heaven. He pays absolute attention and makes no overt show of doing so. It's impossible not to lead him well, because he's leading the ship. At a dangerous corner, he's always watching out of the corner of his eye. It's something you can't teach."

For a dissenting opinion, a critic will have to do. A year ago, in the New York *Times,* Bernard Holland had this to say: "Gil Shaham was the soloist in Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto. If he could add to his glowing tone and great agility a little self-control and taste, what an important artist he might become. At present his runaway tempos evoke the thrill of the chase but damage Tchaikovsky. The lurid swoops and lurches of phrase whip up crowds but are frankly vulgar. At the age of 22 [*sic*] and enjoying a publicity bonanza, Mr. Shaham is in grave danger of being taken over by the world of entertainment. I hope music can get him back."

ACTUALLY, AROUND THE TIME SHAHAM was failing to live up to Holland's canons of taste, his muted stage demeanor had recording executives worried. Shaham was unhappy, too. "He saw Midori and Sarah Chang galloping forward, and he was upset that he wasn't getting the kind of promotion he wanted," says Alison Ames, Shaham's executive producer at Deutsche Grammophon. "I don't know that he wants to be rich and famous, but he does want to play with the best orchestras, conductors, other artists. And he's sensitive about giving the impression that he's pushy or trying to promote his career. In a way, all he needs to do is play the violin; he's so good at it. But with society as it is now, getting your face and name before the public helps make people want to hear you."

Enter Imperato, the marketer from DG. A tennis player and, he says, formerly a "rather average wrestler," he slicks back his hair with Stiff Stuff, lobbies campus newspapers to turn students on to serious music, and throws disco parties to launch releases such as a Boulez *Firebird.* What with the high energy, high decibels, and high velocity, you might jump to the conclusion he was promoting rock, but no. "We've got the soundtrack for a happier humanity!" he tells me first thing one Monday morning. "We should be proud of it."

Imperato's current causes include John Eliot Gardiner's incendiary performances of the Beethoven symphonies, which copped the No. 2 spot in *Time* magazine's list of the ten best recordings (all genres) of 1994. Originally packaged as a five-CD box, the Gardiner is now being rolled out for the college market as a series of individual discs. The albums are backed up by a special "Beethoven the Revolutionary" promotional campaign—the liner notes list "musical revolutionaries" from Beethoven to Kurt Cobain, and there is, of course, a poster. "Kids get excited; they want a poster," says Imperato.

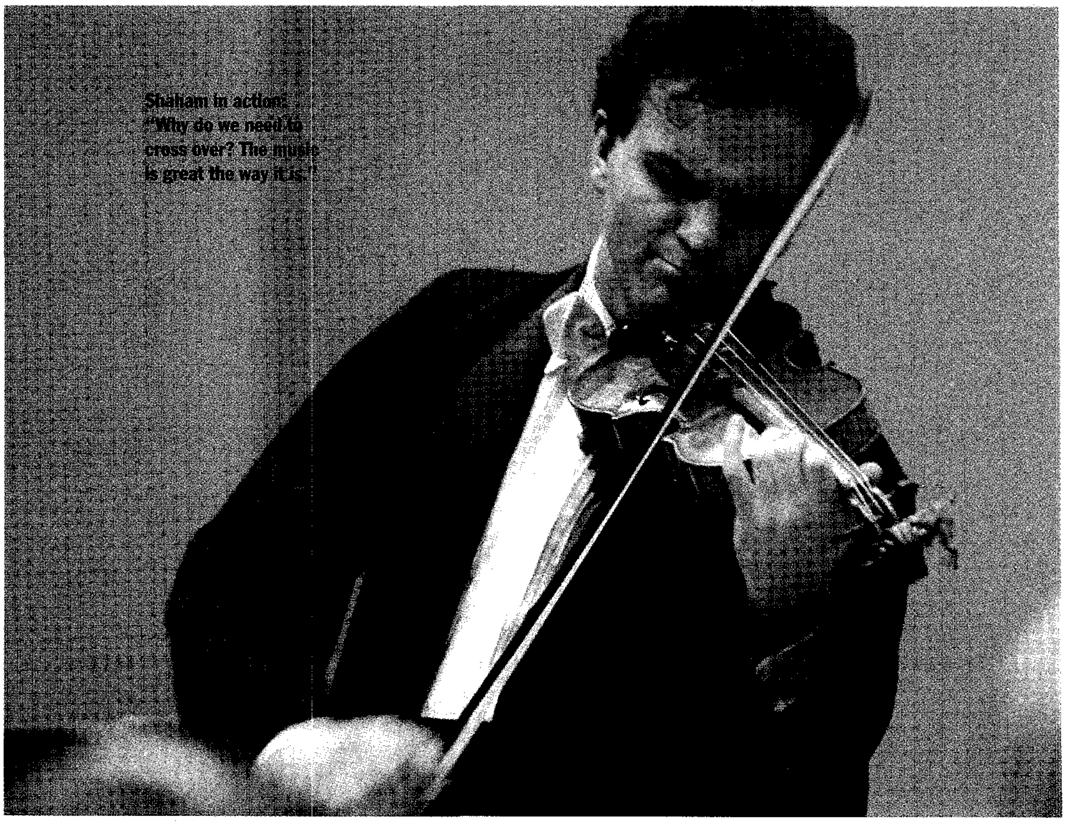
Imperato's culture heroes are composers—Messiaen and Mahler, Bach and Beethoven—but given the realities of today's classical-music world, it is mostly performers he is paid to promote. Shaham is one of the few he regards as an inspiration. "Every hour spent with Gil," he says, demonstrating that populism is a relative thing, "is an hour less with Roseanne and O. J. Simpson." Satisfying the core audience for classical music worries Imperato less than raising new recruits. One hurdle is concert-hall etiquette. "At rock concerts, people get up and dance. People need to let go. Today we have public celebrations without substance—football—and we have substance without celebration: classical music. The classical audience has painted itself into a world without emotion, a world that's repressed. At home I don't sit still when I listen. I dance! I have my special Messiaen dance! I would love to have Beethoven concerts without seats."

"Albert's a good guy," says Shaham, his soft, almost shy speech as soothing a contrast to Imperato's as the viola's voice to the trumpet's. "Albert has the right attitude. People take themselves too seriously, especially in music.”

IMPERATO RECOGNIZED SHAHAM’S POtential from the start of their association. But he anticipated obstacles, too. “Gil’s chops were undisputed,” he says, “but there was a question whether respect for him could translate into love. And face it: That matters. People who go to hear Cecilia Bartoli sing don’t just like her music. They love *her.*”

And so, with Imperato to keep him company, Shaham was sent out on the road to seduce the masses. It wasn’t a question of lightening up. It was simply a question of exposure. Unlike the stupendous but nearly catatonic young Russian pianist Evgeny Kissin, say, Shaham was already as light (except sometimes around the waistline) as one could wish. “Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed,” the Boston *Globe* called him the day he dropped in on an inner-city middle school en route to personal appearances at Tower Records and HMV and interviews on the air—all followed by a wine-and-dessert party at the Ritz-Carlton. There, for the umpteenth time that day, he took out his fiddle—the “Countess de Polignac” Stradivarius, dated 1699—and charmed yet another crowd with a bit of airborne Paganini. Once again, he trotted out the (true) story that the instrument once belonged to Benjamin Franklin’s mistress in Paris. “If this fiddle could talk,” he said, as he had numberless times, “the stories it could tell.”

UBLIC CELEBRATIONS WITHOUT SUB-
UT CELEBRATION: CLASSICAL MUSIC.”



Shaham in action: “Why do we need to cross over? The music is great the way it is.”

He does all this gracefully, but it is hard work. “It’s funny with friends on the road,” he tells me. “The friendships are very concentrated for four days, very intense. And then you leave for a year, two years.” His 24-year-old Australian girlfriend, Adele Anthony, a violinist studying at Juilliard, joins him whenever her schedule allows. At the time the PBS documentary was filmed, he was still young enough to say that if he didn’t love music as much as he did, he couldn’t put up with life on the circuit. By now, he evidently knows better than to whine.

THE MATCH BETWEEN SHAHAM AND ORpheus—an ensemble renowned for playing more beautifully without a conductor than most manage to play under the finest masters—was brokered at Deutsche Grammophon headquarters in Hamburg. It was to be a onetime thing, good for sales. Though Orpheus maintains an impressive tradition of collaboration with top-drawer soloists, violinists are almost never invited. “We have ten of them in the orchestra,” says Julian Fifer, the ensemble’s founder and president.

Orpheus is a proud institution. The players are self-governing, and they are fussy about what they play. Fifer makes no secret of the fact that *The Four Seasons,* the Pachelbel Canon of this decade, had never been high on their list. “We avoided it for ten years,” he says, “as long as we’ve been recording for Deutsche Grammophon. We want to build our repertoire based on who and what we are, not on the coattails of Vivaldi or anyone else. But artists these days need to have some degree of sensitivity to the environment in which they exist and, hopefully, function.”

Ross might say that Fifer’s pragmatic spirit proves his point—that the death of classical music is upon us. Fifer thinks not: “New generations need to be introduced or brought to classical music in a way that happens naturally in the culture.”

So hooray for music video?

“When I first saw ‘Winter,’ ” Fifer replies. “I was horrified. But then I relaxed and realized that it’s for an audience that isn’t used to listening to this kind of music.”

A marriage of convenience has turned into a bankable love affair. Sequels now in the planning stages are expected to follow with the seasons; winners of a national Weather Channel sweepstakes will be flown to New York for a special concert by Shaham and Orpheus in May. The artists will then go on to the popular romances of Beethoven and Dvořák, and possibly Bach concerti.

The other partnerships of Shaham’s career are in equally good shape. His recording of the lush, shamelessly romantic Korngold Violin Concerto under Previn has been nominated for two Grammys: Best Classical Album and Best Instrumental Soloist Performance With Orchestra (winners are announced this Wednesday). Along with Shaham’s other release for 1994—the bewitching *Paganini for Two* (with the guitarist Göran Söllscher)—his sales for last year were upwards of 45,000 albums.

By rock standards, that figure is infinitesimal—a gold record is one that moves 500,000 units. But as Karen Moody, Deutsche Grammophon’s vice-president in the United States, explains, most of her label’s releases are lucky to see annual sales of 5,000.

So, what are the company’s wildest dreams for the *Four Seasons* record? “My wildest dreams?” Moody echoes. “My really wildest dreams? I’m afraid you’ll print this. My wildest dreams are a million-seller. A million plus.” Why not, when the Three Tenors—Carreras, Domingo, and Pavarotti—sell a zillion each, and *Chant* and Górecki’s woebegone Third Symphony go through the roof? Quality counts, after all.

“There’s no reason it shouldn’t happen,” Moody allows, “but you know—show business is fickle.” ▬

Photograph by Steve J. Sherman.

BEST BETS

BY CORKY POLLAN

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Bed, Bath, and Way Beyond

Anyone with a bare-bones apartment and a full pocketbook could quickly reverse both conditions at the Outwater Idea Center. The stock in this 10,000-square-foot hardware superstore is encyclopedic, including more than 19,000 hard-to-find items—everything from audio organizers and fire surrounds to table legs and Zytel (a building material). There's a whole room devoted to tin ceiling tiles and architectural corbels, pediments, moldings, and medallions; other rooms are filled with kitchen cabinets, pedestal sinks, hanging lights, flooring, hinges, and tools. (From 32 cents for a plastic drawer pull to $6.50 for an extension cable to $50 for a polished-brass picture light to $1,866 for a FabuCast dome.) THE OUTWATER IDEA CENTER*/223 West Broadway, at White Street/966-6366*

Photographs: clockwise from left, Kenneth Chen; John Wilkes; Monica Buck (2).

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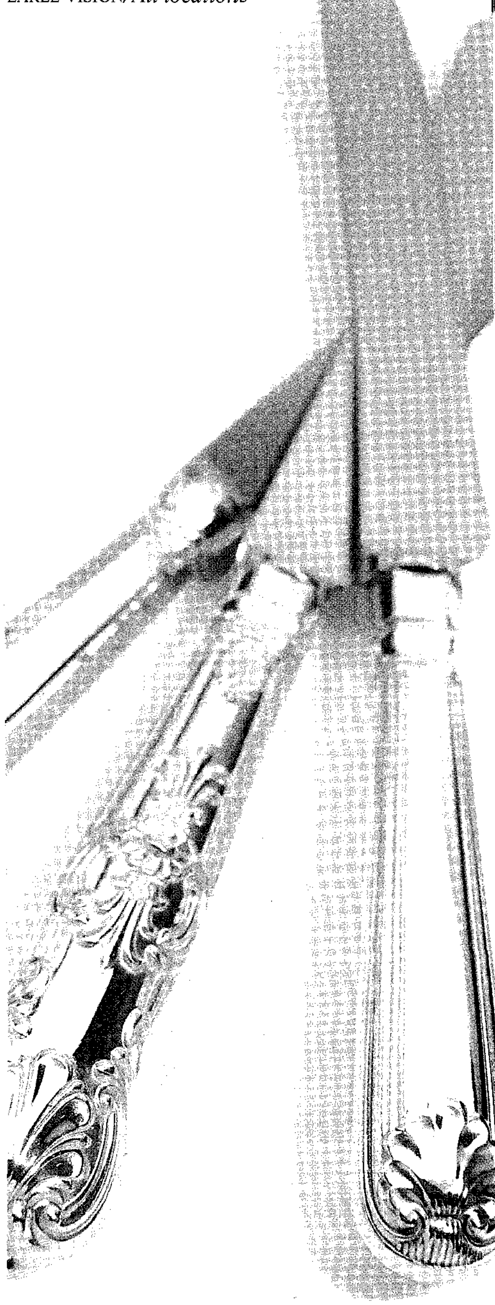
Vision Quest

At last, 1-Day Acuvue contact lenses from Vistakon, a subsidiary of Johnson & Johnson, have arrived in New York. Previously available only on the West Coast, these *daily* disposable lenses come ready-to-wear—no solution, no cleaning, no possible infection. Plus, the total cost is about the same as for conventional lenses: around $700 a year. (A prescription from an ophthalmologist or optometrist is, of course, required.) The company is currently offering a free five-day trial pack. **JANICE HOPKINS TANNE**

COHEN'S FASHION OPTICAL/*All locations*

PEARLE VISION/*All locations*



The Best Thing Since Sliced Bread

Since 1638, bread has been called the staff of life, so a bread knife is not just a sometime thing. Knowing this, Barbara Munves and Julie Sogg Seymour of James II Galleries have put together a stylish collection. The knives are made in England; they're reproductions of classic Victorian patterns—everything from Pistol to Thread & Shell to Queen's—and have silver-plated handles and stainless-steel blades ($85).

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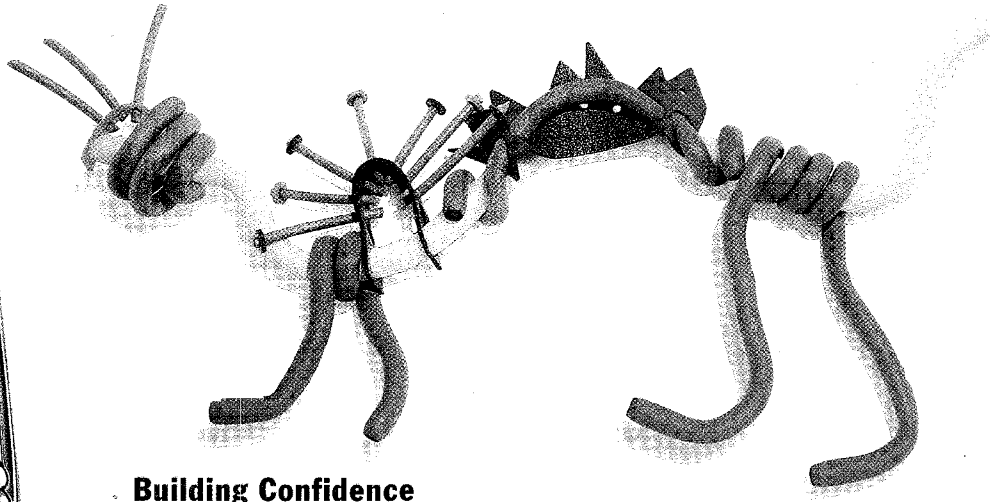

Building Confidence

Legos are great for youngsters with fine motor skills, but rather frustrating for the less-coordinated child. Toobers & Zots, on the other hand, are fun for all. This construction toy comes with 100 large foam pieces that are soft and flexible—square, circular, and zany-shaped zots combine with fat and skinny toobers to make sculptures, creatures, and hats ($29.95).

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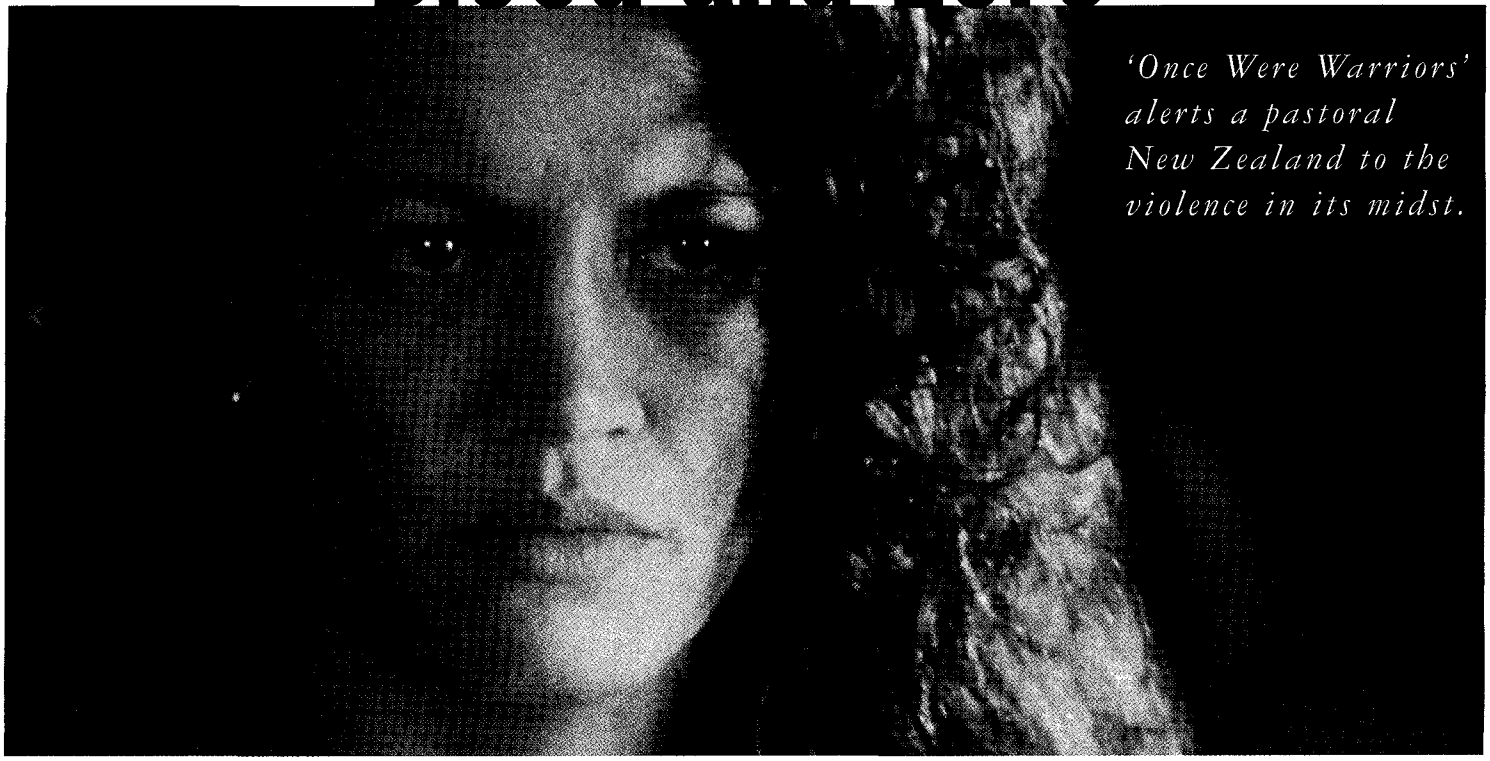
DAVID DENBY

Blood and Lore



'Once Were Warriors' alerts a pastoral New Zealand to the violence in its midst.

Rena Owen, the Maori answer to Jeanne Moreau.

A LITTLE OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO, I TRAVELED to New Zealand and met a great many sheep, some of them with four legs. I was visiting on behalf of the USIA, which sends Americans all over the map on cultural duties. I felt a bit sheepish myself. Film cans under my arm, I gave innocuous talks about Chaplin, Ford, and, yes, Preminger, and drank innumerable cups of tea, fed to me by white New Zealanders who lived in small Hempstead-style houses. They informed me solemnly that New Zealand could do without pornography, though why they considered this an issue I never discovered, since as far as I could see there wasn't any pornography in New Zealand. In each city, the local cultural officials took me to museums to see Maori art—masks and totems and huge canoes—but I never met any Maori, the indigenous people who constitute about 12 percent of the population. New Zealand seemed a quiet place indeed, genteel and evasive. When fistfights erupted at closing time in the Auckland bars, the newspapers carried on as if the nation were enmeshed in a major social crisis. I marveled at a country that seemed dull and provincial in many ways but was nonetheless sufficiently blessed to settle arguments with fists rather than knives or guns.

On the evidence of **Once Were Warriors,** a powerful new movie from New Zealand, fists remain the preferred method of combat. But everything else comes as a shock; the picture reveals sides of Maori life and New Zealand temperament kept well out of sight two decades ago. *Once Were Warriors* is based on a novel by Alan Duff; it's a portrait of a brawling working-class Maori family, and particularly of a violent husband and father, that caused a stir in New Zealand, dismaying many who wanted a more positive image of the country's Maori population. Adapting the book into a movie, director Lee Tamahori, who is part Maori, brought in a woman screenwriter, Riwia Brown, and shifted the focus from the husband, Jake, to his wife, Beth. Since Beth is played by a magnificent New Zealand actress named Rena Owen, who's half Maori herself, the shift seems a stroke of genius. The movie—crude in places but startling too—is now the story of a woman's awakening, set against the backdrop of the destructive pop-cult life of the Maori underclass.

Jake (Temuera Morrison), a powerful man with short hair and piercing eyes, gets laid off, goes on the dole, and starts an endless party with his mates that moves from a huge bar to home and back again. His wife adores him, but he beats her and ignores the children, who are drifting toward chaos. If *Once Were Warriors* is to be trusted, gangsta rap and biker regalia have fused with the emblems of Maori culture. The urban young toughs in their black leather vests and pants undergo vicious rites of initiation, then get themselves tattooed in the fantastic circular patterns of the old tribesmen.

Director Lee Tamahori seems split in his feelings about all this, but split in an interesting way. The Maori live on the wrong side of the freeway, on streets littered with junked cars, rubble, and graffiti. The cluttered and blackened urban squalor gives Tamahori a terrific visual subject, and working with cinematographer Stuart Dryburgh (who shot *The Piano*), he revels in the lurid, angry rawness. Yet he also uses red and brown earth colors whenever he can, as if the old communal land of New Zealand were calling the Maori away from their disastrous city life. The movie is a work of pop culture driven by a strong anti-pop animus.

The men can escape; the women cannot. Rena Owen has high, strong cheekbones, a mane of thick unruly hair, and a smile that transforms her face into pure, distilled merriment. Her masklike beauty reminds me of Jeanne Moreau's, but the way Owen uses her body—all of it, in every shot—is entirely her own. Walking through the

Photograph by Brown & Shelton/Fine Line.

neighborhood, her Beth, perhaps 35, is still a beautiful young woman with a lioness's hauteur. Like the other women in the neighborhood, Beth has been brought up to "keep your mouth shut and your legs open." Her rough life doesn't bother her; she revels in it, enjoying the rude, hard-drinking parties as much as anyone. But when Jake boils over—slams her against the wall and pummels her face—she's in danger of losing her life. Coming in the middle of the raucous but jovial party, the violence is horrifying. I don't think I've ever seen a woman hit in a movie with this much ferocity. So fists can do damage, too.

People always ask, How can a woman who's not a masochist put up with abuse? Beth suggests one answer: As she describes her first attraction to Jake—and how she rebelled against everyone by going off with him—we can see that, eighteen years later, she's hanging in out of pride, not masochism. But for Beth, what's lawless and exciting about her husband is also what's likely to destroy her. She's caught in the bind of many women attracted to tough guys, and Rena Owen, taking everything to extremes, shows us love fighting back rage, and then shame and despair tearing away at love. Owen's performance is classic, but Temuera Morrison, as Jake, doesn't have material of the same richness to work with. Jake has been conceived as a brute, a man who thinks that sex is all he owes his wife (and who secretly believes that sex is all he can give her). He's little more than an unreachable brawler, and he's unnecessarily diminished when his self-hatred as a Maori is used against him to explain why he beats up the woman he loves.

The director, Tamahori, has worked in commercials in the past, but his movie isn't slick in the Western style. *Once Were Warriors* is hard and true. City life has a strong emotional pull—the lure of pleasure and irresponsibility—which may be something Americans understand all too well. But I would guess that American audiences will be less convinced when Jake and Beth's middle son, shipped off to some sort of national reform school, winds up in the hands of a Maori sage, who teaches him and other young men to beat their chests and chant and receive the spirits of their ancestors. This is where the movie turns pious, and I was reminded of my dutiful trips twenty years ago to see canoes and masks. How are tribal rites supposed to heal the ruptures of modern industrial society, with its structural unemployment, its imported mass culture, its programmed hedonism? For us, the movie is more about the man and the woman—about what might happen when Beth tells off Jake and risks another beating.

So let's hear it for New Zealand, the land of 3 million people and 50 million sheep. This obscure, underpopulated, once-pacific country has made a film that couldn't possibly intersect more crucially with our bitterest preoccupations. ■

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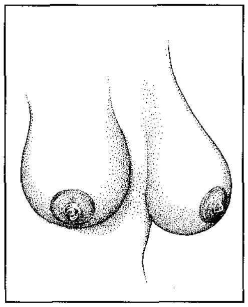
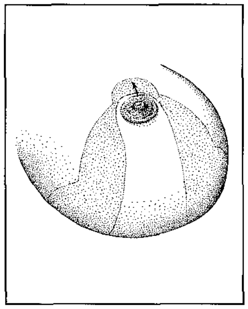
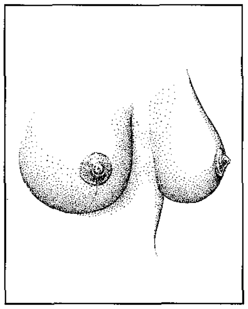
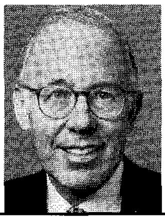

Common appearance of a woman with large, pendulous breasts. The areola, the dark skin surrounding the nipple, is frequently enlarged in overly developed breasts.


Breast reduction surgery involves incisions to enable the removal of excess tissue, fat and skin on the sides of the breasts, shown by the shaded area. The nipple-areolar complex is repositioned to a higher level.


The result is a woman with breasts that are smaller and in proportion with the rest of her body. Her breasts are well-contoured and natural looking.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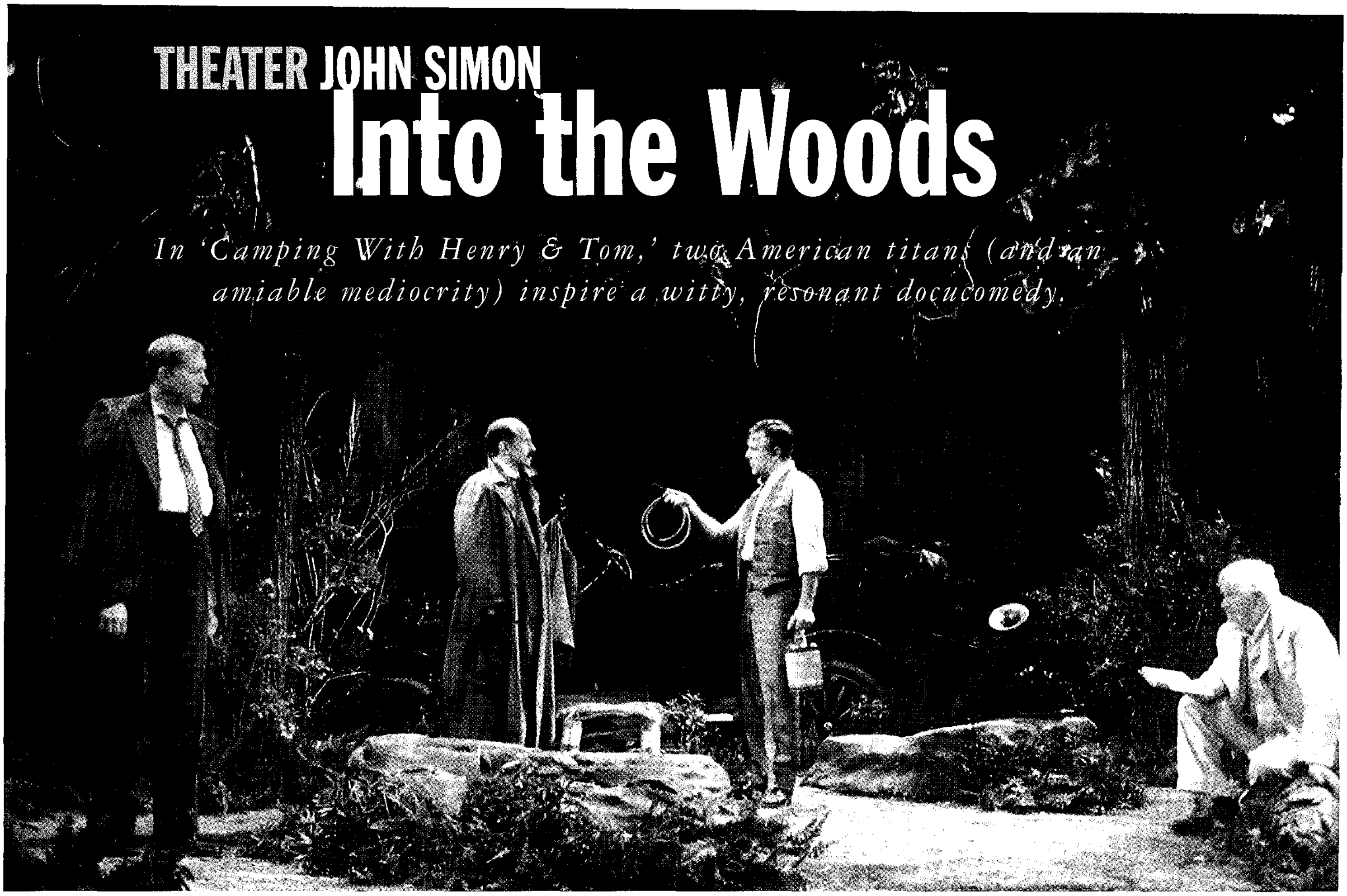
In 'Camping With Henry & Tom,' two American titans (and an amiable mediocrity) inspire a witty, resonant docucomedy.



Ken Howard, John Prosky, John Cunningham, and Robert Prosky in *Camping With Henry & Tom.*

I MUST GUARD AGAINST OVERPRAISING MARK ST. GERMAIN'S delightful comedy with serious overtones, **Camping With Henry & Tom.** In a season of almost unparalleled rottenness, this looms as a minor masterpiece; but even in a strong season it could hold its perky own. As the author states in a note, this is fiction based on fact: Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, and President Harding did go camping in a group, but they never sneaked off in a threesome only to end up lost in the Maryland woods after their car hit a deer and skidded into the firs.

As always with such an endeavor, we wonder just where history stops and the author takes over. An idle concern: However dramatic history may be, it needs the dramatist's helping hand to become historical drama. With three such racy and resonant characters as these, sparks would have to fly. Edison, as I understand it, was a bit of a practical joker and humorist; if he wasn't quite the wisecracking deflator of his friends' excesses and aberrations as he is here, no matter. Ford was a bundle of paradoxes and contradictions—pacifist and anti-Semite, friend of the worker and union-busting tyrant—and St. Germain catches this admirably. Between these two self-made titans, Harding stands as a decent, not unintelligent mediocrity, and the playwright does make him, appealingly, the *homme moyen sensuel.*

The play functions both as character comedy and duel of ideas with Shavian aspirations. Of course, with a title like *Camping With Henry & Tom,* it can't be expected to resist the double meaning in "camping." And so it is both convivial and rollicking, in the spirit of camping, and mischievous, even bitchy, as befits camp. With always adroit and sometimes coruscating writing, St. Germain has produced a quintessentially American, vividly involving fiction in which only a final, bitter confrontation between Tom and Henry fails to ring true.

The acting is better than good; it is fun. John Cunningham gets the warmhearted and the sinister, as well as the visionary and the ludicrous, aspects of Ford down to a (model) T; Robert Prosky, save for a narcissistic tendency to speak too low even for a small house, gives a hilariously quirky, wickedly sardonic Edison; Ken Howard is perfect as a torn, fallible Harding, touchingly straining to chew the too much he has bitten off. The offstage deer, lame but refusing to die, becomes too lame a running gag, but Paul Lazarus's inexhaustibly resourceful direction makes even the deer jokes endearing. High praise is due James Leonard Joy's enchantingly sylvan set (to be recycled for all future performances of *A Midsummer Night's Dream),* the intensely poetic lighting of Phil Monat, the spiffy special effects by Gregory Meeh, and the work of all the rest who help turn us for a couple of hours into the happiest of campers.

AS WITH HER MULTI-AWARD-WINNING *Before It Hits Home,* Cheryl L. West again exhibits, with **Holiday Heart,** genuine concern for the problems of urban blacks. Niki Dean is 12 when the play opens, living in Chicago with her barely white-collar mother, Wanda, who is equally addicted to poetry and crack, and a next-door neighbor who spends most of his time at the Deans'. A drag queen who calls himself Holiday Heart, he is the unofficial, caring father figure of the household. When Wanda takes up with Silas Jericho, a limousine driver and drug pusher—but a responsible and loving fellow—who moves in with the Deans, Holiday departs in high dudgeon.

Miss West sets up the basic situation well enough, but she resorts to rather facile and creaky devices. There are Niki's recurring direct addresses to the audience; Holiday's equally recurring telephone conversations with his offstage lover, Blue, in which he spills out his undramatized thoughts; the periodic appearances of Holiday in

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

ever more outrageous drag for easy laughs; and so on. Worse, though, is Miss West's inability to make the deterioration of the various relationships—friendly, amatory, parental, and filial—develop gradually and convincingly; instead, they crop up with artificial suddenness, further enfeebled by their lack of imaginative language and psychological subtlety. The ordinariness, the prosaism of it all, chokes off compassion in anyone whose personal experience isn't similar to that of the characters.

Tazewell Thompson's overexplicit, heavily underlining direction does not help. Indeed, when he musically underscores the monologues of the already somewhat mush-mouthed Afi McClendon (Niki), he often renders her inaudible. Still, the young actress has her winning moments, as does Maggie Rush as her mother. Keith Randolph Smith (direction again?) overdoes Holiday, and Ron Cephas Jones underdoes Silas; in two minor roles, Alimi Ballard is downright amateurish.

SUCH AS IT IS, THE PLAY IS A MASTERWORK compared with Stuart Greenman's abominable **Silence, Cunning, Exile,** which, starting with its pretentious Joycean title—totally inapplicable to this fictionalized story of the photographer Diane Arbus—is a farrago of attitudinizing, pseudo-profundity, stale mannerism, and abject ineptitude. (Perhaps mindlessness should be included as well.) It does not even do justice to the life of the not especially talented but extraordinarily unhinged Miss Arbus, whose predilection for photographing the dregs of mankind earned her automatic canonization in our hapless age. No such fate, however, will befall Mr. Greenman.

His text consists of (1) clichés—all his characters; (2) grandiose palaver: "Maybe 'normal' is a girdle we can't squeeze into anymore"; (3) blather: "You're so beautiful! No, really!" "I'm worthless, that's what!"; (4) countless aposiopeses: "Compared to you, I lead such a big—" (you fill in the rest); (5) long, falsely pregnant silences during which the actors stare out into the house; and (6) borderline plagiarism: "We thought you were fooling, but you were drowning"—cf. Stevie Smith's famous poem "Not Waving but Drowning."

There is, of course, no linear development—perish the thought!—but every kind of avant-garde platitude that Mark Wing-Davey, the director, can sprinkle on the text: weird sound effects for transitions between scenes, eerily irrelevant slide projections or lighting effects, scenes ending in studiedly throwaway fashion. The production values, however, are good, and Derek McLane's scenery is especially ingenious, fluid, and economical.

The acting is, mostly, as bad as the writing. The two male leads—the heroine's husband and her lover, her best friend's husband—are played by Tim Hopper and Denis O'Hare, two of the most untalented and unprepossessing actors I have ever encountered. As the woman friend, the usually competent Margaret Whitton gives a stereotyped performance, and Rocco Sisto and Adina Porter are wretched in supporting parts. But in the lead, Elizabeth Marvel displays sensitivity and insight, doubly impressive amid the cheapness and hollowness of the writing and staging. "You know, we should all just get up and sniff each other like dogs," says one of the characters well on into the play. I thought they had been doing that all along.

ENCORES! HAS BEGUN THIS YEAR'S SERIES OF old musicals with **Call Me Madam,** the 1950 Irving Berlin hit, which has a book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. I remember being overwhelmed by Ethel Merman at the premiere and liking some of the others in the cast, but remaining otherwise unimpressed. The book, about the adventures of an American ambassadress to the impoverished Duchy of Lichtenburg, whose only marketable products are cheese and romance, is by now as stale and smelly as a 1950 Lim- or Lichtenburger; but even the songs continue to strike me as the beginning of Berlin's decline. Some of them are remembered; none of them is memorable.

Yes, "It's a Lovely Day Today" and "The Best Thing for You," plus a couple of others, notably the intricate "You're Just in Love," are catchy and lively; personally, I prefer the lesser-known "Marrying for Love" and "Can You Use Any Money Today?" But I utterly despise items such as "The Ocarina" and "They Like Ike." It is quite apparent that, except at his infrequent best, Berlin was inferior to the five great ones: Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers, Coward, and Weill; slightly lower-brow in the tunes, and much more so in the lyrics—precisely what endeared him to the unwashed. Still, with Don Walker's excellent original orchestrations, the Coffee Club Orchestra under Rob Fisher made joyful noise.

Charles Repole directed with assurance, and Eduardo Sicangco coordinated the apparel tastefully, though nothing can look good on Tyne Daly's frame. Where Merman was honestly gross—like Perle Mesta, on whom the heroine is based—Miss Daly tried to be adorably gross, which can't work. Her singing, however, has improved to the point of acceptability. Otherwise, all voices were superior, and even performers whom I have been unimpressed with in the past, such as Walter Charles and Melissa Errico, stood their ground. There were nice bits from MacIntyre Dixon, Christopher Durang, Simon Jones, and the staunchly outrageous Jane Connell. But a certain charmlessness hovered over the proceedings, except for the dance interlude, which had the kind of panache and infectiousness (choreography by Kathleen Marshall, good dancing by an agile sextet) that the show as a whole regrettably lacked. ■

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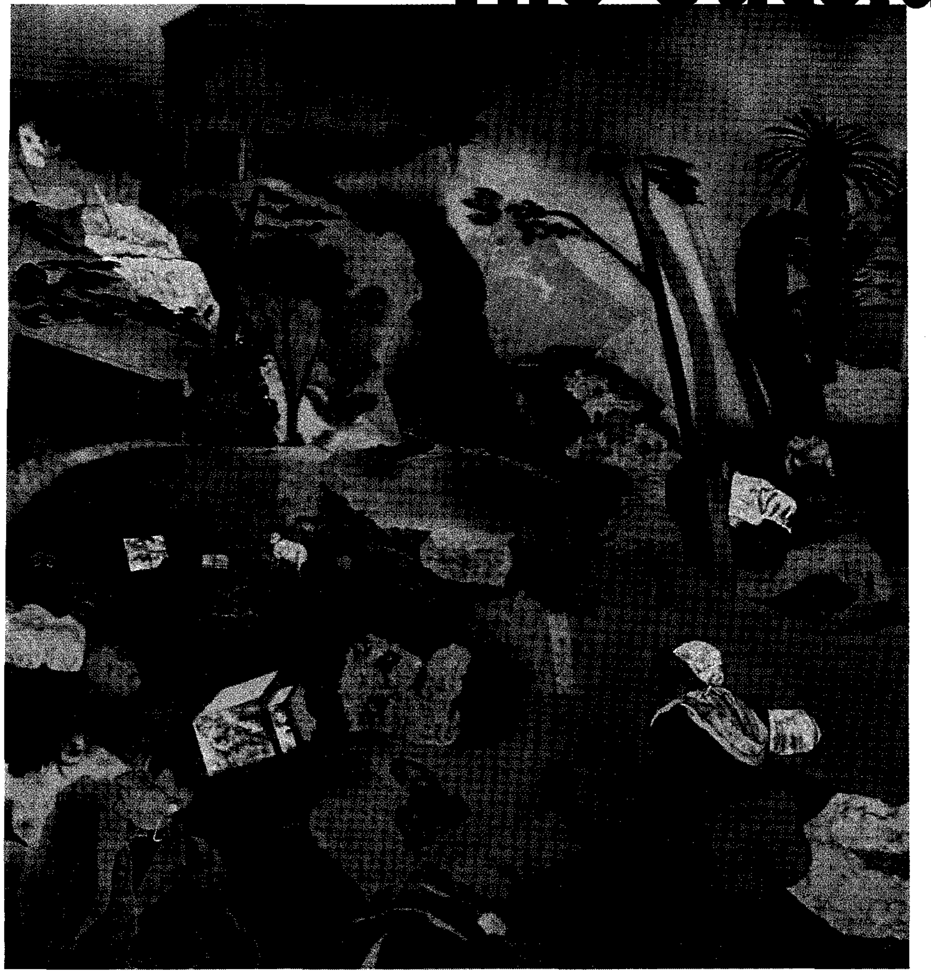
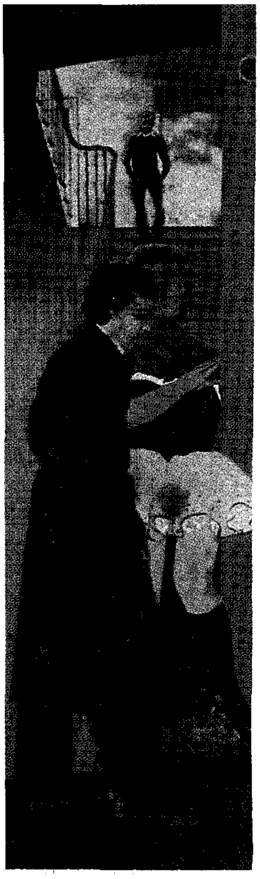
ART **MARK STEVENS**

The Outsider

R. B. Kitaj is an artist of rare, outsize hungers, which many find embarrassing.





Above: ***If Not, Not.*** **Right:** ***Smyrna Greek (Nikos).***

WRITING TO HIS BROTHER IN 1885, VAN Gogh quoted what he called "a beautiful thing about art in general" that he had read in a collection of Émile Zola's criticism: "In paintings," Zola wrote, "I look for, I love, the man—the artist." Van Gogh cited the passage because he wanted to contrast as forcefully as possible the "nothing" that he found behind many polished performances in contemporary art with the often rough but vital sensation of individual character—"a *will,* a *feeling,* a passion and love" (Van Gogh's emphasis)—that he found in other works, including "many pictures by almost unknown artists."

The American expatriate R. B. Kitaj's retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—he also has an exhibition of recent work at the Marlborough Gallery—reminded me of this important contrast. Kitaj is not a smooth artist, complete in his gifts, or at home in his manner. His retrospective was widely panned in London, and critics routinely chastise him for overreaching. He is pretentious, it is said, in his lording about of literary references and in his cultivation of well-known friends; he relies too heavily upon cheap and flashy techniques of pastiche, collage, and illustration. Often, after delivering these knocks, a critic will pat Kitaj on the head for behaving like a good boy in his most likable work, the drawings and pastels.

Is such criticism justified? Up to a point. It is not very interesting, however, for it leaves out the *Yes, but* . . . Kitaj's weaknesses are manifest. The many subtle and important *but*s that enliven his art are more difficult to convey. They also matter more. There is in Kitaj's impatient, sometimes off-putting art "a will, a feeling, a passion and love" that is so vivid and idiosyncratically personal—and so disturbingly evocative of aspects of postwar intellectual life—that I would not trade his "failure" for the finer success of many other artists.

The buts begin with this appealing paradox: Kitaj, despite his sophistication and the literary aura of his work, is a kind of naïf. He differs in this respect from earlier American expatriates, such as Whistler, Eliot, and James, who tended to go their snobbish English hosts one better and present an implacably superior face to the world. No one was going to teach them anything. Kitaj, by contrast, approaches Europe and the intellectual life as a passionate pilgrim. He not only loves to read but *must* read. Books, history, and ideas are far more than an academic interest to him: They press upon the eye as if there will not be enough time. In short, they are redemptive.

This is not the manner of one born to Oxford. For all his dark anxieties, there is an outsider's hunger in Kitaj's art that is almost boyish. The artist, who is 62, was raised in an environment far different from London—in Cleveland and Troy, New York—and did not go to college. He attended art schools in New York and Vienna, worked as a merchant seaman, and served in the U.S. Army in Europe from 1956 to 1958, and then studied art in Oxford and London, where he became a close friend of David Hockney. He has spent his adult life in England, apart from an occasional year elsewhere.

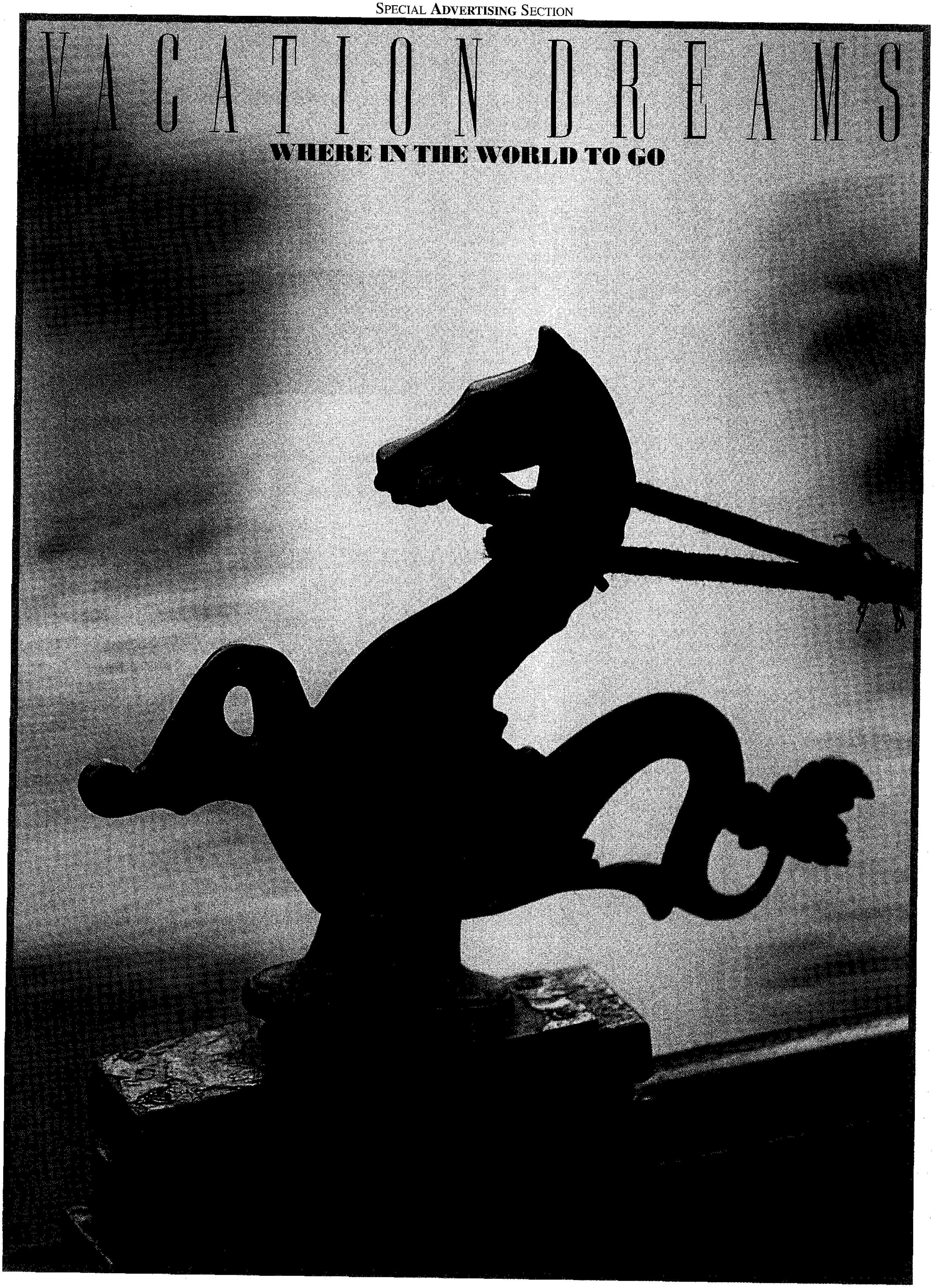
It is his rare and outsize hungers—which many people shy away from as embarrassing to art—that distinguish his work. His sharpest hunger is for the great subject. A fierce critic of small-potatoes abstraction, Kitaj argues that a large and meaningful iconography can still add something vital to the formal interest of modern art. He is impatient with art alone, in other

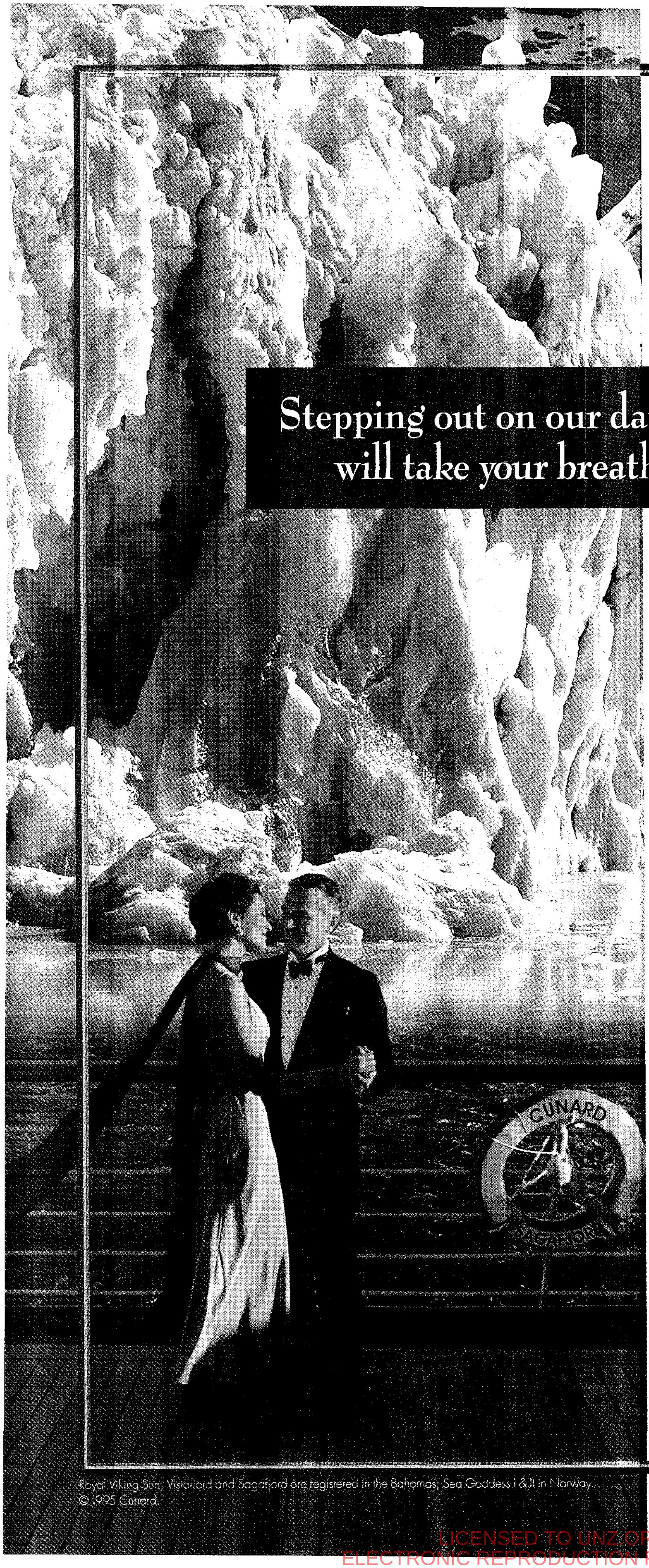
Continued on page 75

Photographs courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

VACATION DREAMS

WHERE IN THE WORLD TO GO





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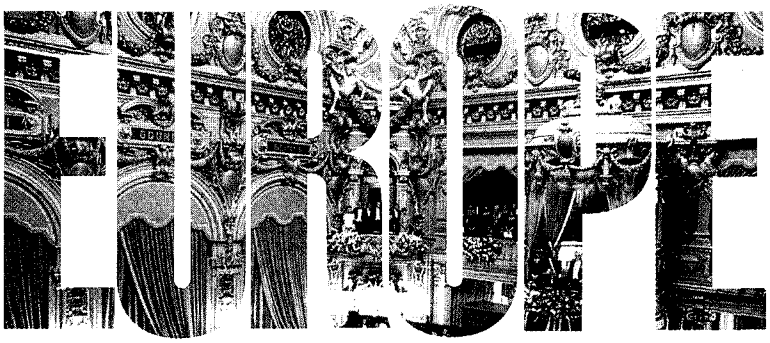
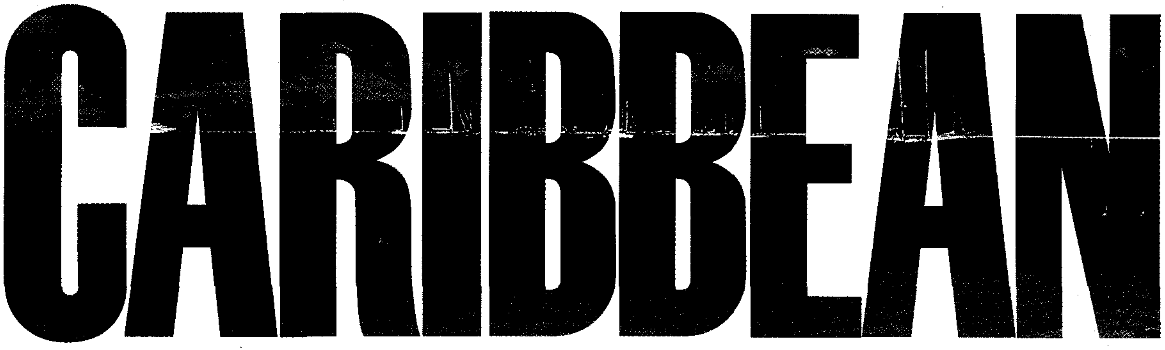
VACATION DREAMS

DESTINATION EUROPE



A happy combination of Old World charm and 20th-century convenience make Europe one of the world's most attractive destinations for vacation travelers. Some of the most prized museum collections and most important performing arts centers are there, along with a sophisticated nightlife, exceptional cuisine, and shopping for everything from tax-free cars and electronics to fine antiques and the latest fashions. Planning a visit to Europe has never been easier. European tourist boards provide a wide range of services that can help independent travelers find just the right itinerary. Bon voyage!

Islands seem to be nature's way of telling us to get away from it all. Islands… far from the everyday, somewhere between the heavens and the deep blue sea. Bright sunshine. Cool breezes. Forests of tropical plants always in bloom. Underwater gardens of delight. And after the sun goes down, the night stays awake to the rhythms of reggae, salsa, calypso, and merengue. There's a world of duty-free shopping to explore, international cuisine to enjoy, and places to stay that range from cozy little inns to grand luxury resorts. These islands are playgrounds filled with all kinds of sports to invigorate body and spirit. They're also the perfect places to do nothing at all.



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CARIBBEAN

BARBARA CURRIE DAILEY

A young celebrant at the annual Botabano Festival in The Cayman Islands.

THE CAYMAN ISLANDS

MOUNTAINS IN THE SEA

The Cayman Islands are actually the flat tops of mountains that rise thousands of feet from the ocean floor, and each of the three islands is distinctly different from the others.

Grand Cayman lures divers with underwater visibility of up to 200 feet, and offers views that include giant sponges, black coral trees, manta rays, and turtles. Dive sites have names like Eden's Rock, Cinderella's Castle, King Neptune's Wall, and Devil's Grotto. At Stingray City, divers can frolic up-close with as many as twenty stingrays.

There's plenty to do on dry land, too. Historic architecture includes the Old Homestead, with its gingerbread latticework, and the Queen Elizabeth II Botanic Park, which provides sixty acres of woods and gardens cut through with nature trails.

The much smaller Cayman Brac is a pristine haven of beaches and caves, hiking trails that follow the bluff, and lots of isolated coves for diving.

Little Cayman is even more removed, with secluded beaches and dive sites that include the remarkable Bloody Bay Wall, which starts at twenty feet, then drops off to 1,000 feet.

The waters off The Cayman Islands attract world-class deep-sea fishermen in search of blue marlin, yellowfin tuna, barracuda, and wahoo. Serious competitors from around the world show up for Million Dollar Month, a fishing tournament scheduled for June 1, 13, and 30, as well as every weekend in June. The top cash prize of $250,000 will go to anyone who can break the Cayman Islands blue marlin record of 584 pounds.

In its early days, The Cayman Islands were the hunting grounds of pirates like Henry Morgan, Blackbeard, and Calico Jack. Pirates' Week on Grand Cayman, October 20-29, brings back those rough-and-tumble times. Things get started with an invasion by modern-day buccaneers. Festivities include a float parade, marching steel bands, a street dance, fireworks, and an underwater treasure hunt.

For complete information about The Cayman Islands, call 212-682-5582.

CURACAO

DUTCH TREATS

The streets of the capital, Willemstad, are lined with neat rows of gabled houses painted in a rainbow of pastels that suggest Amsterdam-in-the-tropics. That's not surprising when you remember that Curaçao was settled by the Dutch West Indies Company in the 17th century. In fact, Peter Stuyvesant was governor there before moving on to govern New Amsterdam, now New York City.

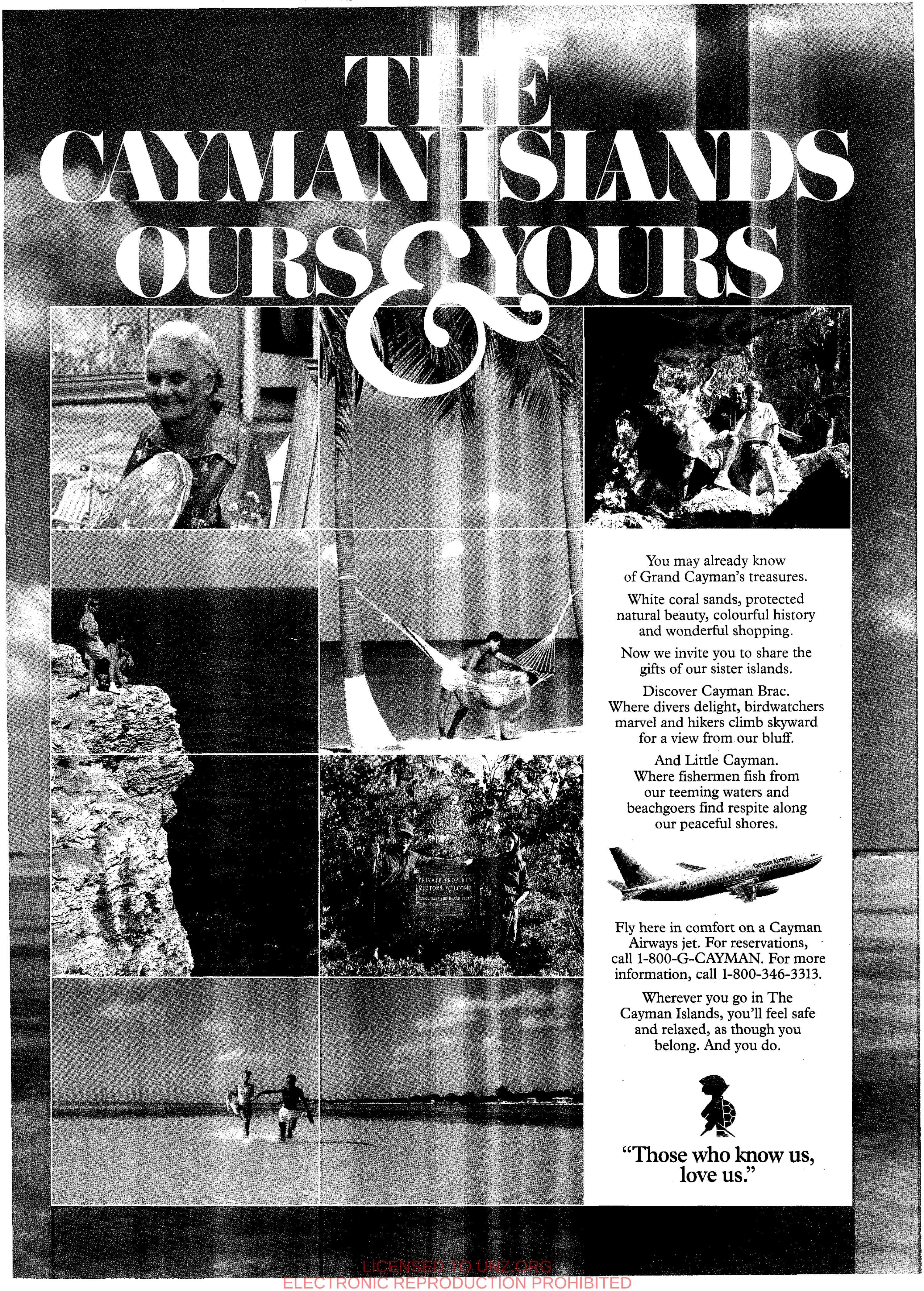
The island's population represents seventy-nine nationalities from around the globe, helping to create a local cuisine that blends Creole, Chinese, French, South American, Dutch, Indian, and Indonesian traditions.

South America is just thirty-eight miles away, and boats from Venezuela bring tropical fruits and vegetables to the Floating Market in Willemstad. Curaçao's party of the year, the annual Salsa Festival, August 4-5, celebrates its South American ties by presenting Latin music's top stars in outdoor concerts that keep crowds up dancing late into the night.

Beyond Willemstad, Curaçao offers fascinating countryside adventures. Grand plantation houses dot the landscape. Many are open to visitors, including the 17th-century house where the liquor distillery produces the island's distinctive orange-flavored liqueur called—what else?—Curaçao. Hikers head for Christoffel Park, where trails lead through a 4,500-acre nature preserve filled with plant and animal life, and Indian caves to explore.

Offshore, more than 100 dive sites and twelve miles of protected coral reefs provide some of the world's best snorkeling and scuba diving opportunities. You don't even have to get wet to enjoy the views. The Seaquarium stocks seventy-five aquariums with every species of native fish and

The elegant gabled houses of Willemstad recall Curaçao's roots in The Netherlands.



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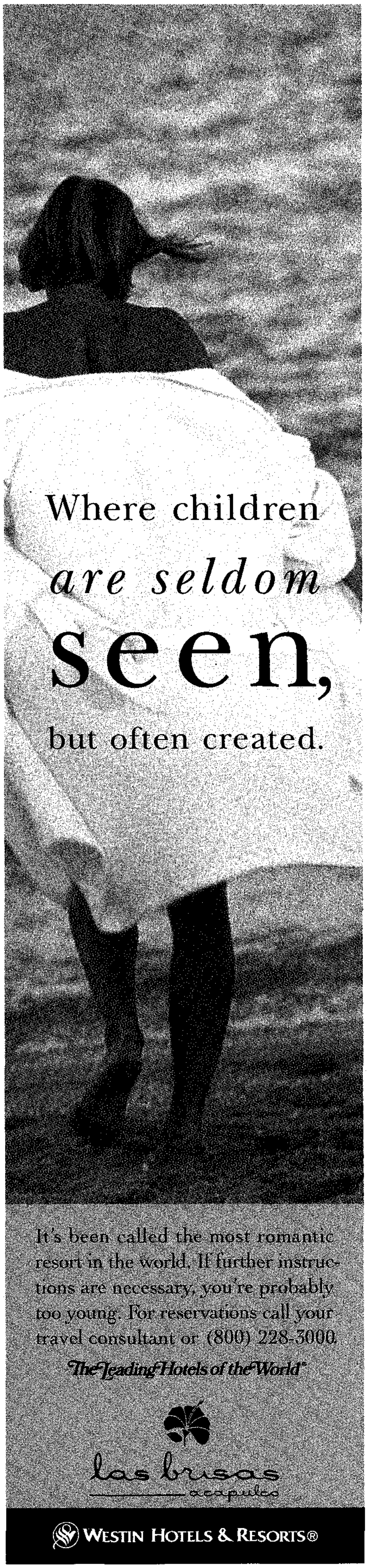

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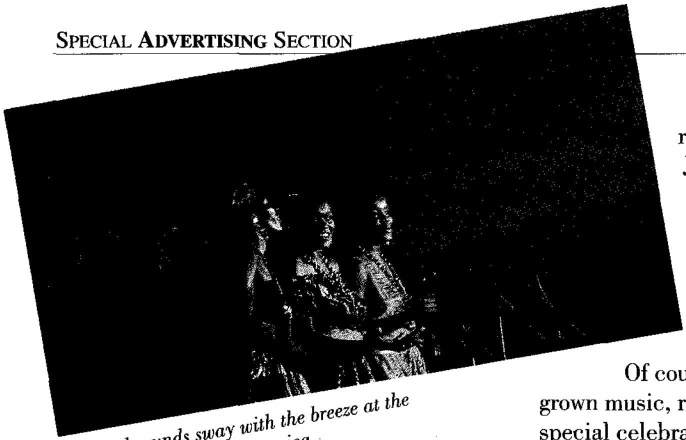


Tropical sounds sway with the breeze at the Reggae Sunsplash in Jamaica.

marine life. One of its features is the Seaworld Explorer, a semi-submersible submarine that cruises the coral reefs.

For complete information about Curaçao, call 800-332-8266.

JAMAICA

THE ROMANCE OF REGGAE

This paradise of lush green mountains, exotic flowers, cascading waterfalls, and powdery soft sand beaches moves to a beat all its own. There's a rhythm in the lilting speech of its people, and an irresistible energy in the festivals that fill the streets with cheering crowds. Even in Blue Mountain National Park, surrounded by nearly 200,000 acres of serene forest, dozens of unique species of birds carry the tune of the island.

Jamaica's resorts line the calm natural harbors along the island's northern shores. Negril spreads out across a seven-mile white sand beach. Montego Bay is the center for diving and sailing, and Port Antonio's 158-acre Crystal Springs Park is ablaze with 15,000 varieties of plants. Ocho Rios boasts an array of plush estates; at Dunn's River Falls, guides lead climbers up a 600-foot cascade that tumbles over rock ledges to the beach.

Ocho Rios is also the starting point for Carnival, April 16-23. Calypso bands kick off the party, which then moves across the island to Kingston on the south shore for music on the waterfront and a street parade of wildly costumed revelers. The Ocho Rios Jazz Festival, June 11-18, presents international artists in more than thirty events, including jazz breakfasts, lunches, teas, and barbecues.

Of course, Jamaica's home-grown music, reggae, has its own special celebration, Reggae Sunsplash, July 12-16. This year, the festival takes up new quarters in the hills of St. Ann, near the birthplace of reggae great Bob Marley, and will mark the 50th anniversary of his birthday. Each day and night has a different theme—International Night, Vintage Night, Singers' Night, an all-day Beach Party, and a Dance Hall Night that has drawn as many as 60,000 people and that keeps going until the sun comes up.

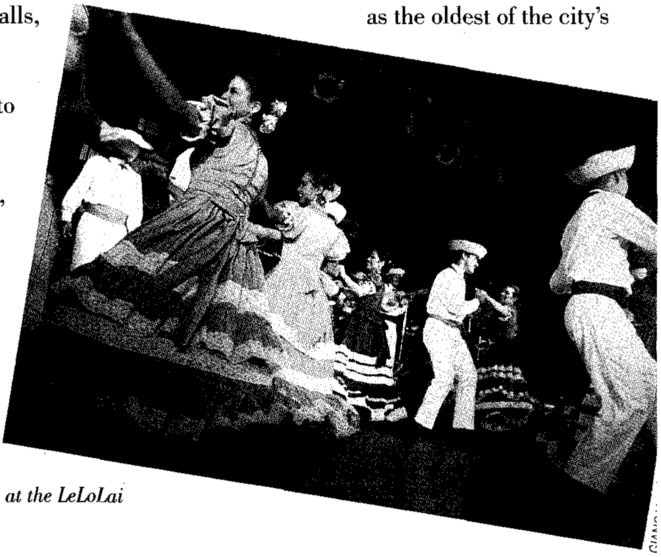
For complete information about Jamaica, call 800-233-4582.

PUERTO RICO

LA ISLA BONITA

The view from the ramparts of El Morro fortress—built by the Spanish in the 16th century to protect San Juan harbor from the English navy, commanded by Sir Francis Drake—takes in the full sweep of the city's Spanish colonial old quarter. The old stands side-by-side with the new in this cosmopolitan skyline of high-rises and beachfront resorts.

Five centuries of history live on in Old San Juan. Ponce de Leon—seeker of the fabled "fountain of youth"—arrived in 1508, and the house he had built for himself, Casa Blanca, remains as the oldest of the city's



Dancers trip the night fantastic at the LeLoLai festival in Puerto Rico.

fine 16th- and 17th-century buildings.

In the heart of town, the forty-acre Botanical Gardens contain more than 200 species of plants and trees, just a hint of the dazzling nature that awaits "*en la isla*" (out on the island). The Panoramic Route, a network of forty roads, covers 165 miles over mountains and through forests, with striking views of the Caribbean along the way.

The 28,000-acre El Yunque rainforest, an hour's drive from San Juan, is lined with dozens of trails, graded by difficulty, that lead the way past 240 varieties of flowers and trees, and twenty-six animal species found nowhere else in the world. On the south~~west~~coast is Phosphorescent Bay, which provides an eerie spectacle created by millions of tiny luminous fish lighting the water. (They are best viewed in the darkness around the time of the new moon.)

Small towns in the Central Mountains, an easy drive from San Juan, are home to lively folk festivals that feature dancing to salsa and merengue orchestras. During the Aibonito Flower Festival, June 30-July 9, streets are decorated with orchids, roses, gardenias, and begonias. The Barranquitas Artisans Fair, July 14-16, attracts craftspeople from all over the island. And Loiza's wild Carnival, June 21-30, celebrates the town's African and Spanish heritage.

For complete information about Puerto Rico, call 800-223-6530.

View of Les Pitons, twin volcanic islands that rise nearly half a mile above St. Lucia.

ST. LUCIA

FRENCH TWIST

St. Lucia's extraordinary landscape combines a lush rainforest, dramatic waterfalls, soothing mineral baths, and bubbling sulphur pools.

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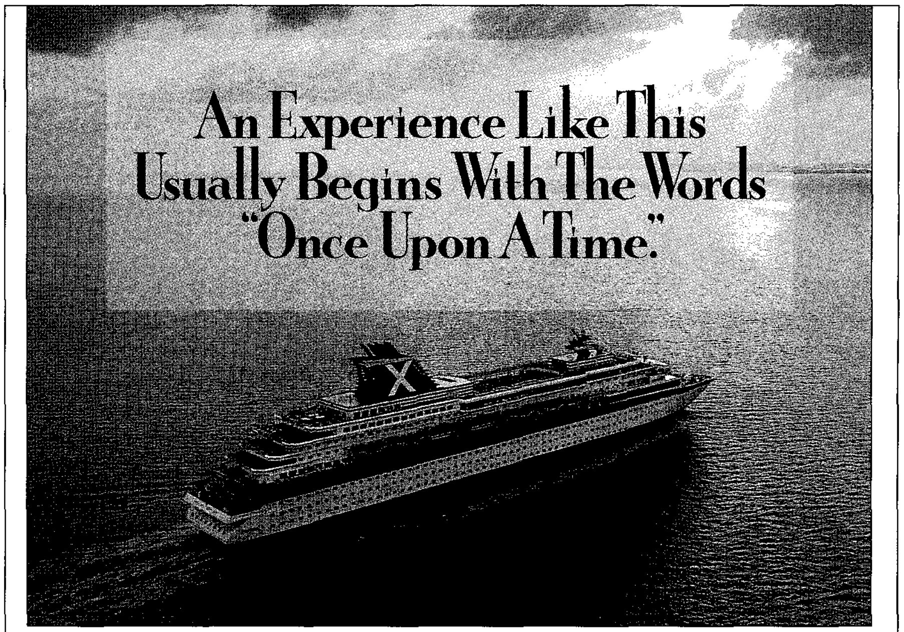

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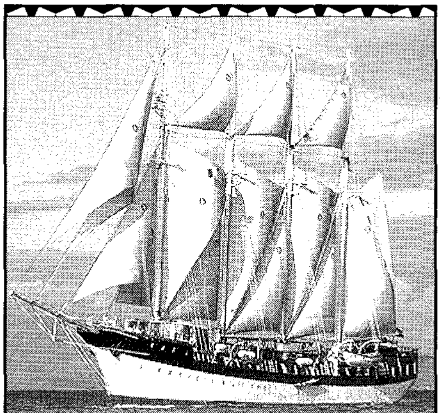

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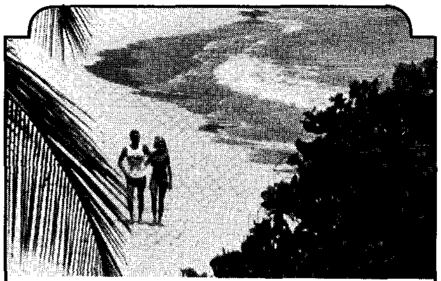

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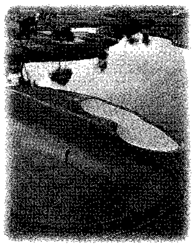

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early morning farmers' market provides a great opportunity to get a taste of St. Lucia's mix of French, English, and African languages, customs, and cuisines.

South along the coast is Soufrière, with its remarkable view of Les Pitons, the twin volcanic peaks that tower a half-mile above the coast. They are backed by a 19,000-acre rainforest of green mountains and valleys brimming with exotic flowers, fruit trees, and wildlife, all visible along a seven-mile nature walk.

Just outside Soufrière are the Diamond Falls and Mineral Baths, and an odd bit of geology referred to as "the world's only drive-in volcano." Visitors can relax in tubs that France's King Louis XIV had built for his troops, then rinse off under the natural waterfalls. Nearby, a road winds through jungle rock formations into the remnant of a volcanic crater, where bubbling muddy pools spurt steam into the air.

For all its peaceful natural beauty, St. Lucia also knows how to throw a party. In Gros Islet, a fishing village on the north shore, every Friday night is time for a "jump-up," a carnival-style street party.

The St. Lucia Jazz Festival, May 11-14, has become one of the top music events in the Caribbean. International artists perform afternoon, evening, and late-night concerts. This year's line-up includes Al Jarreau, Tito Puente, Peabo Bryson, Michel Petrucciani, Roy Ayers, and Johnny Griffin.

Two spectacular flower festivals provide the excuse for all sorts of merry-making. The Feast of St. Rose of Lima, on August 30, traces its roots to the 18th century, and features singing and dancing in the streets by flower-society members dressed as queens, princes, soldiers, policemen, doctors, and nurses. The Feast of St. Margaret Alacoque, on October 17, is an African tradition that also betrays French and English influences. The day begins with a church service and winds up with a costume ball that carries on until dawn.

For complete information about St. Lucia, call 212-867-2950.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

AMERICAN PARADISE

Columbus stopped by in 1493, on his second voyage to the New World, and named these islands "The Virgins," out of respect, it is said, for their unspoiled beauty. The three main islands in the group are St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. John, all trimmed with white sugarsand beaches; free access to any of them is protected by law.

St. Croix, the largest island, was once busy with cotton plantations, and its landscape of rolling hills still has more than a hundred historic houses from that period. The town of Christiansted, founded in 1734, recalls the island's Danish heritage, with its cobblestone streets and quaint brick buildings. Offshore, there are world-class dive

At Carnival in St. John, food booths serve a variety of colorful local specialties.

sites, including Buck Island Reef National Park, where a marked trail leads the way through the sea life of its underwater gardens.

St. Thomas is the capital of the islands; it features elegant streets filled with shops and views of pastel-colored houses scattered across bright green hillsides. Carnival, April 24-29, brings out revelers marching behind steel drum bands, and figures called Moko Jumbies, who walk on seventeen-foot-high stilts to ward off evil spirits. There are parades for kids and adults, calypso music, fireworks, and a carnival village where native food and entertainment fuel the festive spirit.

St. John is the smallest and quietest of the islands, thanks in large part to the fact that two-thirds of its landscape is a national park. St. John has a carnival of its own, June 18-July 4, with Moko Jumbies, calypso rhythms, and fireworks. The July Fourth finale includes a parade, boat races, a food and cultural crafts fair, and a battle of the bands.

For complete information on the U.S. Virgin Islands, call 212-332-2222.

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Long Bay Beach is a mile-long crescent of white sand on the island of Tortola in the British Virgin Islands, and this resort makes the most of its beachfront position. All accommodations overlook the sea. Newly built villas are two- or three-bedroom duplexes that include a terrace with barbecue area. Cabanas are built on stilts at water's edge, each with its own private hammock. And there are deluxe beachfront rooms, as well as hillside split-level studios.

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For complete information about Turnberry Isle, call 800-327-7028.

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Two Celebrity ships, the Horizon and Meridian, sail weekly from New York on seven-night cruises to Bermuda that include four nights on the island. The Horizon sails April 29-October 21, and the Meridian June 25-September 3.

These hearty seafarers are bound for Bermuda on a Celebrity Cruises ship. Grown-ups can enjoy all the amenities, including top-ranked cuisine.

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The destination is Bermuda, famous for pink sand beaches, pastel cottages, and such British niceties as cricket matches, afternoon tea, and neighborhood pubs. Bermuda has the most golf courses per acre anywhere in the world, and the coast is never more than a mile away.

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Today, these classic sailing vessels call at more than fifty Caribbean ports, offering three six-day, one seven-day, and three thirteen-day itineraries.

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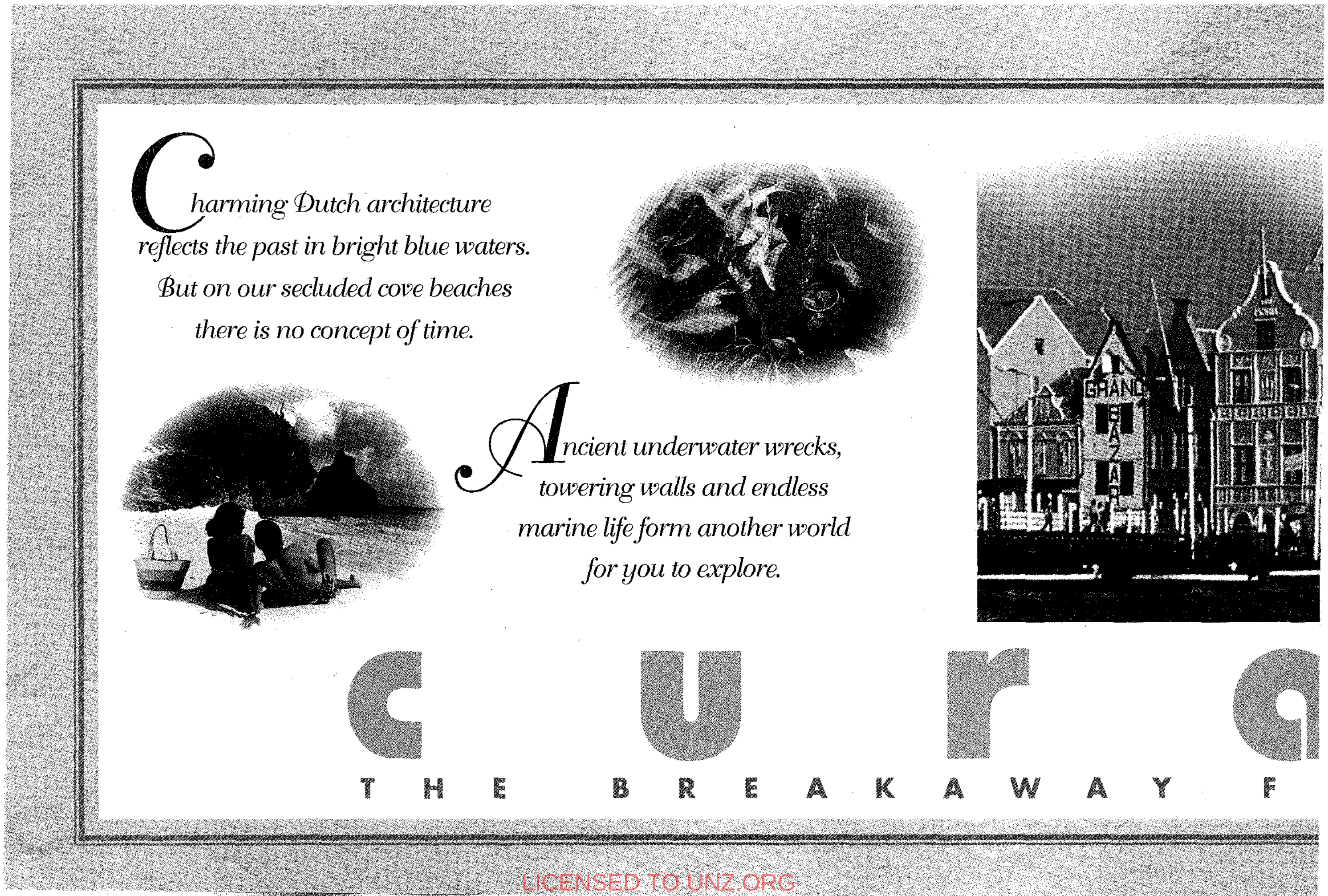

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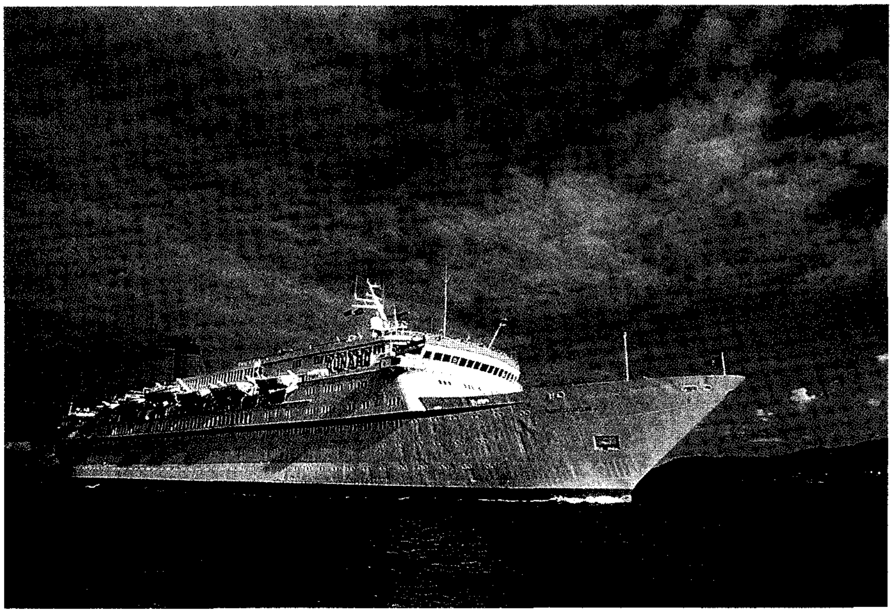

Cunard Lines' Countess on one of its seven-day cruises of the Caribbean. Besides making stops at ports of call from Antigua to Martinique, the vessel offers a range of day and nighttime activities.

can prop their feet up on the rail and let the professional crews do the work.

All cabins are air-conditioned, and each double cabin has a private toilet and shower. Days begins with a buffet breakfast; lunch is served picnic-style on board or on the beach, and the full-course dinner always includes wine.

For complete information about Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, call 800-327-2601.

Cunard Lines

Cunard's Countess and Crown Jewel offer four seven-day itineraries through the highlights of the Caribbean Islands.

The Crown Jewel, sailing from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, features a Western Caribbean Fantasy that includes Ocho Rios, Jamaica, Grand Cayman, the Cayman Islands, and Cancun, Mexico. There is also an Eastern Caribbean Gems cruise that calls at ports in the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

The Countess, sailing from San Juan, offers an itinerary that calls at Tortola, Antigua, Martinique, Barbados, and, St. Thomas, and another that calls at St. Maarten, Guadeloupe, Grenada, St. Lucia, St. Kitts, and St. Thomas.

Both vessels feature complete recreational facilities, lectures that preview upcoming ports of call, dining in ocean-view salons, casual buffets on deck, casino gambling, ballroom dancing, and late-night discos.

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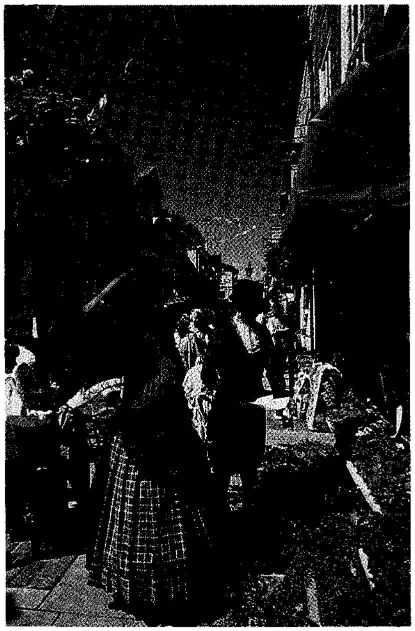

Characters from novels come to life at the Dickens Festival in Rochester, Kent.

ENGLAND

THE WORLD'S A STAGE

Britain has declared 1995 "The Festival of Arts and Culture," with more than 500 separate festivals showcasing music, dance, drama, literature, and film. And almost any touring itinerary around the British Isles is bound to coincide with highlights of the schedule.

The first stop for most people is London, with its vast parks, attractive shops, and cheerful pubs. Buckingham Palace welcomes royal-watchers in August and September. Art lovers flock to the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Tate Gallery. The performing arts scene includes West End theaters, and such special events as appearances by tenor Placido Domingo and conductor Sir Georg Solti at the Verdi Festival this June and July.

Of special note this summer are the Henry Woods Promenade Concerts, popularly known as the "Proms," June 21-September 16, at the splendid Royal Albert Hall. This year marks the 100th anniversary of the Proms, and each night will have a performance of music ranging from jazz to symphonies.

Beyond London, the countryside recalls the legends of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, as well as the plays of Shakespeare. Castles loom out of the mist. Time seems to have stopped hundreds of years ago in the postcard-perfect villages in the Cotswolds. The Cornwall coast runs along craggy cliffs and hidden coves to Land's End.

For complete information about England, call 212-986-2200 or 800-462-2748, or visit the British Tourist Authority at 551 Fifth Avenue, at 45th Street, seventh floor, 9:30 A.M.-7 P.M., Monday-Friday.

FRANCE

FROM PARIS TO THE PROVINCES

From the grand boulevards of Paris to the narrowest country lane in Provence, France is a great adventure whose every detour brings surprises.

Centuries of art and architecture inspire careful exploration. And tracing the landmarks of France's regional foods and wines would create tantalizing itineraries all by themselves in a country where practically every village produces some culinary specialty uniquely its own.

In Paris, more than a decade of building the government's extraordinary *Grands Projets* has revived long-neglected quarters of the city. Even the classic perspective from the Louvre to the Arc de Triomphe has been recast by the addition of a seventy-five-foot-tall glass pyramid in the courtyard of the Louvre and a major renovation of the Champs-Elysées.

And Paris is only the beginning. In Provence, the ancient towns of Avignon and Aix-en-Provence have become vital artistic centers. The Festival d'Avignon, July 7-31, showcases avant-garde theater, music, and dance. The Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, July 11-30, is an international celebration of music, especially opera.

The châteaux of the Loire Valley reveal a period in French history when nobles competed by trying to build larger, richer vacation palaces. Inland from the fabled wine châteaux of Bordeaux is the valley of the Dordogne, where fortified medieval châteaux cling to sheer cliffs, and caverns contain clues to life in prehistoric times.

The French Riviera beach resorts have drawn the rich and famous for decades. Brigitte Bardot put St-Tropez on the map; now every May, the film industry migrates to Cannes. Antibes has its Picasso Museum. Nice has fine collections of the works of Chagall and Matisse, as well as one of Europe's best jazz festivals: La Grande Parade du Jazz, July 7-16, which presents major artists on outdoor stages set amid ancient ruins and gardens.

For complete information about France, call 900-990-0040 (50 cents per minute), or visit the French Government Tourist Office at 444 Madison Avenue, between 49th and 50th streets, sixteenth floor, 9 A.M.-5 P.M., Monday-Friday.

ITALY

EUROPE'S TREASURE HOUSE

It is estimated that as much as eighty percent of Europe's artistic heritage resides within Italy's borders, in museum collections and churches, and in public spaces. Every town has its own share of masterpieces.

Fashionable Milan is home to La Scala Opera House, whose season runs through July, and the 15th-century church Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece "The Last Supper" is on display.

Carnevale in Venice features masked figures amidst the city's splendor.

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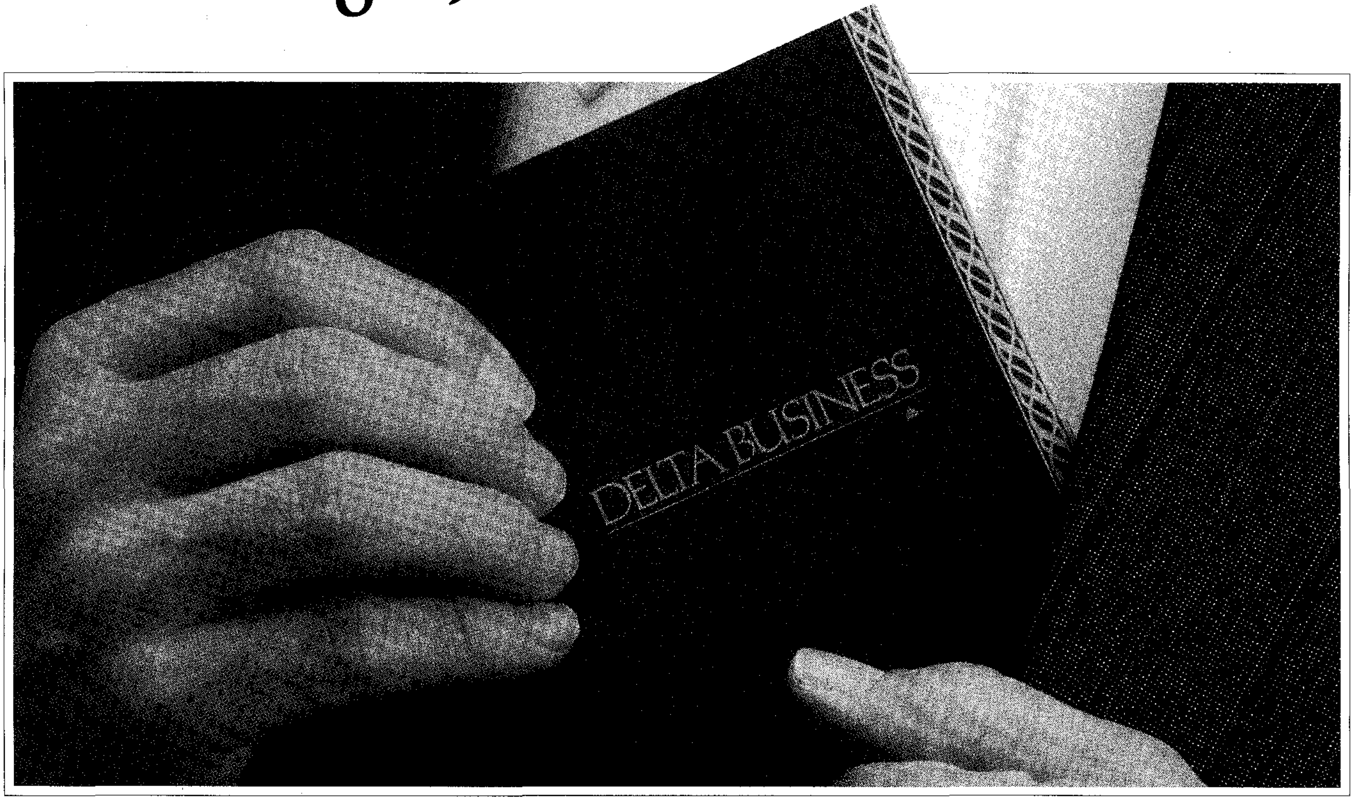

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Venice, which certainly qualifies as a work of art all by itself, is a unique city where canals replace streets. Chief among them the Grand Canal, which is lined with palaces, many of which have been converted into museums.

Due east of Venice is Verona. The Roman legions built roads from Verona into their far-flung empire. A 20,000-seat Roman amphitheater is the setting for the outdoor opera season, July 7-September 3, which stages spectacular productions of such popular operas as "Aida," "Carmen," and "Rigoletto."

The Tuscany region is packed with fascinating destinations. Pisa's famed Leaning Tower, which began sinking almost as soon as it was begun in 1173, is now sixteen feet off center. Siena attracts capacity crowds to its enormous Piazza del Campo during its annual medieval pageant and hell-bent horse race, July 2 and August 16.

The main attraction in Tuscany, though, is Florence, where the Renaissance took root. The city's great museums contain remarkable collections of works by Michaelangelo, Raphael, Titian, and Donatello.

In the center of the country is the Umbria region. Its capital, Perugia, hosts the Umbria Jazz Festival, July 7-16, which fills venues all over town with great performers.

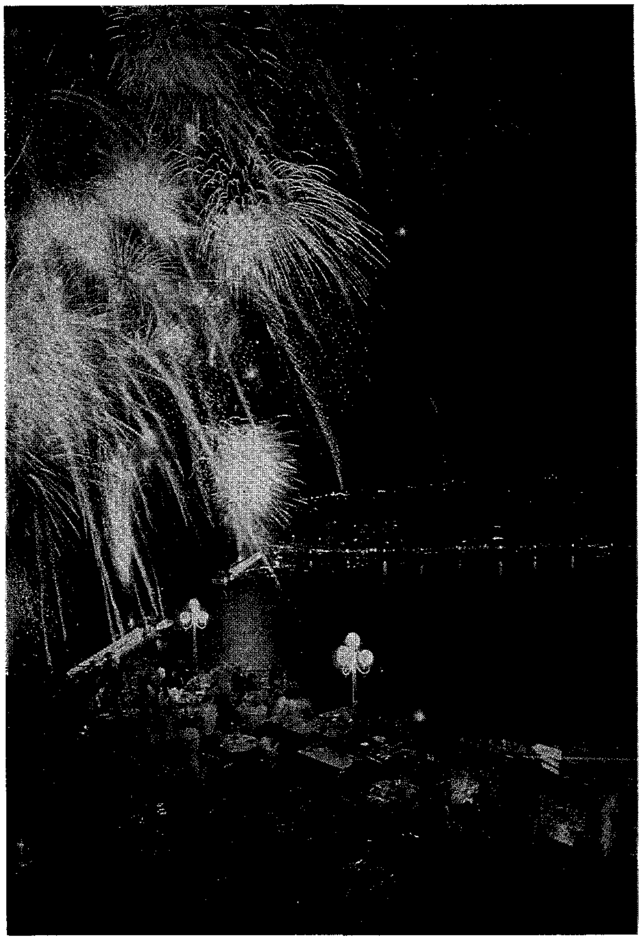
And, of course, there is Rome, the Eternal City, a walk-through museum of architecture. The Colosseum's marble façade has numbered arches that helped spectators find their way to any of the 50,000 seats. The Pantheon, a temple built in 126 A.D., features bronze doors that open onto a marble-walled rotunda inside. The Vatican City's Basilica of St. Peter includes the Sistine Chapel and its newly restored fresco ceiling, widely considered by many to be Michelangelo's greatest masterpiece.

For complete information about Italy, call 212-245-4822 or visit the Italian Government Tourist Board at 630 Fifth Avenue, at 50th Street, fifteenth floor, 9 A.M.-5 P.M., Monday-Friday.

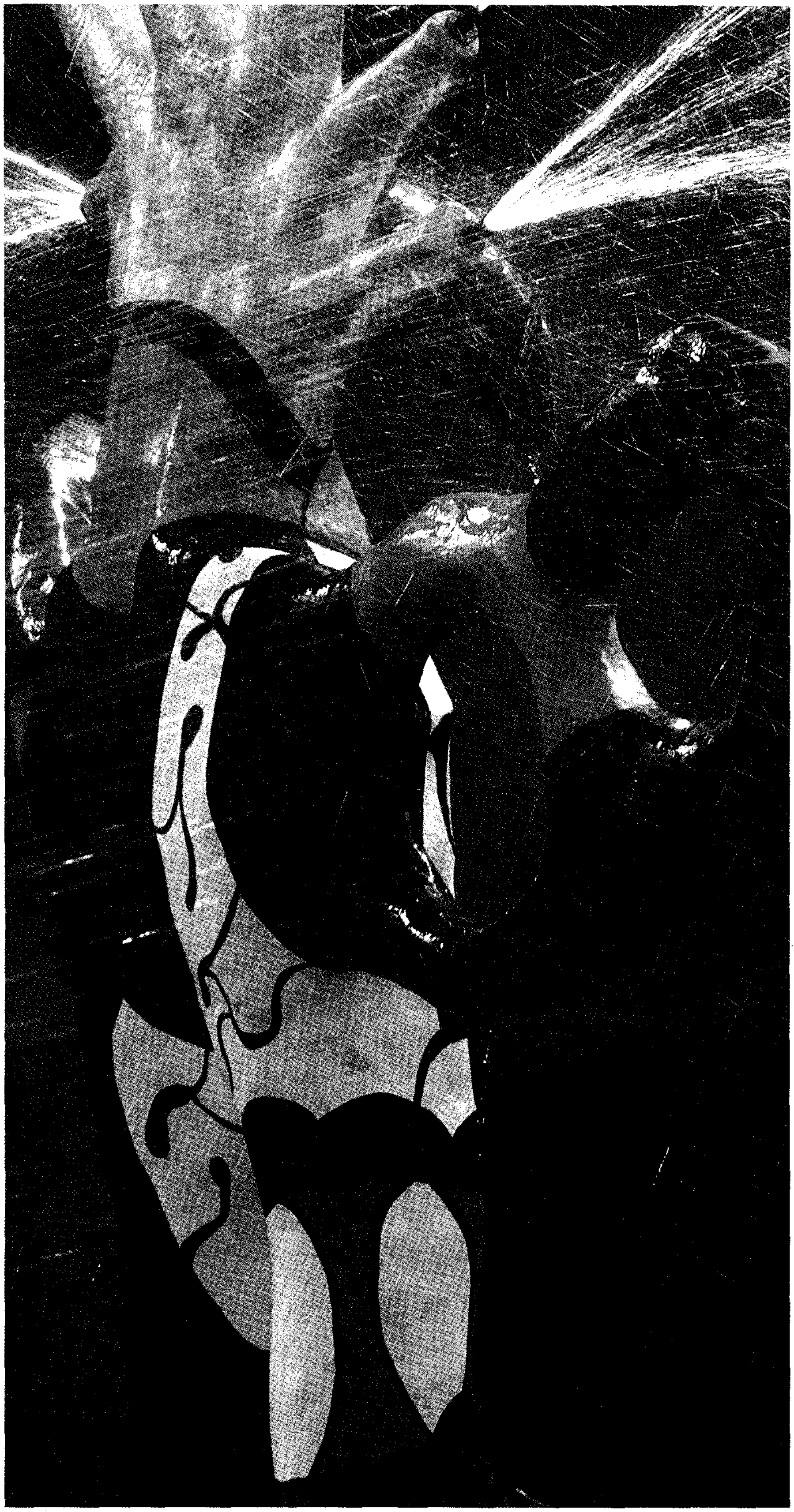
MONACO

ROYAL JEWEL OF THE RIVIERA

Monaco is a 475-acre gem set between the glittering seaside retreats of the French and Italian Rivieras. Its scenic harbor is usually jammed with sleek yachts. Still, the star attraction here is the Casino, an elaborate confection of copper cupolas, and rococo turrets. Atop the Rock of Monaco is the Prince's Palace, home of the royal family that has ruled Monaco since the 13th century. For complete information about Monaco, call 800-753-9696 or visit the Monaco Government Tourist Office at 845 Third Avenue, between 51st and 52nd streets, 9 A.M.-5 P.M., Monday-Friday. •



The Monte-Carlo International Fireworks Festival lights the summer skies.



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FRANCE

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FRANCE. A WORLD OF MUSEUMS.

FRANCE

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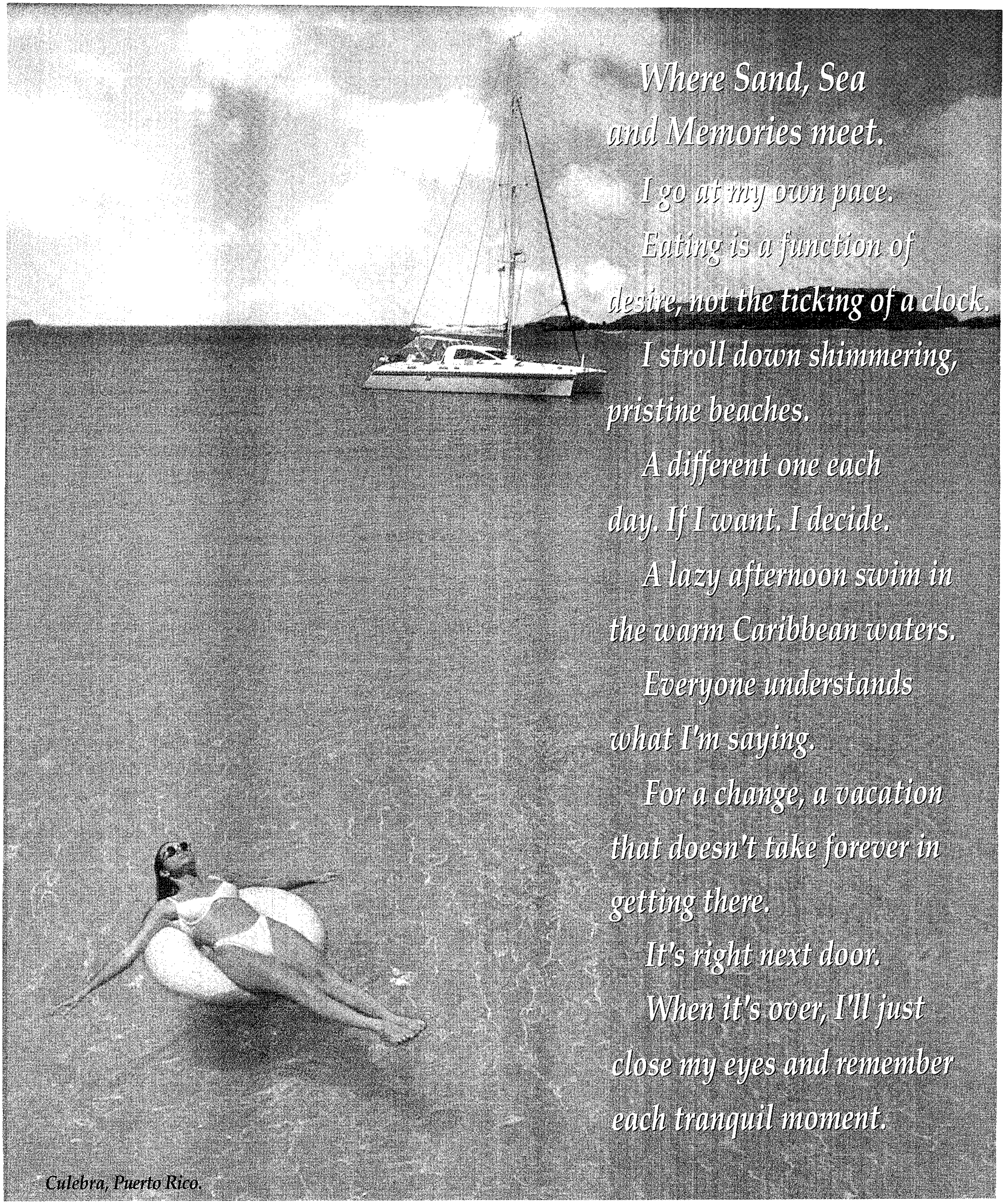

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Continued from page 58

words, and endows almost every object in his work with allegorical import. This is as true for the pictures that do not feature famous names or events as for those that do. In *The Flat* (1993), for example, both objects and the spaces in the room appear alive: The whites of the curtains yield not only to a breeze but to a secret.

Kitaj's hunger for the great subject recalls a past when art overtly engaged the great human issues through addressing religious, mythical, and historical themes—when great art was not just art, in short, but a way of delineating the soul of a culture. As a modern sensibility, Kitaj obviously feels unable to invoke the cultural authority once enjoyed by the classical myths or the Catholic saints. In their place, however, he has cast some of his favorite figures of the twentieth century—notably, iconic intellectuals. Walter Benjamin and T. S. Eliot may not be saints (and Kitaj's beloved game of baseball may not have the mythical stature of Ulysses' wanderings), yet where is the truly telling authority to be found in this century if not in those who thought deeply and well about modernity?

In *If Not, Not* (1975–76), Kitaj painted a visionary picture that brings together references to Eliot's *Waste Land,* Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* the Holocaust (the Auschwitz gatehouse is depicted), and Giorgione's *Tempesta;* the painting also includes a broken bust of Matisse, to indicate what became of the modern dream of paradise. Such iconographic puzzles represent a poetic response to modern themes rather than message-mongering. That is partly why Kitaj is popular among many contemporary poets, who are among the last people left on earth with the patience to tease out iconographic allusions. Kitaj himself likes to noodle over the meaning of his paintings. He ends his description of *If Not, Not* this way:

"The general look of the picture was inspired by my first look at Giorgione's *Tempesta* on a visit to Venice, of which the little pool at the heart of my canvas is a reminder. However, water, which often symbolises renewed life, is here stagnant in the shadow of a horror . . . also not unlike Eliot's treatment of water. My journal for this painting reports a train journey someone took from Budapest to Auschwitz to get a sense of what the doomed could see through the slats of their cattle cars ('beautiful, simply beautiful countryside'). . . . I don't know who said it. Since then, I've read that Buchenwald was constructed on the very hill where Goethe often walked with Eckermann."

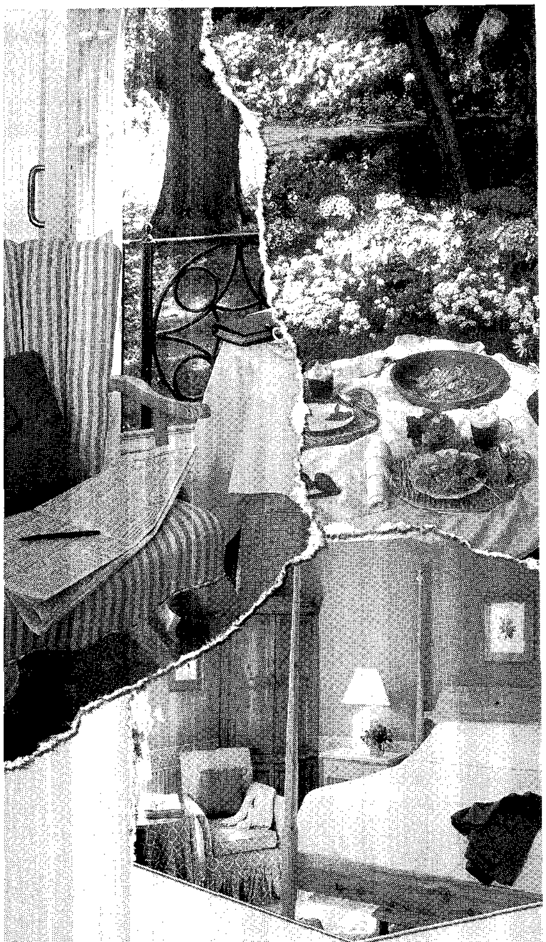
This is a telling kind of modern garrulity—very different from, say, the joyful elaboration of traditional religious iconography. It reflects a modern need to keep meaning alive through talk, talk, talk—to have hot air, if not Heaven. It infuriated some critics of the show in London, where Kitaj placed his own written exegesis beside many pictures. But it seems useful to me—entirely in keeping with an expatriate who will not tolerate boundaries or agree that meaning stops at the frame.

Kitaj's other great, related hunger is for memory itself—or, to put it differently, for history and its impress. (If Europeans come to America to forget, Americans go to Europe to remember.) In Kitaj's art, this is partly a matter of formally inviting certain modern masters into his work. You can see the influence of Degas, for example, on his drawings. But Degas also serves as muse and a memory. He is memorialized in a lively picture that shows the painter on his deathbed. A secular Jew raised without much cultural memory, Kitaj has also been drawn to Judaism. The Jewish experience of loss, dispersal, and suffering has come to represent, in his art, an iconographic intensification of the modern experience—and the Holocaust the inescapable picture of hell for the modern-history painter.

All this might seem too abstract or calculated were Kitaj not so insistently personal. His memory is not only cultural but private; his invocations are often filtered through his own sexually fraught temperament. His themes, in short, are grounded. Particularly admired for his draftsmanship, the most intimate and personal side of art, Kitaj has a seductive way with charcoal, pastel, and paint: He seems to rub ideas into life. And his color is often marvelously rude—a parrot-squawk of modernity that disperses intellectual detachment. Not surprisingly, his art is often reminiscent of Weimar, when feelings of historical portent, intellectual brilliance, and erotic melancholy seemed to conspire together.

In the fifties, the critic Clement Greenberg argued that painting must look to its own house, to its own visual nature: That was the path of modern artistic responsibility. One period's responsibility can turn into another's weakness, however, as ideas about art harden into convention, and seeing becomes seeing in one way. Kitaj is surely Greenberg's nightmare. There is no purity in his work. There are no clear boundaries. There is rarely the visual resolution an austere critic might wish. Nothing quite comes together. The meat often seems inadequate to the hunger.

Like the painters Van Gogh admired, however, Kitaj is an artist whose unvarnished individuality expresses something essential about the present. His hunger is so great—he brings so much to bear from so many different directions—that, paradoxically, his art leaves the mind filled with a powerful sense of what is now missing. He is a history painter, for example, for a period without history—or with too much history. He is a sensibility at large in its predicaments. He would probably agree with de Kooning's remark that he did not want to make a "good painting," if that meant sacrificing the messier truth. (Through May 14.) ■



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The Amazing Mezzos

Suddenly, these ladies of a certain range are everywhere. Will Bartoli remain No. 1? Jennifer Larmore, after her Met debut, is coming up fast.

THE THREE MEZZO-SOPRANOS. NO, IT DOESN'T sound right, but the multitude of mezzos now jockeying for position in the opera world might still take a hint from José Carreras, Plácido Domingo, and Luciano Pavarotti. Those three amigos learned some time ago that there's a bigger audience to catch and more money to be made by bonding as a pop group than by squabbling over who may be No. 1.

Of course, the public always knows who the real megastar is, even when the Three Tenors make happy harmony, and among mezzos, Cecilia Bartoli is unquestionably the darling of the day. Some would now rate **Jennifer Larmore** as her chief rival, especially since the two sing and record a similar Mozart-Rossini repertory, travel the same elite operatic circuit, and, according to people close to both, eye each other with mutual disdain. Age, traditionally part of a diva's mystique, may also be fueling a situation that threatens to accelerate into an old-fashioned diva catfight. A late starter, Larmore admits to 36, but her blossoming career is new enough to have kept her out of the 1992 *New Grove Dictionary of Opera.* And yet that exhaustive tome does include an admiring entry on Bartoli, who has been known to flash her passport at strangers to prove, despite insinuations to the contrary, that she is truly 28.

Jennifer Larmore is a hard-edged Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia.*

Photograph by Johan Elbers.

In any case, the spotlight is now on Larmore, who not long ago sang Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* at the Metropolitan Opera (Bartoli won't make her Met debut until next season, as Despina in *Così fan tutte,* whatever else you may have read). That Larmore's performance was so awesomely confident should come as no surprise—the role has been her calling card in houses all over Europe, and she claims to have sung it more than 250 times already. There is a difference, though, between a busy, better-than-average singer and a "white-hot property," as one recent interview hopefully styled Larmore. Her Rosina is certainly sparky, but several degrees too mean and tough for a character whose warm presence, quick wit, and vulnerable allure color her ability to get exactly what she wants. This Rosina always seems on the verge of going to the fridge for a beer, and surely that sends the wrong message. Her voice also strikes me as problematic, overweighted at the low end and disembodied up top, neither register having much to do with the other. Right now, spunk and vocal muscle keep the voice glued together well enough to fool some, but to my ears, that division signals trouble ahead.

Jeffrey Black, an Australian baritone, made his Met debut as a woolly-voiced, pitch-shy Figaro, and Enzo Dara offered his familiar Bartolo, now sounding rather worn, I fear. Actually, the jolliest moment in this revival, charmlessly conducted by David Atherton, arrived in Act II, when Stanford Olsen's portly Almaviva, sporting a curly wig that makes him look uncannily like James Levine, encountered Nicolai Ghiaurov's oily Don Basilio, a dead ringer for the Met's chief executive, Joseph Volpe. And some say that Met management has no sense of humor.

IT PROBABLY WOULDN'T EVEN OCCUR to **Lorraine Hunt** that singing 250 Rosinas was ever a good thing to do—which may be one reason why this mezzo's vocal persona is so consistently fresh and stimulating. One is never quite sure in what context she will appear next, a provocative Peter Sellars update of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* or a magisterial Baroque production of a Charpentier opera with William Christie's Les Arts Florissants. Most recently, she was in town singing with the New York Festival of Song at the 92nd Street Y, a program celebrating French vocal music from the years directly before and after World War I. Hunt put her dusky, firmly centered voice to the best possible uses as, accompanied by chamber ensembles, she illuminated the musical shapes and sounds of rarely sung songs by Roussel, Davico, Delage, and Grassi, each influenced by a different type of Eastern music. A magical singer.

The second part of the evening had nothing to do with mezzos, but a comment is still in order. The Festival of Song's co-founder Steven Blier and director Gideon Y. Schein served up a clever concert staging of the 1923 André Messager–Sacha Guitry boulevard comedy *L'Amour masqué,* a vehicle written for Yvonne Printemps, the second of Guitry's five wives. Exactly why this elusive, paper-thin bagatelle from *les années folles* seemed so enchanting is hard to say. Messager could do everything except write a memorable tune (though Gabriel Fauré thought the music exquisite); it's a stretch to call Guitry's flyaway text the work of a French Noël Coward; and the fragile Gallic charm that Printemps purveyed seems gone for good. Even so, the dry elegance, grace, and tart period flavor at the core of the piece came back to life in Blier's sophisticated piano accompaniments, Schein's witty staging, and Amy Burton's saucily sung Elle.

MEZZOS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PLENTIFUL, BUT singers who function in the lowest register of the female vocal range—true contraltos—turn up rarely nowadays, and **Nathalie Stutzmann** is the first I've encountered in some time. This young French singer's song recitals on RCA have piqued interest hereabouts, and a heavy complement of curious industry folk came to her American debut in the Walter Reade Theater. A good many went away disappointed, but I'm not ready to give up. Stutzmann sounded uncharacteristically colorless in a program of Mozart, Schumann, Mahler, Debussy, and Poulenc, and a hesitant, unaccompanied encore of "Blow the Wind Southerly"—a folk song closely associated with everyone's favorite contralto, the late Kathleen Ferrier— positively courted unfair comparisons. Yet upon rechecking Stutzmann's records, I found her rich, evenly knit voice and warm interpretive presence as impressive as I'd remembered. An off night, perhaps.

HÉRODIADE IS THE TITLE ROLE OF AN EARLY Massenet success, and Grace Bumbry, her mezzo-soprano still capable of making a brave noise after more than 30 years of hard use, sang it brazenly in the Opera Orchestra of New York's recent concert performance in Carnegie Hall, Eve Queler conducting. Yet the evening was stolen away, as operas often are, by the soprano: **Renée Fleming** as Hérodiade's nubile daughter, Salomé. It was good to hear Massenet's fragrant score again, but it was even better to hear Fleming, whose voice has grown and matured into a luscious instrument at the service of a warm heart and a smart mind. A great singer's best years are always too short, and I trust the opera world is planning to make the most of this exceptional voice right now, while it's still in its prime. ■

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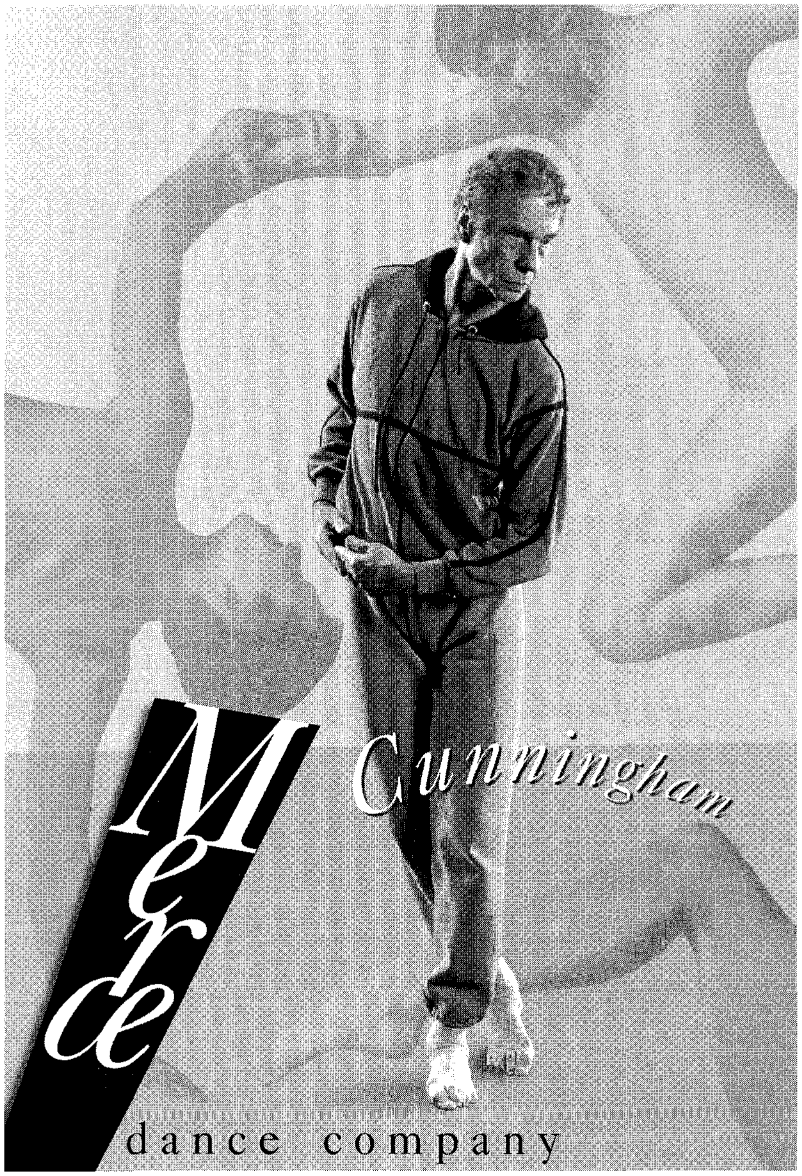

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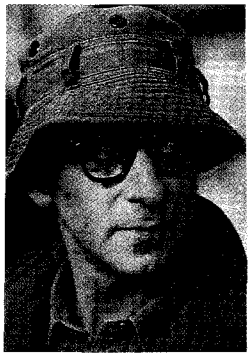
TELEVISION/JOHN LEONARD

Crimes and Misdemeanors

Fox's 'Love and Betrayal' delivers bad faith, with a pinch of masochism; on TNT, Tommy Lee Jones makes a better director than hero.

ON THEIR FIRST DATE, DENNIS BOUTSIKARIS TELLS Patsy Kensit: "You're hooray-for-Hollywood, and I'm the Holocaust." Not a bad line. Of course, in the amphigoric **Love and Betrayal: The Mia Farrow Story** (Tuesday, February 28, and Thursday, March 2; 8 to 10 P.M.; Fox), Dennis plays the part of Woody Allen, so he's bound to have some good lines. And Patsy, the English cupcake so memorable as the dairymaid ravished by the squire among churns of butter and wheels of cheese in a "Masterpiece Theatre" rendition of George Eliot's *Adam Bede,* plays the part of Mia, so she's destined to suffer. And the rest of us play the part of prurient chumps, sitting still for a four-hour snigger. Mia to Soon-Yi (Grace Una): "I'll get Woody to take you shopping. He's got great taste." Woody to Mia, after she finds the dirty pix: "I thought it would be good for her. It helped her self-esteem." Mia to Woody, after she decides not to jump: "You could have had any woman in the world! So why my daughter?" Mia's best friend, Vicky (Gina Wilkinson), explaining the basics: "You don't sleep with a kid you took to the zoo." Woody, explaining everything: "The heart wants what it wants." Ava Gardner (Christine Andreas) to a reporter, on hearing that Frank Sinatra (Richard Muenz) has married the waif from *Peyton Place:* "I always knew he'd end up in bed with a little boy."

Above: Grace Una and Patsy Kensit in *Love and Betrayal.* Below: Dennis Boutsikaris as Woody.



Kensit's Mia is a quite startling impersonation—Joan of Arc, Mother Teresa, Peter Pan, Pippi Longstocking, Pocahontas—especially when she wears those granny glasses. All that's missing are her radiant big-screen performances, from *Rosemary's Baby* through *Husbands and Wives.* (I suppose one should say something post-feminist about celebrity mating. I mean, after all, Frank Sinatra *and* André Previn *and* Woody Allen? Like Marilyn Monroe: Joe DiMaggio *and* Arthur Miller *and* Jack Kennedy? Or Lou Andreas-Salomé: Nietzsche *and* Freud *and* Rilke? But I'd rather not.) The talented Boutsikaris is likewise a surprise as Woody, the mini-series heavy. "I'm below reproach," he says, and so he really is, somehow hunched over as if to hatch a swamp fever of neurotic mannerisms and frantic extenuation. (We see him, of course, through the disillusioned eyes of the betrayed lover, instead of Sven Nykvist's lollipop lens, and so the charm is soiled, the genius merely a knack.) In his short story "Needleman the Metaphysician," the real Woody once lamented that "Authentic Being could only be achieved on weekends, and even then it required the borrowing of a car." Boutsikaris never borrows that car. "No thanks," said Needleman on his deathbed. "I already have a penguin."

Karen Arthur directs *Love and Betrayal,* from a pastiche script by Cynthia Cherbak, as if she wanted her Manhattan to look as much as possible like Woody's, even in Toronto—with the obligatory flashbacks to Mia in Beverly Hills in 1954; in England, at a Catholic girls' school, in 1958; in Las Vegas with Frank; and in India at an ashram with the Beatles in 1965; a Redford here and a Polanski there and, always, her mother (Heidi Von Palleske). We ought, perhaps, to be grateful that this mimesis doesn't extend to a jittery handheld camera, obsessive tracking shots, and speed-freak jump cuts. The real problem may be personal and epistemological. To *Love and Betrayal,* we bring our own tapes (tabloid headlines, Dershowitz press releases, Op-Ed sermonettes), as we did to *Husbands and Wives.* As the characters in *Husbands and Wives* babbled to the camera, as if to a therapist or the police, I ducked and flinched. "Do you ever hide things from me?" Mia asked Woody. I wanted to hide myself. Instead of a critic, I was a father, a stepfather, and someone who had actually taught a writing course at Columbia, and there were rules about the abuse of authori-

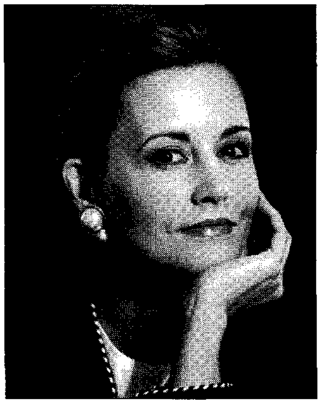
Photographs by Bruce Macaulay/Fox.

ty, and we all knew them. How come, in *Husbands and Wives,* all Woody ever did was kiss the kid; and Juliette Lewis had already had affairs, anyway, with three different middle-aged men; and at the end of the film, everybody was living with somebody except Woody, who was alone, a martyr to the impossibility of romantic love? No matter how you held that camera, what you saw was bad faith, with a pinch of masochism. I saw the same thing after four hours of Dennis Boutsikaris and Patsy Kensit. But where I saw it was in my mirror.

BECAUSE HIS HORSE HASN'T TALKED TO HIM IN two years, we know that Tommy Lee Jones is one of **The Good Old Boys** (Sunday, March 5, and other dates; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT). It's time to return, circa 1906, to the West Texas range, where his brother (Terry Kinney) is in trouble with the bank (Wilford Brimley), his sister-in-law (Frances McDormand) is bone-weary from all the aggravation, his nephew (Matt Damon) would rather play with cars than mules, the schoolmarm (Sissy Spacek) is looking for true manliness, and a retro-buddy (Sam Shepard) will try to lead him back into temptation with Old Mexico and loose women. Directing his first motion picture, Tommy Lee surrounds himself with more talent than a masked-ball charity scam—Alex Solzhenitsyn and Leona Helmsley invite you to Feel Bad About the Boat People at the Museum of Modern Art—and they like him so much that they snap their garters and suspenders, spit on their practiced sleight-of-hands, and saddle up to show off.

I won't detain you with a plot so minimalist it might as well be avant-garde. The wonder is Tommy busting broncos, Sam wrestling steers, Sissy playing piano, a mosey so insouciant you'd think they didn't care where they were going, and so much gnomic utterance it's almost Delphic. I will say this, however: Schoolmarm Sissy is more than symbolic of civilization; she's why we get up in the morning. As a hero, though not as a director, Tommy should be ashamed of himself.

IN **Cherubim and Seraphim** ("MYSTERY!," Thursdays, March 2 and 9; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13), John Thaw's Inspector Morse descends into a circle of hell unmentioned by Dante, Oxford's Teen World, where the music is loud and the drugs are lethal and the kids are committing suicide—including a young girl so close to Morse himself that we learn something, for the first time, about his own dreadful childhood. We also investigate a pharmaceuticals company far too promiscuous in its manufacture of "mood enhancers," read more Sylvia Plath than is strictly healthy, and hear lots about fractals and Chaos Theory. Julian Mitchell has written the best Morse script in several seasons, although you will wish the corporate baddies got their own moods "enhanced" unto whatever the chemical equivalent may be of dead. ▬



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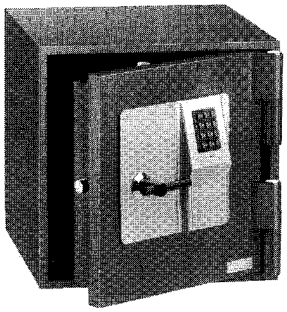

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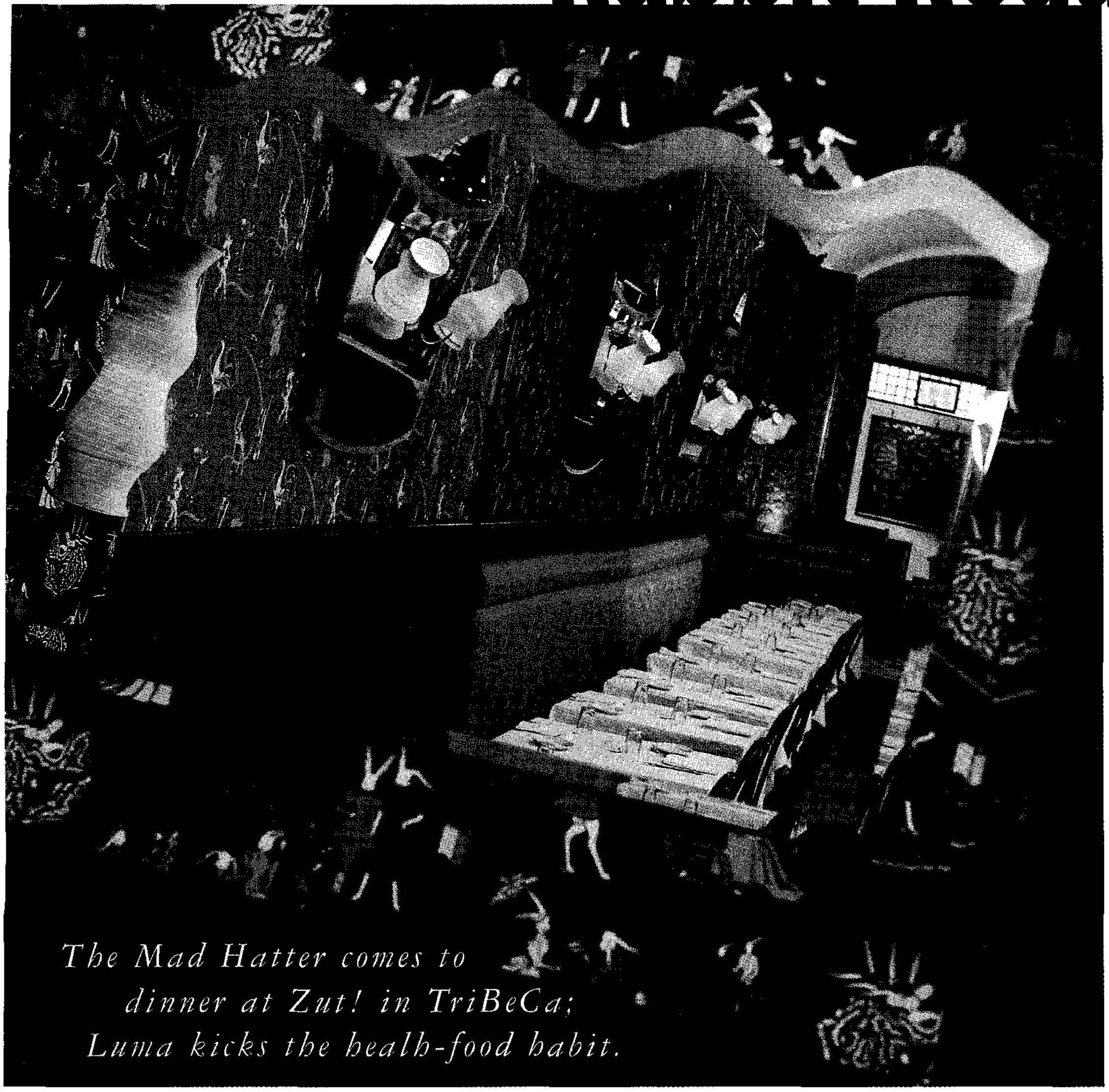


The Mad Hatter comes to dinner at Zut! in TriBeCa; Luma kicks the healh-food habit.

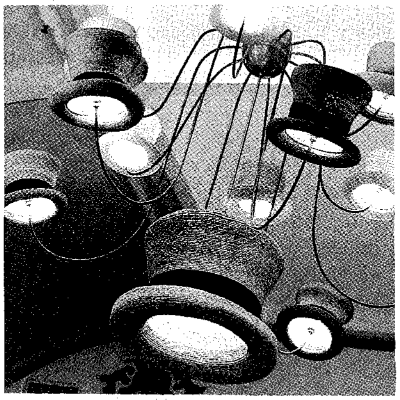
Above, far right, and below: whimsical décor at the brasserie Zut!

HE COULDN'T RESIST THAT WONDERFULLY SILLY vintage wallpaper—Parisian rabbits doing the cancan, giraffes and elephants sipping cocktails, penguins playing bridge. As he scooped up this prize at Second Hand Rose ten years ago, Christopher Chesnutt told himself, "There's a restaurant here," sure that he would find the perfect space for it one day. He had been recruited by the restaurant-on-a-shoestring school—"I knew how to hang Sheetrock"—and went on to become a partner in Tortilla Flats, Gulf Coast, and Sugar Reef. Then, "in the mood for something more adult," Chesnutt went off to create sophisticated funk at El Teddy's. "I'm space-driven," Chesnutt admits. Lofty uptown rents forced a retreat to TriBeCa, where he and partner Adam Morris (El Teddy's general manager) settled on the shell of what had been Le Zinc. So came **Zut!**, a brasserie that pulls you through the looking glass with its Mad Hatter chandeliers, a parade of animals over the carousel bar that seem to be moonlighting from the Delacorte clock in Central Park, and spiffy banquettes in deep maroon and navy striped satin, reminiscent of a dressing gown in a Cary Grant movie.

Read between the adjectives on the menu, and you might catch a hint of chef Herb Wilson's struggle to soar beyond the boss's vision of an old-fashioned brasserie. Peripatetic if not flighty, Wilson has made the rounds from Regine's and the River Café to Wings, Jack's, and Le Refuge, with overseas stops at Gerard Pangaud and then Les Frères Troisgros in France. Wilson is proud his intense roasted-beet salad with New Age truffle oil is one of the house's most popular dishes. Dernier cri dots of reduced balsamic-vinegar glaze don't jar the reverie of traditional garlic saucisson with warm potato salad. There's room for creative fusion in the fennel salad and toasted-coriander vinaigrette that brings a zesty citric kick to the "loup de mer"—a poetic stretch for black bass. And though the chef resisted choucroute garni ("It's not the prettiest," Chesnutt concedes), Wilson manages to sneak a few cubes of braised apple into a splendid sauerkraut.

So not only do you get a warm welcome, a few laughs, earnest service, an unusually thoughtful wine list with all ten of the Beaujolais Crus, and possibly Mary Boone in a corner banquette, but you eat pretty well, too. Alas, the tab reflects the usual inflated prices that "moderate" eateries flaunt these days—starters $7 to $14, entrées up to $24, desserts an aggressive $7. Warm up with the soup of the day, rich bacon-touched split-pea or a hearty gingered-carrot, or with snails, garlic, watercress, and slivered leek in a copper cassolette. The julienne roasted peppers under a crab cake and an icy Dungeness-crab salad with crisp frizzies of celery root (both specials) taste as if they came straight from the fridge, a fate spared the stylish smoked salmon on a crisp potato galette.

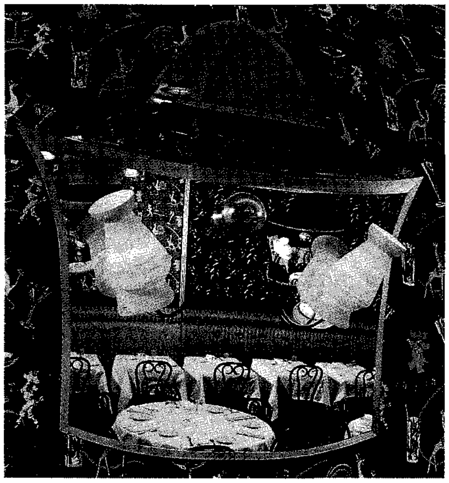
One of my pals, crushed by the idea anyone would eat bunny, chides us: "Isn't it a sick joke to serve baby carrots with the rab-



Photographs by Steven Freeman.

bit?" Cooler heads find it salty, and wonder what happened to the beans in the otherwise fine cassoulet. Perhaps there is a slight overexuberance of tarragon tonight. But it can't destroy a first-rate veal chop with cèpes. Excellent coq au vin with chickpea spaetzle and nutty skate on red-wine butter with capers underscore the brasserie connection. As for steak frites, impeccable fries can't make up for mealy beef.

No one's writing dessert history here, but the chocolate bread pudding and the pear tarte Tatin with caramel are good enough. And smartly citric sorbets—especially blood orange and grapefruit—will make your lips purse with pleasure. If you sip too much of the '91 Syrah Leone from the Languedoc, a fragrant, full brasserie red, you could find the one oversize hat on each chandelier menacing—as if a giant white rabbit might bounce out of the cloakroom at any moment. Just sip some espresso and step back through the looking glass.



Zut!, 139 Duane Street, at West Broadway (513-0505). Dinner Monday through Wednesday 6 p.m. to 12:30 p.m., Thursday through Saturday till 2:30 a.m. A.E., M.C., V.

I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE SHOCKED IF I'D bumped into PETA poster girl Christy Turlington in a chinchilla greatcoat. **Luma** has broken its longtime vows of gastronomic chastity, quitting the faith cold turkey. Gone from the table is that pumpkin purée we used to spread on bread. In its place . . . the dreaded butter. Perhaps you're distracted—some of us are still reeling from the news that pasta is not a health fanatic's best friend. So maybe you won't notice there's no soy milk to color your coffee, and tempeh masquerading as veal scaloppine is gone, replaced by red meat. Red meat? Free-range organic "JJ Limousine Beef," but taboo nevertheless for the Pritikin slave.

"Even in Los Angeles, we couldn't make a success of the old Luma," says owner Gino Diaferia. Fat-free products may be cleaning up in the supermarket, but, convinced that not enough New Yorkers are ready to embrace butterfat deprivation, Diaferia split with his partner and recruited chef Scott Bryan, fresh from a brief stint at Alison on Dominick Street. Liberated from a range haunted by memories of Alison's founding whisk, Tom Valenti, Bryan is thriving here.

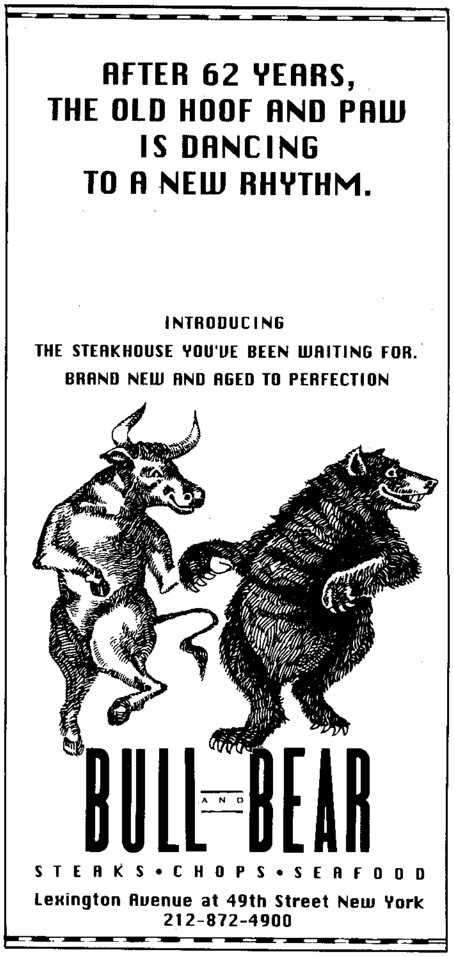
Now and then, he gets into a sesame fit, flinging seeds willy-nilly, but mostly he dispatches impeccably cooked creatures that swim and fly, full of flavor, often garnished with sensational bouquets of herbs and prepubescent greens. Ginger and lemongrass perfume a Thai seafood salad. Seaweed, pickled cucumber, and wasabi add an edge to seared peppered tuna, and roasted beets with walnuts and aged-sherry vinegar make for a lively warm goat-cheese salad. The grilled portobello, served with white-bean salad on arugula, is as big and meaty as steak.

That pedigreed beef, pan-roasted filet mignon, boasts astonishing flavor, as does the chicken on its creamy polenta, with chanterelles and pancetta (another villain resurrected). It seems amateurish for a kitchen to run out of two items as early as 8:30 P.M., but that can happen when you're relying on divers in Maine and air delivery in winter, says Bryan. Weather permitting, there will be scallops with celery-root purée in a spiced carrot emulsion, and seared big-eye tuna with sesame cabbage, shiitakes, and grilled scallion in a port-wine sauce. Maine cod sits in a powerful bouillabaisse-basil broth with chickpeas, leek, and rouille. Even the normally cod-fearing can't resist it.

The buttery apple tart, flourless chocolate cake, and crême brûlée flaunt the victory over cholesterol prudence. And the prices aren't particularly lean, either, for a cramped, narrow storefront in a lowbrow neighborhood. With appetizers $7 to $9.50 and entrées $15 to $23, you'll definitely leave $100 for a three-course dinner, everything included, more if you succumb to one of the great Cabernets on a list that has the *Wine Spectator* seal of approval.

Last time I ate at the prerevolution Luma, Robert Redford held court at one window table and Gloria Steinem glowed with nutritional virtue in the other. How are they handling the coup? No complaints so far from Redford, says the host. And as the menu promises that LUMA USES ORGANIC INGREDIENTS WHEREVER POSSIBLE, Steinem consoles herself: "At least there is great food and no preservatives to poison our bodies." She joins me in a petition to bring back the pumpkin purée. Even a born-again fatphile would love it.

Luma, 200 Ninth Avenue, at 22nd Street (633-8033). Dinner Monday through Saturday 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sunday 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. A.E., D.C., Disc., M.C., V. ▬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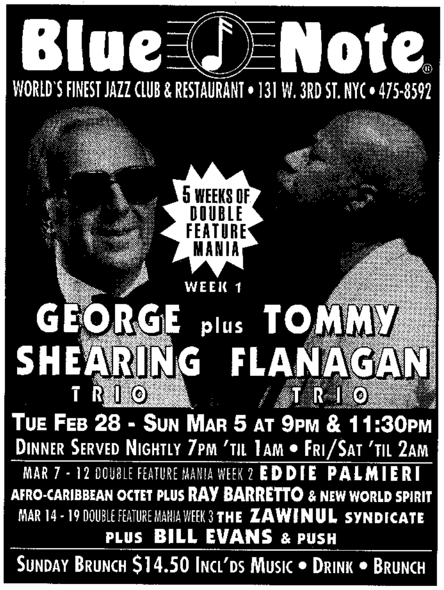
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LEONORE FLEISCHER **MARCH 6, 1995**

SALES & BARGAINS

For the coffee generation, a freebie with the beans; for the kids (young and old), music-making at Citicorp.

Java Talkin'

THROUGH MARCH, THIS BROOKLYN-based coffee roaster and mail-order firm is offering special deals on fresh-roasted coffee beans and coffee prepackages. Normally, the company charges for shipping, but the samplers in this deal are shipped postage-free in the continental U.S. Plan A (4 lbs.): 1 lb. each of house-blend light, mocha Java, Brazil Santos light, and Colombian Supremo, was $19.16 plus postage, now $16.29, postage-free. Plan B (4 lbs. of dark roast): 1 lb. each of house-blend dark, Viennese, French, and Brazil Santos dark, was $18.62, now $15.83. Plan C (3 lbs. of water-decaffeinated): ½ lb. each of water-decaffeinated Colombian light, mocha Java, Copenhagen, Swiss chocolate, Kenya AA, and hazelnut, was $24.20, now $21.42. Plan D (coffee-brick, vacuum-sealed packs): ten 2-oz. samples of assorted coffees, including mocha Java, Colombian Supremo, hazelnut, and water-decaffeinated Colombian, was $17.50, now $14.87. New customers get a Melitta electric Aroma-Brew coffeemaker free with their first order. No credit cards; prepay by check or money order; full catalogue and price list free on request, with or without order. *D'Amico Foods, 309 Court St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231 (718-875-5403); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–7 p.m.; through 3/31.*

Pans American

FAMOUS-MAKER COOKWARE AND OTHER housewares are on sale at this local store. Farberware stainless-steel, nonstick Millennium is 20 percent off: 1½-qt. saucepan, was $59.99, now $48; 8-qt. stockpot, was $99.99, now $80; stir-fry pan, was $69.99, now $56; 8-in. and 10-in. omelette pans, were $59.99 and $79.99, respectively, now $48 and $64. With every Millennium purchase you can buy an 8½-in. sauté pan at half-price, was $40, now $20. Cuisinart Commercial professional stainless-steel cookware is 20 percent off, such as a 2-qt. covered saucepan, was $105, now $84. Cutlery is 20 percent off, including Henckels Four Star 6-in. chef's knife, was $70, now $56; 10-in. carving knife, was $80, now $64; U.S. Case Company scissors and shears, were $12.99–$34.99, now $10.40–$28. A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted. Refunds, exchanges possible. *House of Wares, Inc., 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St. (249-4300). Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–5 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 3/31.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

The Faina Things

THIS SMALL SALON FOR MEN AND WOMEN offers two skin-rejuvenating packages for spring: The first comprises a facial with peeling mask, a scrub treatment for the back, a 30-min. body massage, a paraffin manicure, a pedicure, and a makeup application, usually $148, now $107; the second package includes a facial with peeling mask, half-leg and bikini wax, a 30-min. body massage, a cream manicure, and a pedicure, was $160, now $119. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; an appointment is necessary. *Faina Bor Skin Care, 795 Lexington Ave., near 62nd St., second floor (832-0431); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m.; through 6/30.*

Sheer Fantasy

IN MARCH, THE WOLFORD BOUTIQUE PUTS its popular ultra-sheer, matte-finish panty hose with Lycra 3D on sale, not only in its ten basic colors but also in limited quantities of others such as muscat, indigo, marzipan, honey, gaudi, toffee, alpaca, armande, flannel, and paola, sizes XS–L (to fit sizes 2–14), were $40 per pair, now $30. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *The Wolford Boutique, 619 Madison Ave., near 58th St. (688-4850); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; the Wolford Boutique, the Mall at Short Hills, 1200 Morris Tpke., Short Hills, N.J. (201-379-3666); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–9 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; phone orders accepted: 800-WOLFORD; through 3/31.*

Skirting the Issue

WOMEN'S TAILORED CLOTHING IN CLASSIC styles and colors and fine fabrics are available at this small showroom, in sizes 4–14, some in 16. Wool-gabardine, four-button long blazer in brown or eggplant, with matching lined pants, retail $250 and $200, respectively, here $95 for either; matching 22-in. skirt, retail $150, here $75; lined day-into-evening dresses in wool crêpe, retail $240, here $95. Springwear includes linen-weave silk dress plus jacket in off-white, fuchsia, navy, or black, retail $390, here $295; pink/white or green/white tropical-weight wool checked suit with pleated skirt, retail $398, here $295. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Roy Ogden, 570 Seventh Ave., at 41st St., Suite 305 (575-8806); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. (ring bell) 11 a.m.–4 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Sounds of the Citi

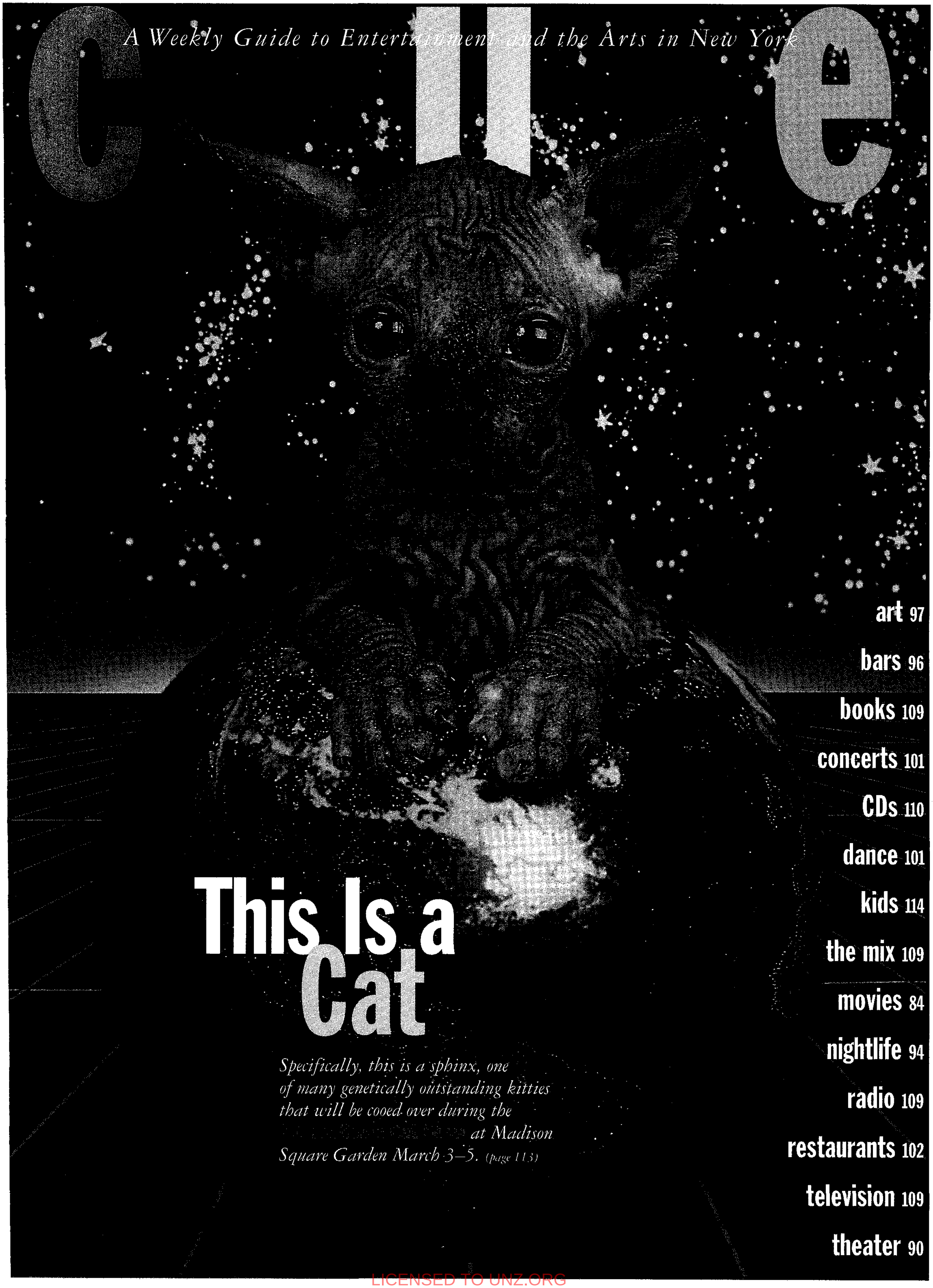
ON SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS IN MARCH, IN Citicorp Center's Atrium, the Children's Museum of Manhattan, together with Citicorp, has scheduled free workshops and performances for children between the ages of 4 and 12. The activities, which go along with the new Soundsfun exhibit currently at the Atrium, are from noon to 3 P.M. On Saturdays, there's music- and instrument-making; on Sundays, musical performances by popular children's singers and songwriters. No reservations necessary, just bring your children to *Citicorp Center's Atrium, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. (559-6758); through 3/26.*

Everybody's All-American

THIS NEIGHBORHOOD BAR AND GRILL IN the theater district has a three-course pre- and post-theater menu, available Monday through Sunday, 5:30–7:30 P.M., and again from 10 to 11 P.M., and also after Saturday matinee (3:30–7:30 P.M.). À la carte, the dinner could add up to $24.50 per person; now it's $13. Among the appetizers: your choice of "killer hot" no-bean chili (à la carte, $4.75); grilled herbed polenta and smoked mozzarella (à la carte, $6.50). Among the main courses: spinach fettuccine with fresh plum tomatoes, smoked mozzarella, and garlic (à la carte, $9.50); Atlantic blackened redfish with black beans, corn salad, and tartar sauce (à la carte, $11.75). Dessert includes seasonal-fresh-fruit crisp with vanilla-custard sauce and whipped cream (à la carte, $3.75), plus coffee or tea (à la carte, $1.50). A.E. accepted; reservations necessary. *Mike's American Bar & Grill, 650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115); through 6/30.*

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



This Is a Cat

Specifically, this is a sphinx, one of many genetically outstanding kitties that will be cooed over during the [illegible] *at Madison Square Garden March 3–5.* (page 113)

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movies

The Wild Bunch Returns…So Does *It!*

New Films

★Before Sunrise—A young American, Jesse (Ethan Hawke), and a French student, Céline (Julie Delpy), meet on a train and spend a night in Vienna talking about the droopy subjects—parents, boredom, love affairs, death—that self-serious young people always talk about. Charming and often funny and sweet, this meeting of privileged soul mates, directed and written (with Kim Krizan) by Richard Linklater, has a grave delicacy, evoking Eric Rohmer at times, but with a softer, warmer American hopefulness. (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Before the Rain—This Macedonian film won the Golden Lion award at the Venice Film Festival and has just been nominated for an Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. Like *Pulp Fiction*, it employs a complex structure in which we sometimes witness events out of sequence. In this case, it isn't just for fun: The movie advances a variation on the rather hoary idea of the cycle of violence, ultimately presenting its tale as a never-ending repetition of tragedy. It's told in three connected parts set in London and Macedonia. The first piece focuses on a young girl hiding in the home of monks. Featuring Gregoire Colin (of *Olivier, Olivier*) as a monk who's taken a vow of silence, it has the rare power and beauty of a silent film. The rest, about a wandering, unhappy photographer, his girlfriend, and extremes of ethnic hatred, is far less involving, though still intelligently done. (1 hr. 56 min.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Billy Madison—Adam (*SNL*'s writing really sucks; *SNL*'s writing really doesn't suck) Sandler stars as a spoiled rich kid who must go back to school and complete all the work from first to twelfth grade in six weeks in order to gain his inheritance and win the respect of his father. Directed by Tamra Davis. (1 hr. 28 min.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; New Coliseum.*

Boys on the Side—Whoopi Goldberg, a rhythm-and-blues singer without a job, and Mary-Louise Parker, a real-estate agent fleeing personal troubles, leave New York in a minivan, heading west, and pick up along the way Drew Barrymore, a lovable boy-crazy ninny. For a while, it seems almost as exhilaratingly funny as *Thelma & Louise*. But then the three arrive in Tucson, and the movie sinks into a bog—endless scenes about AIDS (an international tragedy but virtually unusable as movie material), endless prim lectures about female bonding. Parker is wonderful, and Drew Barrymore's innocently dirty-minded style is beginning to jell. But Whoopi Goldberg does not triumph in the unplayable role of a lesbian who mothers everybody and never gets laid. When will this talented woman actually do something in the movies? Directed by Herbert Ross. (Denby; 2/27/95) (1 hr. 55 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

The Brady Bunch—The squeaky-clean clan—groovy clothes and wholesome attitude intact—is dropped smack-dab in the Los Angeles suburbs of the present. You don't want to like it, you don't need to see it, and yet you can sing the opening song of this flick without batting an eye. With Shelley Long as Mom. Directed by Betty Thomas. (1 hr. 29 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Embassy 1; Movieplex 42; 1st and 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair; but it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation. If we believe what Allen's saying, any kind of stupid behavior can be justified as necessary in the service of art. What can't be justified, however—not even by Woody's sleight of hand—is bad art. With Chazz Palminteri and Tracey Ullman. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Waverly; 34th St. East; Beekman; 86th St.; Lincoln Plaza.*

Clerks—In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly and at times hilariously low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot, and they talk coarsely of women, whom they nevertheless desperately need. A series of blackout comedy sketches shot mainly from the customer's point of view, *Clerks* is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Exotica—Director Atom Egoyan delivers his most poised and emotional effort yet with this subtly powerful drama centered around a lavish nightclub of lap dancers and needy customers. Francis (Bruce Greenwood) is a tax auditor who returns obsessively to the club to watch the performance of Christina (Mia Kirshner), a young dancer who specializes in playing the innocent schoolgirl. But Francis is hardly there for titillation: He comes to Exotica for therapy of a sort, trying to exorcise the painful memory of his daughter's brutal murder. Complicating matters is Eric (Elias Koteas), Christina's jealous former boyfriend who D.J.s at the club and can't bear to see the special relationship the two have fashioned for themselves. Like all of Egoyan's work, it is beautifully shot and has a certain cool reserve. But the quirkiness on display is all in service of the characters—never a game for its own sake—and the finale is quite touching and powerful. With Arsinée Khanjian, Don McKellar, Victor Garber, and Sarah Polley. With a terrific score by Mychael Danna. (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

A Great Day in Harlem—Nominated for an Academy

Photograph by Bernie Abramson/Warner Bros.

Revival

Born Killers, Naturally

Without Sam Peckinpah, that master of modern celluloid violence, postmodern Quentin Tarantino would hardly be possible. His then-controversial 1969 film 'The Wild Bunch,' with its lovingly photographed gun battles, set a new standard for movie mayhem. A fully restored director's cut will be released March 3. Also check out the Peckinpah retro at Lincoln Center March 10–March 31.

Award for Best Documentary, this is an amiable if unremarkable documentary about an *Esquire* photo shoot in the summer of 1958 that gathered together every notable jazz figure in sight. The historic photograph that resulted has seemed like a miracle—how else to explain one picture that groups together Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and many, many others? This film explains how it all occurred. While it doesn't answer some basic questions (where were some of the missing giants that day, and why didn't they make it?), or conduct terribly insightful interviews, or even look very good, it does boast rare performance clips and snatches of marvelous music. And the sheer wealth of talent identified in the photo is simply overwhelming. A pleasant little riff for jazz aficionados. (1 hr.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Heavenly Creatures—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay. Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous world. One of the best-reviewed movies of the year, with stand-out performances by Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet as the girls. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Heavyweights—Fitness guru Ben Stiller arrives at a summer camp determined to whip into shape the chubby misfits. After a few weeks of what seems like starvation dieting and one too many pushups, the kids decide they like to be different and fight back. It's a Disney film from the people who brought you *The Mighty Ducks*, so lessons will be learned—even if they're not particularly original or interesting. (1 hr. 38 min.; PG) *Village East; 23rd St. West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th St. East; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

Hideaway—Jeff Goldblum stars as a man who narrowly escapes death, only to find himself somehow linked to a psychotic killer in ways no one can understand, but which put his wife (Christine Lahti) and daughter in danger. Doesn't it seem about a hundred years ago since Goldblum was a fine actor on top of the world with *The Fly*, as opposed to a star with a shtick (see *Jurassic Park* and anything else he's made in the nineties)? Based on the novel by Dean R. Koontz. Directed by Brett Leonard. (1 hr. 52 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Editing. An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. Though graced by much sweet struggle and several euphoric moments, Hoop Dreams is nevertheless tragic in its implications. America is interested in making these boys into stars but not into men. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Quad Cinemas; Chelsea Cinema; Baronet/Coronet; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Hunted—Christopher Lambert (hot off *Highlander—The Final Dimension*) stars as a businessman traveling to Japan and caught in the middle of a pitched battle between ninjas and samurai. Lambert must do awfully well in video or foreign or *something.* In a shocking indication of how few roles are available to Asian actors, it co-stars John Lone and Joan Chen. Directed by J. F. Lawton. (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th St.; Nova; Olympia; 62nd and Broadway.*

Immortal Beloved—No movie about Beethoven—or Homer or Michelangelo or Shakespeare—is likely to be anything less than kitsch, since the genius's

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work is sure to outclass whatever interpretive context the filmmaker can provide for it. Some subjects really should be left alone. Having said that, it should also be added that this movie (written and directed by Bernard Rose) is nothing like such florid miseries as Song Without End (the life of Liszt). Parts of it are stirring, even moving, and Gary Oldman is a fiery, sullen Beethoven. This is kitsch of a high order. (Denby; 1/9/95) (2 hrs.; R) *Plaza; Lincoln Square.*

In the Mouth of Madness—"Forget about Stephen King" is one of the recurring jokes in this movie about a mysterious author whose books are even more successful—both in sales and in their effect on readers. King just gives them sleepless nights, but this missing writer has written a novel that wreaks havoc on the lives of everyone who reads it. Sam Neill is the insurance investigator who has to track the author down. Directed by John Carpenter. (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Astor Plaza.*

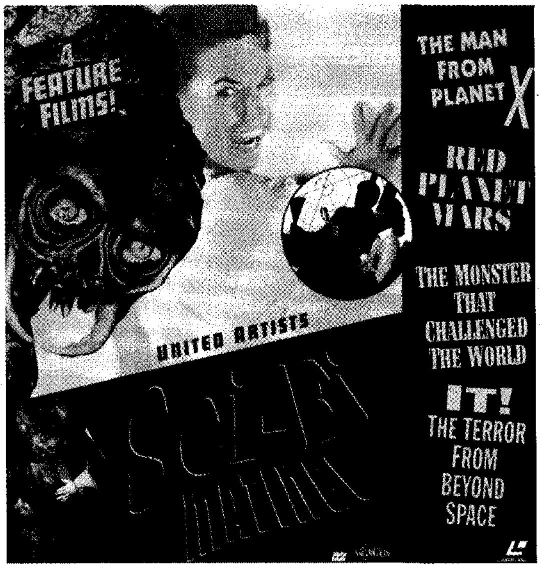
Just Cause—Director Arne Glimcher follows his unembarrassing but unsuccessful debut *The Mambo Kings* with this thriller starring Sean Connery, Laurence Fishburne, and Ed Harris. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theater VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★**The Last Seduction**—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating—not radical in form like *Pulp Fiction* but erotically ravenous, exceptionally witty, and impressively knowledgeable about all the dirty deals and low maneuvers that keep a corrupt world going. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton.*

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick of *Glory* directs this very old-fashioned tale from a Jim Harrison novella. It tells the story of three brothers—Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas—who all fall in love with the same woman (Julia Ormond, which makes it understandable). Their passion is played out against the backdrop of World War I and a towering, daunting father (Anthony Hopkins) who fights against conformity and embraces nature. The sort of movie where decades pass and everyone looks virtually the same; it's marked the box-office coming-of-age for Pitt. (2 hrs. 13 min.; R) *Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Little Women—Filled with generosity and high ethical and feminist sentiment, this latest adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's classic novel is about a mother and four daughters surviving in hard times; it's about the endurance of goodness; and it's so beautiful that one wishes it were more interesting. If only the longings of the March family were shaded by darker impulses; if only the feminist consciousness of the mother (Susan Sarandon) were sullied by doubt or error; if only the men (including Christian Bale and Gabriel Byrne) weren't always so gentlemanly. It's a lovely movie, but also a complacent one. But Gillian Armstrong cast the right actresses, especially Winona Ryder (nominated for Best Actress) as the ardent and ambitious heroine, Jo. With Trini Alvarado, Samantha Mathis, Christina Ricci, Eric Stoltz, and Claire Danes of *My So Called Life.* (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; PG.) *Chelsea; Cinema 3.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. Nominated for numerous Academy Awards, including Hawthorne as Best Actor. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Plaza.*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RED PLANET MARS
THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD
IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE
UNITED ARTISTS

Laserdiscs **Regardless of what one thought of the movie and its accompanying media overdrive, *Ed Wood* can be credited with igniting a fascination with the lower-than-low-budget horror/sci-fi flick. Four prime examples of the genre by less eccentric auteurs are gathered here: Great titles, not-so-great special effects, and some genuinely creepy/goofy moments abound. (MGM/UA; $99.98.)**

Man of the House—In the first act of his post-talk show career, Chevy Chase chose to star in this Disney comedy about a federal prosecutor who marries Farrah Fawcett and has his hands full dealing with her recalcitrant son . . . not to mention some mobsters who like him even less. Directed by James Orr. (1 hr. 38 min.; PG) *Village Theater VII; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th St. East.*

Meet the Feebles—Director Peter Jackson just received an Oscar nomination for Best Original Screenplay for the terrific *Heavenly Creatures.* It's no surprise he didn't receive one for this bawdy tale featuring an all-animal/puppet cast that works on a downscale TV variety show. Anyone who fondly remembers when Film Forum screened *Sade* (highlighted by a very witty and indeed cute talking penis) will be right at home. Anyone who finds that an off-putting image would do well to stay away. (1 hr. 36 min; NR) *Film Forum.*

Miami Rhapsody—Writer-director David Frankel, who's worked extensively in television, has delivered a flagrant copy of mid-period Woody Allen, but that's the least of what's wrong with it. Imitativeness is a pardonable fault in a new director. A more pressing difficulty is that the picture isn't very good. Gwyn (Sarah Jessica Parker) has a cute boyfriend (Gil Bellows) who wants to marry her. But everyone in Gwyn's family—her mother, father, sister, brother—is cheating, and Gwyn is too dismayed by all these infidelities to get hitched. Parker makes self-deprecating remarks and delivers her lines clearly and with a comic's emphasis, but the jokes just pop out as if they had nothing to do with her. They sound like . . . lines. One thing happens and then another, and none of it matters emotionally, so the petty narcissism grows rancid and trivial. With Kevin Pollak; Paul Mazursky; Mia Farrow; and Antonio Banderas, the only grown-up among them—and he isn't even photographed well. (Denby; 2/13/95) (1 hr. 35 min.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th St. East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Mina Tannenbaum—An awkward, unsteady film about the friendship (or lack thereof) between the severe and demanding Mina (Romane Bohringer) and the shy but friendly Ethel (Elsa Zylberstein). They meet in ballet class at age 7 and the movie follows them for the next 25 years. Except for some amusing moments of teenage uncertainty about their looks and the prospect of dating, it's essentially a rather dark and serious story. But writer/director Martine Dugowson uses such jarringly whimsical devices as guardian angels to tell it. Increasingly uninteresting as it goes along. (2 hrs. 8 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza.*

Mr. Payback—An interactive movie in which the audience determines the course of action at various stages of the narrative. The future of cinema? A profitable spin-off, akin to video games? Or a gimmick that will join the likes of Sensurround in movie-history books? You be the judge. (20 min.; NR) *19th St. East.*

Murder in the First—The final days of Alcatraz are illustrated in this true story about Henri Young (Kevin Bacon), an inmate whose lawyer (Christian Slater) brings to light the degrading living conditions of the prisoners living under a brutal prison warden (Gary Oldman). Director Marc Rocco fails to capitalize on the muddied promise of *Where the Day Takes You.* (2 hrs. 2 min.; R) *Village East; Gemini Twin; 84th St. Six.*

★**Nobody's Fool**—An affecting chronicle of life in a dim burg where people stay forever, grimly attached to the boarded-up houses, the old bar, the lone diner. Paul Newman (nominated for Best Actor) is Sully, forever unsettled, a lifelong screwup who lives as a boarder in the house of his former teacher (Jessica Tandy) and flirts with the wife (Melanie Griffith) of his sleazy, deadbeat boss (Bruce Willis). The movie is set Thanksgiving-to-Christmas, the season of joy, and Sully comes to terms with his past, forgiving his long-dead father and accepting forgiveness from his son. Director Robert Benton, displaying a gentle yet steady touch, achieves the mix of acerbity and sweetness, wit and sentiment, that eluded him in such earlier down-home films as *Nadine* and *Places in the Heart.* (Denby; 1/16/95) (2 hrs. 30 min.; R) *23rd St. West Triplex; 34th St. Showplace; Guild 50; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinema.*

Once Were Warriors—See review. (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**Pulp Fiction**—Two petty thieves sitting in a diner (Tim Roth and Amanda Plummer) announce a stickup, pull out their guns—and the episode breaks off. That's the beginning of the movie, and we return to them at the end, though what appears in the interim isn't all flashback. Some of it takes place before that moment, some after. The chronology of the three stories is daringly skewed so we can see people in the midst of different yet connected actions. Call it collateral narration. What goes around comes around. The two principal characters are hit men in black suits: John Travolta, overweight, puffy, with long hair falling from a knot in strands, and Samuel L. Jackson, lean, curly-haired, and with a mean tongue. They work for a local crime boss who sends them on a job to kill some yuppie punks. The two cross paths with boxer Bruce Willis, a stoic, Hemingwayesque loser paid by the crime boss to take a dive. There's much more, and the whole is bound with words—anecdotes, debates, rococo profanities, biblical quotations. Nominated for seven Academy Awards, including Best Picture. (Denby; 10/3/94) (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; 57th St. Playhouse; 86th St. East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th St. Six.*

Queen Margot—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. (2 hrs.; NR) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

★**The Quick and the Dead**—Herod (Gene Hackman) rules over the decrepit, burnt-out town of Redemption as a kind of Old West Mafia boss, exacting 50 cents of every dollar that changes hands. Each year he stages a quick-draw tournament in which anyone can duel anyone else. At the end of the contest, having knocked off all the local hotshots who might threaten him, Herod alone is left standing. Oddly, no one leaves the town or complains about the rules. People itch to prove that they're the best. Even Ellen (Sharon Stone). She has a blood score to settle with Herod, but rather than just shoot the bastard in the back like any rational person, she enters the contest. This could have been a cultish bore, like *The Crow,* but director Sam Raimi has an effectively ruthless shorthand style—anecdote reduced to iconography. Raimi's camera brings the audience close, and the movie's "dark" tonalities—the sadism and ghoulishness, the bizarre death obsessions—seem more like an outré B-movie style than a moral vacancy to get upset about. How can you hate a director this flamboyant? Written by Simon Moore. With Russell Crowe and Leonardo DiCaprio. (Denby; 2/27/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Movieplex 42; National Twin; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum.*

Red—Nominated for several Oscars, including Best Director. There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. Kieslowski constructs his movies with ineffable moments and with tiny visual motifs touched by grace. Yet the avant-garde techniques cannot conceal an extraordinarily weak dramatic sense and some very hoary ideas about women. (Denby; 11/28/94) (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; 68th St. Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Roommates—Peter Falk and D. B. Sweeney star in this sentimental story about the friendship between a grandfather and the grandson he begins to raise when he's 75 years old and continues to guide/pester/love for the next 30 years. Tears will be shed. Directed by Peter Yates. Based on the book by Max Apple. (1 hr. 49 min.; PG) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th St.; Orpheum.*

The Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Coneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magic realism and storytelling by the usually acerbic director John Sayles. (The highlight of his last movie, *Passion Fish,* was a hilarious monologue centering on anal probes.) Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Written by Sayles, based on Rosalie K. Fry's novella *The Secret of Ron Mor Skerry* (which doesn't seem that much harder to pronounce than Roan Inish). Exceptionally well-reviewed. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

Shallow Grave—One wants to respond to director Danny Boyle's excitement. At last, a truly wicked Scottish movie! But its three Edinburgh yuppies—a doctor (Kerry Fox), an accountant (Christopher Eccleston), and a tabloid journalist (Ewan McGregor)—behave in a way so utterly hostile that no one would possibly have anything to do with them. Infantile and sarcastic, like sophomores having a sugar fit, they dump on everyone. The three share a comfortable flat, and they advertise for an additional roommate, insulting every applicant who dares come to see them. When they finally accept someone—a rather diffident fellow—he promptly dies, leaving a suitcase filled with cash in his room. The three roommates take the swag and bury the body, first chopping it into pieces. Soon they are betraying one another. From the beginning, the filmmakers go in for arch dialogue and off-center readings. But a swinish manner is not the same as style. Clearly, the director wants to make it easier for the audience to relish the troubles of these monsters. But what's at stake? Nothing. The characters are so flimsy as human beings, they don't even seem serious about greed, and greed is the only emotion that propels this movie. Written by John Hodge. Directed by Danny Boyle. (Denby; 2/27/95) (1 hr. 32 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

The Shawshank Redemption—A return engagement for this slow-moving drama in the wake of its multiple Oscar nominations, including Best Picture and Best Actor (Morgan Freeman). Stars Tim Robbins as a successful young banker who is jailed in 1947 for the murder of his wife and her lover. David Denby said on 9/26/94 that "it seems to have been made in another era—the fifties, perhaps, when rehabilitation was a fond idea and prisons could still seem a monstrous mistake. The movie burns with dubious ardor. No one could disagree with its point of view. No one is likely to be much interested, either." No one except the Academy, that is. Based on a gimmicky short story by Stephen King. Directed by Frank Darabont. (2 hrs. 22 min.; R) *Village Theater VII; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Regency.*

★**Strawberry and Chocolate**—Nominated for an Oscar as Best Foreign Film. Tomáz Gutiérrez Alea's film is set mainly in an old Havana apartment building whose chipped and gnarled walls offer a nostalgic reminder of the old Spanish Baroque colonial city—sinfully decadent glories, out of place in the austerely functional Communist state. In this peculiar ruin, three characters who seem stranded from a Tennessee Williams play—a flamboyant and intelligent gay artist (Jorge Perrugoría), a retired prostitute (Mirta Ibarra), and a handsome young (male) virgin (Vladimir Cruz)—fall in and out of love and long for greater freedom. The movie doesn't have much of a story, but it's a touching plea for friendship, sex, and art. (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza.*

Talent

Exotica Explored

The last few years have been exhilarating but rough on Armenian director Atom Egoyan, who is the subject of a career retrospective at the American Museum of the Moving Image March 11–19 and whose new movie, *Exotica,* opens this week. Back in 1991, he was poised to reach a wider audience with the darkly humorous film *The Adjuster* when its distributor—Orion Classics—suffered financial woes. "It was so depressing," Egoyan, 34, recalls. "I was talking to one journalist in the Orion offices. They had these glass walls, and as I was looking at this journalist, behind her I could see movers taking out the office furniture. She asked me a question and I almost wanted to cry." Battle-scarred but ready for more, Egoyan—who lives and works in Canada—plunged into *Calendar,* an improvised piece shot in Armenia for less than $80,000. "It was a very foolhardy decision," he admits, "because the country was in the midst of war." The result was some of the best reviews he's received yet—and perhaps the smallest audience. Undaunted, he's returned with *Exotica,* about a fantastical club (above) where lap dancers perform their routines with languid disinterest. The story centers on the club's pregnant owner; her top dancer, who specializes in a schoolgirl routine; and a regular customer who uses that act as a form of therapy to deal with the murder of his daughter years ago. "It's really interesting to work with dread and titillation," he says amiably.

Michael Giltz

Photograph by J. Eisen/Miramax.

Super 8½—Bruce LaBruce (*No Skin Off My Ass*) wrote, directed, and stars in this *faux*-documentary about a washed-up porn star who thinks he's going to be making a comeback. Features punks, drunks, hustlers, and other eccentrics—not to mention some very explicit sex. (1 hr. 39 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Through the Olive Trees—Iranian director Abbas Kiarostami offers his spin on Truffaut's *Day for Night* with this wry tale of filmmaking in northern Iran. Screened at the New York Film Festival, it's the third part of a trilogy set in that locale. (1 hr. 43 min.; G) *Village East*

★**To Live**—Largely set in a small city in the north of China, it begins in the forties when Chiang Kai-shek is still in power, and takes a couple (Ge You and Gong Li) and their family and friends through the civil war, the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and into the seventies. Director Zhang Yimou is willing to admit that Communist idealism really meant something once, that the state forged a new kind of cooperative personality capable of kindness and generosity. But the revolution betrayed everyone, broke everyone's heart. It's a harrowing, comic, and spellbinding film. (Denby; 11/21/94)(2 hrs. 5 min.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

Vanya on 42nd Street—Over the years, Andre Gregory performed *Uncle Vanya* for friends. He, Wallace Shawn, and others explored the text again and again (using a David Mamet adaptation), finding new levels to the story that only repeated performances with a cohesive cast can bring. When one of the principals died, they decided to capture it on film and called Louis Malle. (1 hr. 59 min.; PG) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Walking Dead—A Vietnam drama in which soldiers are trapped behind enemy lines and politics are a very secondary concern to staying alive. With Joe Morton. Written and directed by Preston A. Whitmore II. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Chelsea; 23rd St. West Triplex; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; Nova.*

The Wild Bunch—Director Sam Peckinpah's elegiac classic, renowned for its sensual, lovingly photographed gun battles, is rereleased in a new director's cut. With William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, and Warren Oates. A career highlight for all involved. (2 hrs. 20 min.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Window to Paris—A comic fable about the residents of a building in St. Petersburg, Russia, who discover that a window in one of their apartments somehow allows them to cross over onto a rooftop in Paris. With entrepreneurial ingenuity that would make Armand Hammer proud, they soon find themselves carrying out a wildly ambitious transport of goods between the two cities, driving the young French woman whose home they continually tramp through absolutely batty. (1 hr. 27 min.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Once Were Warriors; The Madness of King George; The Secret of Roan Inish; Heavenly Creatures; Clerks; Strawberry and Chocolate.* Opening 3/3: *Exotica.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *The Hunted; Billy Madison; Forrest Gump.*

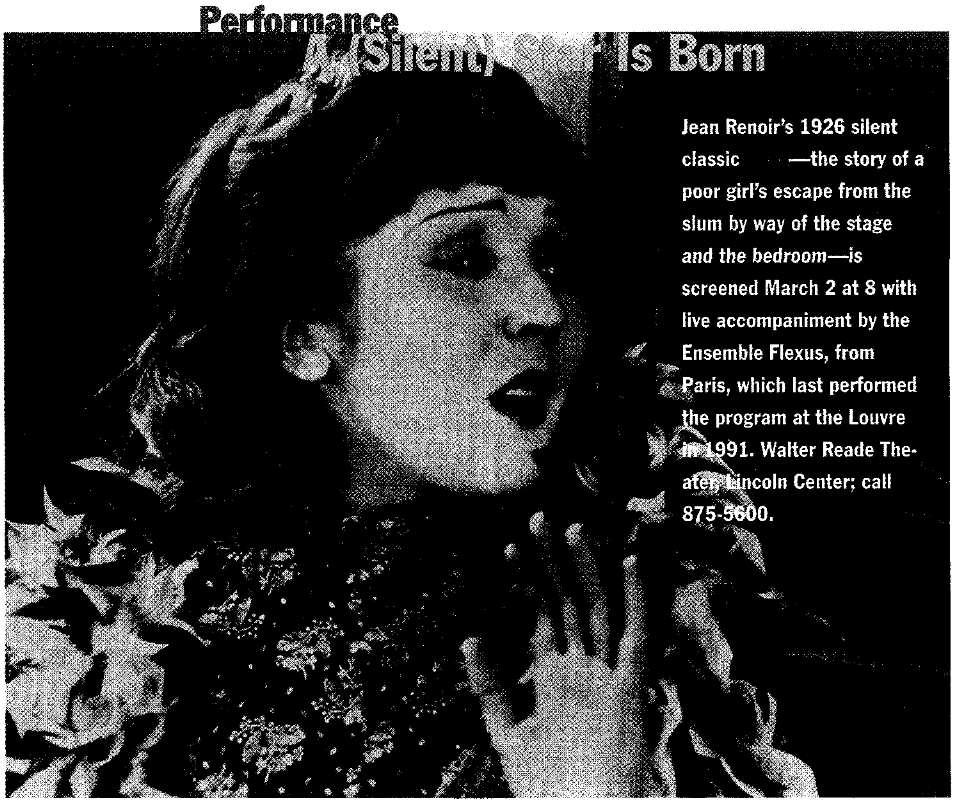
Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Super 8 1/2.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) Through 3/7: *Meet the Feebles.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-

Performance

A (Silent) Star Is Born



Jean Renoir's 1926 silent classic —the story of a poor girl's escape from the slum by way of the stage *and the bedroom*—is screened March 2 at 8 with live accompaniment by the Ensemble Flexus, from Paris, which last performed the program at the Louvre in 1991. Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center; call 875-5600.

7171) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *The Walking Dead.* Through 3/2: *In the Mouth of Madness.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Lamb; Hoop Dreams; Red; A Great Day in Harlem.* Opening 3/3: *Mina Tannenbaum.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Quiz Show; Miami Rhapsody; Queen Margot; Pulp Fiction; Murder in the First; Heavyweights; Through the Olive Trees; Dumb and Dumber.* Opening 3/3: *Roommates.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Last Seduction; Before Sunrise; Boys on the Side; Shallow Grave; The Quick and the Dead; Just Cause; The Shawshank Redemption.* Opening 3/3: *Man of the House.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Bullets Over Broadway; The Brady Bunch.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Little Women; Just Cause; Quiz Show; Billy Madison; The Shawshank Redemption; Hoop Dreams; Before Sunrise; The Hunted; Pulp Fiction; Forrest Gump; The Walking Dead.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Boys on the Side; Quiz Show; The Quick and the Dead; Just Cause.* Opening 3/3: *Roommates.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Madness of King George; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side; The Quick and the Dead; The Brady Bunch; Mr. Payback.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *The Walking Dead; Nobody's Fool; Heavyweights.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Nobody's Fool; The Brady Bunch; The Shawshank Redemption.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *To Live.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *In the Mouth of Madness.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Hoop Dreams; The Madness of King George.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Vanya on 42nd St.; Hoop Dreams.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Queen Margot; Miami Rhapsody; Tom and Viv.* Opening 3/3: *Roommates.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Little Women.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Just Cause; Higher Learning; Dumb and Dumber; Boys on the Side; The Walking Dead.* Through 3/2: *Disclosure; Forrest Gump.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Quiz Show.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Secret of Roan Inish.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Brady Bunch.* Opening 3/3: *Man of the House.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Pulp Fiction; Bad Company; Heavyweights.* Opening 3/3: *The Brady Bunch.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Pulp Fiction.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Mrs Parker and the Vicious Circle.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Nobody's Fool.* Opening 3/3: *Roommates.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *The Hunted; The Walking Dead.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch; The Quick and the Dead; The Hunted; The Walking Dead; The Shawshank Redemption.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *The Quick and the Dead; The Hunted.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Once Were Warriors.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Immortal Beloved.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Heavyweights.* Opening 3/3: *Man of the House.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert; Interview With the Vampire; Junior; Eat Drink Man Woman; Death and the Maiden; Speechless; Far From Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Legends of the Fall.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Bullets Over Broadway; The Hunted.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Pulp Fiction; Heavyweights.* Opening 3/3: *Man of the House.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Pulp Fiction; The Shawshank Redemption; The Brady Bunch; Before Sunrise; The Quick and the Dead; Legends of the Fall.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Murder in the First; Just Cause.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Boys on the Side; Shallow Grave.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Just Cause; Legends of the Fall; Quiz Show; Forrest Gump; Boys on the Side; The Shawshank Redemption; The Quick and the Dead; The Walking Dead.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway; Roommates.*

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Red.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Nobody's Fool.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Brady Bunch.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Columbus Circle—2 Gulf+Western Plaza, Broadway and 61st St. (247-5070) *Forrest Gump.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Quiz Show; The Brady Bunch; The Quick and the Dead; Murder in the First; Pulp Fiction; The Walking Dead.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway.*

Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Madness of King George; Red; Bullets Over Broadway; Strawberry and Chocolate; Window to Paris; Before the Rain.* Opening 3/3: *Mina Tannenbaum.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Shallow Grave; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side; Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool; Before Sunrise; The Secret of Roan Inish; Just Cause.* Opening 3/3: *The Wild Bunch.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Just Cause; Heavyweights.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *The Brady Bunch; The Quick and the Dead; Heavyweights; Billy Madison.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *The Walking Dead; The Hunted.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *The Hunted; Nobody's Fool.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *The Shawshank Redemption.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *The Hunted.*

Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sarraounia; Sankofa.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Hoop Dreams; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Boys on the Side; Bad Company; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Dumb and Dumber; The Jerky Boys; Highlander—The Final Dimension; In the Mouth of Madness; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Billy Madison; Highlander—The Final Dimension; The Jerky Boys; Higher Learning; Pulp Fiction; Demon Knight; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; In the Mouth of Madness The Quick and the Dead; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Just Cause; The Shawshank Redemption; The Hunted.* Through 3/2: *Billy Madison.* Opening

Photograph by Photofest.

3/3: *Hideaway.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Just Cause; The Madness of King George.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Pulp Fiction; Forrest Gump; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Boys on the Side; The Jerky Boys; Highlander—The Final Dimension; Bad Company; Demon Knight; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; In the Mouth of Madness; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Quiz Show; Pulp Fiction; Forrest Gump; Nell; The Quick and the Dead; Billy Madison; Boys on the Side; Nobody's Fool; In the Mouth of Madness; The Jungle Book.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Little Women; Miami Rhapsody; Hoop Dreams; Pulp Fiction; Bullets Over Broadway.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *The Hunted; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Just Cause; Heavenly Creatures; The Brady Bunch; Boys on the Side; Heavyweights.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *The Walking Dead; The Hunted.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *The Hunted; Just Cause; The Brady Bunch; Heavyweights.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Higher Learning; The Walking Dead; The Hunted; The Jungle Book.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *The Hunted; Just Cause; Heavyweights.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch; Heavyweights; The Hunted; In the Mouth of Madness; Higher Learning.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Legends of the Fall; Billy Madison; The Walking Dead; Boys on the Side; The Shawshank Redemption.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Just Cause; The Hunted.* Through 3/2: *Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; The Shawshank Redemption.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway; The Mangler.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Higher Learning; The Hunted; The Walking Dead; In the Mouth of Madness.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *The Brady Bunch; Nobody's Fool; Just Cause; Dumb and Dumber; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Pulp Fiction.* Through 3/2: *Legends of the Fall; Miami Rhapsody.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway; Roommates.*

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *The Brady Bunch; Heavyweights; Forrest Gump.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *The Last Seduction; The Madness of King George; Boys on the Side.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *The Brady Bunch; Heavyweights; Billy Madison; The Walking Dead; The Hunted.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch; The Walking Dead; The Hunted.* Through 3/2: *Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway; The Mangler.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Quiz Show; Just Cause; The Quick and the Dead; Boys on the Side; The Shawshank Redemption; The Walking Dead.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Murder in the First; The Brady Bunch; Billy Madison.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Forrest Gump; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Walking Dead; The Hunted.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *The Brady Bunch; Heavyweights.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Quiz Show; Bullets Over Broadway; Boys on the Side; Forrest Gump.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Just Cause; The Walking Dead.* Through 3/2: *In the Mouth of Madness.* Opening 3/3: *The Mangler.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *The Brady Bunch; Heavyweights; The Hunted; The Shawshank Redemption.* Through 3/2: *Boys on the Side; Dumb and Dumber; Higher Learning; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway; Man of the House; Roommates.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *The Brady Bunch; The Quick and the Dead; The Walking Dead; Heavyweights.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Madness of King George.* Through 3/2: *Miami Rhapsody.* Opening 3/3: *Shallow Grave.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; The Quick and the Dead; Miami Rhapsody; The Shawshank Redemption; Billy Madison; The Brady Bunch.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Heavyweights; The Walking Dead; The Hunted.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Nobody's Fool; Disclosure; Murder in the First; Billy Madison.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Legends of the Fall; Murder in the First; Just Cause; Billy Madison; The Hunted.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *The Brady Bunch; Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall.* Through 3/2: *Bullets Over Broadway; Billy Madison.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *The Brady Bunch; Just Cause; Legends of the Fall; The Hunted; Boys on the Side.* Through 3/2: *Pulp Fiction; The Shawshank Redemption; Billy Madison.* Opening 3/3: *Roommates; Hideaway.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Nell; Dumb and Dumber; Immortal Beloved.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Heavyweights; The Hunted.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Heavyweights; The Hunted; The Walking Dead.* Through 3/2: *Forrest Gump.* Opening 3/3: *The Mangler.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Heavyweights; The Hunted.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Nobody's Fool.*

Utopia—187–02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *Just Cause; The Quick and the Dead.*

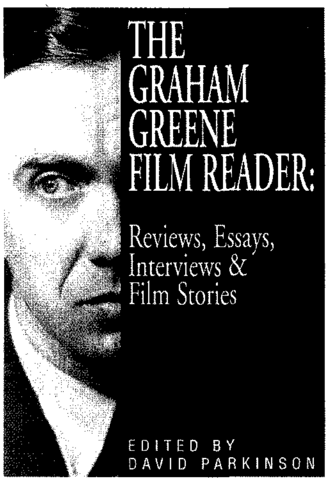
Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *The Brady Bunch; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; Just Cause; Forrest Gump; Heavyweights; The Hunted.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway; Man of the House.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch; The Walking Dead; The Shawshank Redemption.* Through 3/2: *Legends of the Fall.* Opening 3/3: *Hideaway.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Just Cause; Heavyweights; Pulp Fiction; The Brady Bunch; The Hunted.* Through 3/2: *Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Nobody's Fool; Boys on the Side.* Opening 3/3: *Roommates; Hideaway; Man of the House; The Mangler.*


THE GRAHAM GREENE FILM READER:
Reviews, Essays, Interviews & Film Stories
EDITED BY DAVID PARKINSON

Books ***"The Wizard of Oz . . .* is incredibly lavish, and there's a lot of pleasure to be got these days from watching money spent on other things than war," says Graham Greene in this compilation of sharp, pointed reviews and essays, most of which were written before he collaborated on such classics as *The Third Man* and *The Fallen Idol.* (Applause; $35.)**

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 3/5: "Shirley Temple, Child Star." The moppet stars in *The Little Princess* (1939) and *Stowaway* (1937) on 3/5. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—3/5–3/19: Nam June Paik's "Rhine Video Exhibition," featuring works by Elke Esser, Carmen Mankel, Jan Verbeek, and others. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

The Brooklyn Museum—3/3–4/15: "New Italian Cinema: Nuovi and Nuovissimi." 3/3: *The Red Dove* (1989). 3/4: *Manila Paloma Blanca* (1993), *Dinamite–Nuraxi Figus, Italia* (1994), and *The Stolen Children* (1991). 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); $6.

City Lore's Ninth Annual Film and Video Festival—3/4 at 11 A.M.–9:30 P.M.: Subtitled "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," this is an all-day screening of various documentaries, movies, and shorts, combined with live performances from members of the Coney Island Side Show; tap dancer Buster Brown, vaudevillian Joey Faye, burlesque dancer Hope Diamond, and others. Highlights include *High Lonesome: The Story of Bluegrass Music* (1991), Ric Burns's *Coney Island* (1990), and *Storyville,* a work in progress. City University of New York, Graduate Center, 33 W. 42nd St (529-1955); $12.

Donnell Media Center—3/2: *Yanki! No* (1960) and *Primary* (1964). 3/4: *Warrior Marks* (1993). 3/7: *The Gay Divorcee* (1934). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619). Free.

Film Forum—Held over: *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965) and *Mamma Roma* (1962). See also "Movies." Through 3/16: "Buster Keaton 100," a thorough and thoroughly amusing retrospective of the deadpan comic. 2/28 and 3/1: *Sidewalks of New York* (1931) and *The Passionate Plumber* (1932). 3/2: *Keatoniana* and *Estrellados* (1930). 3/4 and 3/5: *College* (1927); *The Love Nest* (1923); *The Scarecrow* (1920); and *The Goat* (1921). 3/5 and 3/6: *Battling Butler* (1926) and *The Saphead* (1920). 3/7 and 3/8: *Speak Easily* (1932) and *Keaton and Arbuckle II.* 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

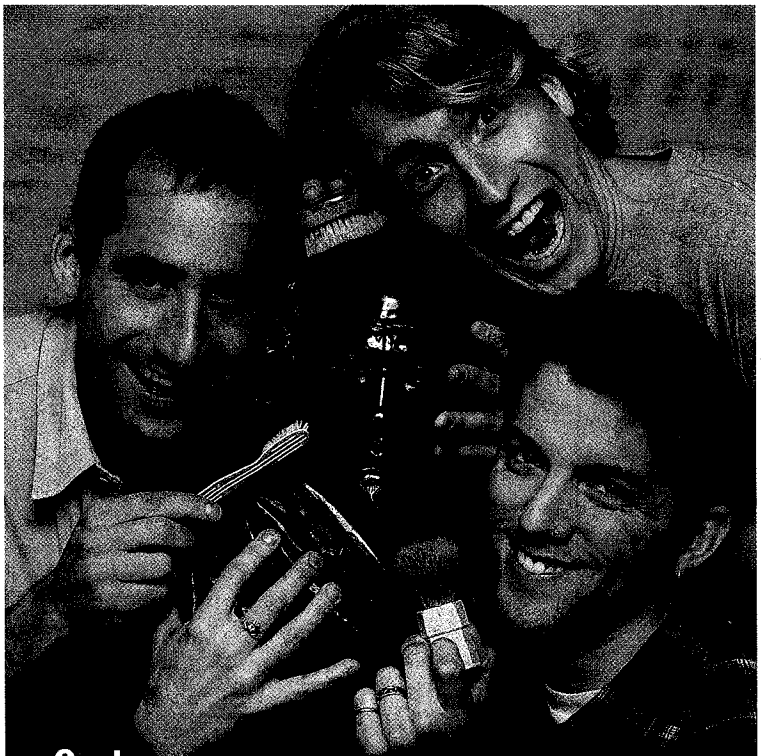
The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—3/2: *Nana* (1926), Jean Renoir's silent classic presented with orchestral accompaniment. $12–$15. Through 3/9: "*Cahiers du cinéma* Selects. . . ." 2/28 (Part I) and 3/1 (Part II): *Joan the Maid* (1993). 3/1, 3/4, and 3/8: *Portrait of a Girl* (1994), *Go Home* (1994), and *Travolta and Me* (1993). 3/3 and 3/5: *The Black Angel* (1994). 3/3: *My Life and Times With Antonin Artaud* (1993). 3/5: *The Innocents* (1988). "Movies for Kids" on 3/4 and 3/5: *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* (1986). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

French Institute—2/28: *François Truffaut: Stolen Portraits* (1993). 3/7: *A La Mode* (1993). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Harlem Victoria V—See also listing under "Movies." Ashakara. 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—3/2–3/9: A rare chance to see all the documentary features that have been nominated for this year's Oscar. Since all the foreign films nominated this year already have or will be released (another reason to change the antiquated system under which foreign films are selected), MOMA will screen some classics from the past instead of this year's crop. 3/2 and 3/5: *A Great Day in Harlem.* 3/2 and 3/4: *Freedom on My Mind.* 3/2: *Best Boy* (1979), the 1980 Oscar-winner. 3/3 and 3/4: *D-Day Remembered* and *Complaints of a Dutiful Daughter.* 3/3 and 3/5: *Maya Lin: A Strong Clear Vision.* 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); free with museum admission.

Triple Play...Shkspr, Wm...Biz Kid



Onstage

The Play's (Almost) the Thing

In slightly less than two hours, Peter Jacobson, Christopher Duva, and Jon Patrick Walker (clockwise, from left) perform all 37 plays by a writer with less legally enforceable copyright protection than a person might think in *The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)*, at the Westside Theatre.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show begins previews 3/1 for a 3/26 opening. $34.50 until then, $39.50 thereafter. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*).*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia De Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the most devastating failure of his career with his single, disastrous foray into dramatic writing, would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Philip Bosco, Cherry Jones, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. In previews; opening 3/9. $20–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Beginning previews 3/8 for a 3/23 opening. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heart-breakin' nights, only in America. Opening 3/2 (Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2; $29.50–$67.50) at the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh huh.

Translations—A revival of Brian Friel's 1980 play, featuring Brian Dennehy as a young British officer assigned to stamp out Gaelic in Ireland during the occupations of the 1830s and Dana Delany *(China Beach)* as the colleen who causes him to have second thoughts. Directed by Howard Davies. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Begins previews 3/7 for a 3/19 opening. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, begins its fourth year on Broadway this week. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' Girl Crazy, about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy, rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield (!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$55. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Vanessa Williams, who scored something of a personal triumph in the title role, wraps up a thrice-extended run on 3/18; Maria Conchita Alonso steps in 3/20. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. *and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call* 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Photograph by Peter Cunningham.

$35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently supplanted *Fiddler on the Roof* as the sixth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Nathan Lane, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, nearing the 3,000 mark and edging into seventh place among the longest running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The School for Husbands/The Imaginary Cuckold—Actor Brian Bedford—a Tony winner for his performance in Molière's *The School for Wives* in 1990—stars in a Molière double bill at the Roundabout. In *The School for Husbands*, he plays the overbearing guardian of a beautiful young woman who tries to keep her tucked away so he can marry her himself, while she does everything she can to reach the man she really loves. In the farce *The Imaginary Cuckold*, Bedford is half of a middle-aged bourgeois couple entangled with young lovers in a series of complications and jealously vivid misunderstandings. Translated by Richard Wilbur; directed by Michael Langham. With Suzanne Bertish, Remak Ramsay, David Aaron Baker, Patricia Dunnock, Cheryl Gaysunas, Reg Rogers, and the ever-rising Malcolm Gets. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Exceptions: 2/15, and 2/18 at 2 and 7:30; 2/14, and 2/17 at 7. Through 3/26. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John

Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) Though she remains with the show until July, Close will take a two-week break 3/7–3/19. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Uncle Vanya—Tom Courtenay plays the title role in Circle in the Square's staging of what is, perhaps, Chekhov's most poignant and affecting play— not his most polished, but for that very reason commanding a rude pathos uniquely its own. Also featuring Amanda Donohoe (star of L.A. Law) as Yelena, and directed by Braham Murray, a respected British artist making his Broadway staging debut. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier-award-winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 3/2 for a 3/30 opening. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. Opens 3/6. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Don Juan in Chicago—In this clever retelling of the Don Juan story, described by its author as a "metaphysical farce," David Ives (*All in the Timing*) applies his distinctive brand of intellectual wit to add a new twist to the tale: in exchange for immortality, the Don must sleep with a different woman each day. After 400 years or so that lead him from Renaissance Seville to 1990s Chicago, this loses its initial charm in a big way. With, among others, Simon Brooking, Peter Bartlett, Nancy Opel, and J. Smith Cameron; directed by Robert Stanton. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3; $30 Tues.–Thurs., $32 Fri.–Sun. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Jack's Holiday—It's a busy year for Mark St. Germain, who opens not only a straight play (*Camping with Henry And Tom*) downtown this month but also this A.S. (After Sondheim) musical about a serial killer on the loose. Music and lyrics by Randy Courts; book and lyrics by Mr. St. Germain. $35. Opens 3/5. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, Wilder Theater (279-4200).*

Rush Limbaugh in Night School—A one-man show written and performed by Charlie Varon, in which the titular character, forced into good old American-style economic competition by rival talk-show hosts, finds himself soliciting new audiences in the liberal swamps of the New School and the Delacorte Theater. Now in previews; opens 3/15. $32.50–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-6103).*

Now Playing

After-Play—Four old friends reunite for an evening out to the theater and dinner, during which—naturally—they hash over past events and make some surprising revelations. The playwriting debut for Anne Meara, one half of the husband-and-wife comedy team Stiller & Meara. Directed by David Saint. With Barbara Barrie, Merwin Goldsmith, Larry Keith, Rue McClanahan, Rochelle Oliver, Lance Reddick, and John Vennema. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, W. 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

Alice Out From Under—Down the rabbit hole with co-

Previews
He Believes in Him

Matthew Broderick, armed only with charming dishonesty, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in the Broadway revival of How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying, a musical that, amazingly enough, was written before the eighties. At the Richard Rodgers.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

median and performance artist Fia Perera as she meets (and performs) "fifteen zany characters who help her triumph over life's obstacles." Yes, well. Directed by Wynn Harmon. $7, plus a two-drink minimum. 2/27 at 6:45; 3/6 at 9:30; 3/13, 20, 27 at 8:30. *Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Andrew, My Dearest One—A new comedy by Mary Mitchell, it focuses on two lonely New Yorkers (Brenda Smiley and Jason Tyler White) living on the edge of isolation. They meet when one—a tense, anxious woman who was once a percussionist for the New York Philharmonic—begins making a series of late-night prank calls to people selected randomly from the phone book. When she reaches a lonely young artist, they strike up a conversation and begin speaking regularly on the phone. $27.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 3/12. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (279-7200).*

Beauty's Daughter—A one-woman show from Nuyorican graduate Dael Orlandersmith. In it, she plays Diane, a poet with a dark angel for her muse, as well as numerous other characters. Directed by Peter Askin. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (840-3074).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25–$40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 5. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Body Shop—A musical about six dancers working in a small-town joint and how their lives and the life of the owner are turned upside down by a Hollywood director. Book, music, and lyrics by Walter Marks. Directed by Sue Lawless. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Budd—A Manhattan performance artist moves to the suburbs, where chaos, predictably, ensues. Written and directed by Richard Caliban. $15; $10 student tickets available with reservation. Through 3/18. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Cucaracha Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St., bet. Aves. B and C (966-8596).*

Buk—Ben Gazzara played him straight in 1983's *Tales of Ordinary Madness,* one of the most pretentious films ever made; Mickey Rourke, with a more ironic reading, came off much better four years later in *Barfly.* The latest take on the life of Charles Bukowski is this play by Paul Peditto, with Sean P. Reilly and Harvey Perr portraying the poet, misogynist, hipster, and very heavy drinker in youth and age. Directed by Jennifer Markowitz. $12.50. Through 3/11. *HERE, 145 Avenue of the Americas at Spring St. (647-0202).*

Camping With Henry And Tom—Robert Prosky, Ken Howard, and John Cunningham as Thomas Edison, Warren G. Harding, and Henry Ford in Mark St. Germain's fantasy of what the conversation might have been like on a celebrated series of camping trips shared by those three pillars of the new American century in the early 1900s. With costumes by last year's Tony winner Ann Hould-Ward (Beauty and the Beast), which is itself reason enough to buy a ticket. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on...well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. Recently extended through 3/26. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

The Cherry Orchard—The play by Chekhov, in a production by the Oasis Theatre Company. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 3/26. *230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

Circus Life—Murray Schisgal, the American theater's laureate master of wry middle-class comic schtick, has written a farce about two men—law partners and lifelong pals—who fall in love with the same woman. She used to work in a circus and is facing murder charges, so you can just imagine, can't you? With Mike Burstyn, Keith Langsdale, and Tresha Rodriguez. Directed by Larry Arrick. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Compleat Works Of Wllm Shkspr (abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Tues., Sat. at 8; Wed and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. $25. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Edward II—The play by Christopher Marlowe, in a production by the Chain Lightning Theatre. Directed by Todd Pieper. $12; TDF accepted. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, beginning 3/2. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. at Charlton (219-2085).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

The Hairy Ape—The Wooster Group's take on the play by Eugene O'Neill, expressing his distinct viewpoint that evolution isn't everything it's cracked up to be. Directed by Elizabeth LeCompte. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 8, through 3/5. *The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. between Broome and Grand (966-3651).*

Hapgood—The New York premiere of Tom Stoppard's play about the head of a British government espionage agency who becomes entangled in a web of intrigue, family duty, twins, and nuclear particle physics. Already well-received in London, it's directed by Jack O'Brien and stars, naturally, Stockard Channing. With David Lansbury, Brian F. O'Byrne, Yaniv Segal, Josef Sommer, David Strathairn, Michael Winther, and David Wolos-Fontino. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Recently extended (for the second time) through 3/26, in order to pair with this week's arrival of *Arcadia,* Stoppard's other current hit. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Henry VI—The Theatre for a New Audience follows last season's *Titus Andronicus* with an even more ambitious staging of Shakespeare's three-part epic with the same design team and a cast of 22. It's been distilled into two evenings *(Part I: The Contention* and *Part II: The Civil War)* by director Barry Kyle. Through 4/8. Call for detailed performance schedule. *Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Holiday Heart—A 12-year-old girl struggles to survive an inner-city childhood with the help of her (unconventional) guardian angel. By Cheryl L. West. Directed by Tazewell Thompson. $40. Through 4/9. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

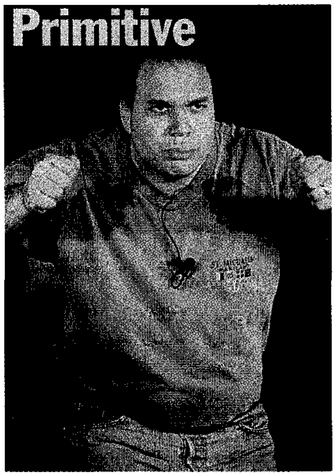
Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 6. Opened: 8/18/94. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Loot—Joe Orton was writing plays about homosexual lust, prosthetics, and necrophilia back when those subjects were thought to be, you know, unusual. The Independent Theatre Company's production of his best-known script continues through 3/18. Wed.–Sat. at 8. $12, TDF accepted. *House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. south of Houston (353-3088).*

New by Noonan—Two new one-act plays by John

Talent

Modern Primitive



Rob Becker, a genial, William Bendix-ish performer upon whom no casting director could gaze without the words *big lug* coming to mind, traces the genesis of his one-man show *Defending the Caveman* to a Berkeley, California, party he attended in 1987, at which a group of women interrupted their discussion of relationships to ask him why it was that All Men Are Assholes. The stand-up comic's response was a show expounding his lighthearted notion that men and women are quite literally different species, the difference deriving from prehistoric times, when the former were "hunters" and the latter "gatherers." Much of the show proceeds as a dialogue between Becker and his Inner Caveman, with whom he eats sacramental male food (peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches) and discusses a certain genre of women's-magazine article ("The Penis: Sex Organ or Birth Defect?"). Since its 1991 premiere in San Francisco, *Caveman,* beginning previews Wednesday at the Helen Hayes Theatre, has drawn enthusiastic standing-room crowds—most of them dating couples—across the country.

Becker, who claims to have been explaining his male and female friends to each other since sixth grade, believes that a great deal of misunderstanding results from the fallacious assumption by contemporary women that political equality between the sexes implies complete sameness, a notion he wryly dismisses. "People have a difficult time holding two ideas in their heads," he argues. "They think that if you're going to be equal, you have to be identical." An equal-opportunity satirist, however, he's no more tolerant of the sillier excesses of the men's movement: "Robert Bly says he teaches men to write poetry so that their corpus callosum will build up and they'll be able to think like women. I think that's a great enterprise, but, you know, I've got bills to pay."

RANDALL SHORT

Photograph by Scott K. Smith.

Ford Noonan: *Waiting for the Word* and *The Drowning of Manhattan*. The evening also includes Anna Traina's *Winnie and G.* $10. Through 3/12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Common Basis Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave., Rm. 500 (340-0152).*

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—After nine years, the long-running Off Broadway show *Nunsense* has metamorphosed into this sequel, which continues the tale of the Little Sisters of Hoboken and their attempts to mount a talent show. Written and directed by Dan Goggin. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/21/94. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Oedipus at Colonus—In the Pearl Theatre Company's production of the middle, rarely performed play of Sophocles' Theban Trilogy, Robert Hock is featured as the blind king who comes to spiritual transcendence through suffering. Directed by Shepard Sobel. $20–$25. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 2; Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 3/18. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place, nr. First Ave. (598-9802).*

The Old Lady's Guide to Survival—In a new comedy by Mayo Simon (screenwriter for Judy Garland's last film, I Could Go On Singing), June Havoc—onstage 79 years and counting—comes to grips with old age, the affliction memorably described by Everett Sloane in Citizen Kane as the only one you don't look forward to being cured of. With Shirl Bernheim as Shprintzy. Directed by Alan Mandell. $30-$35. Tues. at 7; Wed.—Sat. at 8; mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Lamb's Theater, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Raised In Captivity—Playwright Nicky Silver is still on the roll that began with last season's *Pterodactyls;* his new play features Bernadette and Sebastian, reunited after their mother is killed by a flying showerhead. Funny? Improbably, yes. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theater, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Silence, Cunning, Exile—A new play by Stuart Greenman about the life of Diane Arbus, the photographer who, inspired by Joseph Mitchell's profiles of small-time eccentrics and grotesques in *The New Yorker,* made them her subject—and opened up a hole or two in her own soul as well. Directed by Mark Wing-Davey, who also staged Howard Korder's scathing *The Lights* at Lincoln Center season before last: this guy's no stranger to urban horror. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. Sun. at 3. *Public Theater, Martinson Hall (260-2400).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butleroff. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

The State I'm In—Chicago performance artist Paula Killen specializes in bleakly comic portraits of women (and the occasional man) from the rough side of the street—strippers, Elvis imitators, the walking wounded in general. (An Ida Lupino for the nineties, you might say.) Her current one-woman show deals with a lovesick naïf who makes a pact with the devil and—as happens in art more often than in life—gets more than she bargained for. $12; TDF accepted. Through 3/4. Thurs.–Sat at 10. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (254-6468).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.; then a reception at 147 Waverly Place, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200)

The Truth-Teller—A comedy from the ever-prolific Joyce Carol Oates concerns Hedda, the daughter of an affluent family who creates havoc when she makes a surprise visit to the upstate home. Other family members are called Nora, Maggie, Tiny, and Biff. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $32.50–$35 Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Circle Rep, 159 Bleecker St. (239-6200).*

Vita and Virginia—A delicious and absorbing duologue Eileen Atkins has extracted from the letters between Virginia Woolf (Atkins) and Vita Sackville-West (Vanessa Redgrave). You will find it easy to gather into your hearts Vita, Virginia, Vanessa, and Eileen in a delirious *ménage à quatre,* for all four of them are articulate charmers, perceptive and impassioned, witty and mischievous, and damn good company. "Effortless luxury" best describes these performances, by turns thrilling, hilarious, and wrenching as we follow almost two decades of correspondence and friendship. Like the two writers, the two actresses are perfect foils for each other. Zoe Caldwell has directed simply and stylishly on Ben Edwards's English-countryside set. Don't assume this to be an academic exercise about two literary lesbians; it is the glowing conjuration of a world of love and wisdom, banter and profundity, sunlight and sadness. (Simon; 12/5/94) $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

You Should Be So Lucky—A new home and an extended run for Charles Busch's latest romp, a typically outrageous tale of a West Village electrologist whisked away on a Cinderella-type adventure. Written by Busch; directed by Kenneth Elliott. With Nell Campbell, Julie Halston, and Stephen Pearlman. $35–$37.50. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

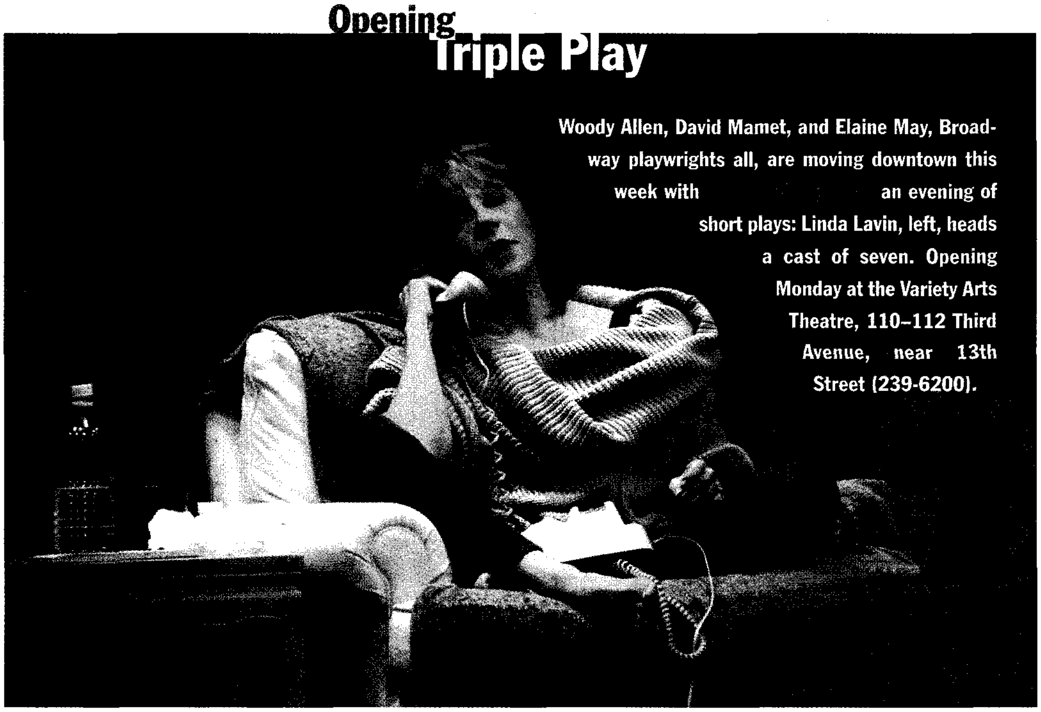
Ice Cream—Caryl Churchill's black comedy about an American couple in search of their British roots who find more than they bargained for. Directed by Mandy Mishell. $10. 3/1-5; Wed.–Sat. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 9, Sun. at 2. *Alice's Fourth Floor, 432 W. 42nd St, fourth floor (388-7159).*

I've Got the Shakes—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. Foreman has received numerous awards and encomiums, including six Obie Awards and recognition for his "outstanding record of accomplishment" by the National Endowment for the Arts. With Jan Leslie Harding, Mary McBride, Rebecca Moore, and Michael Osano. $10–$15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/9/95. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery, 131 East 10th St., 2nd floor (533-4650).*

Napoli Milionaria—In Naples during World War II, the poor but honest family of Gennaro Joive learns to survive by trading on the black market. But when Joive returns from a German labor camp, he finds his family transformed by greed: His son is a thief, his daughter is a tramp consorting with soldiers, and his wife has grown rich through sordid dealings. Written by Eduardo De Filippo, one of Italy's most popular playwrights. This first English translation of the play is by Tori Haring-Smith. Directed by Robert Hupp. From the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Thurs.-Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. (677-0060).*

Tiny Closets—A "Repression Era" evening of three one-act plays by William Inge—*The Tiny Closet, The Boy in the Basement,* and *A Murder*—written in the early 1950s but which, because of veiled references to homosexuality and necrophilia, went unpublished for a decade. Presented by the Peccadillo Theater Company. $10. Through 3/3, Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Kraine Theater, 85 E. 4th St. (460-0982).*

Opening Triple Play



Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May, Broadway playwrights all, are moving downtown this week with an evening of short plays: Linda Lavin, left, heads a cast of seven. Opening Monday at the Variety Arts Theatre, 110–112 Third Avenue, near 13th Street (239-6200).

Offspring…Gilmore…Fontella Bass

Performance

Oh Well, Whatever, Netherland

Dutch rockers Bettie Serveert play Tramps on March 4. The Amsterdam band is a stateside smash thanks to ragged sonics and the soulful cooing of Carol van Dijk (second from left). Plus, they're great live.

Concerts

Offspring—At a recent Hole show, Courtney Love declared Dexter Holland's to be "the worst hair in rock." Nonetheless, the cornrowed blond leads one of the biggest neo-punk success stories of 1994. Elbowing each other in the cybermosh pit of MTV, videos for the Offspring's "Self Esteem" and Green Day's "Longview" helped make punk to '95 what disco was to '76. And now, working a more dynamic and metal-savvy variant on the hardcore of SoCal predecessors Agent Orange and TSOL, Offspring are, like Lawrence Welk, making music safe for blue-haired pop lovers everywhere. With locals Quicksand and No Use For a Name. 3/3–3/5 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland (307-7171). $14.*

Jimmie Dale Gilmore and Guy Clark—The beloved Brooklyn performance space St. Ann's celebrates its fifteenth anniversary *and* Texas's Independence Day with one big shebang. Sets by Lone Star legends Jimmie Dale Gilmore and Guy Clark, and Western swing by Whit Smith and the Dixie Riddle Cups. Festivities begin with the concert at the St. Ann's church, followed by dinner at the Williamsburg Savings Bank at 9, with music by Whit Smith's 'Cups. 3/2 at 8 P.M. *National Landmark Church of St. Ann & the Holy Trinity, corner of Clinton and Montague, Brooklyn Heights. (718-834-8794). Gala tickets go for $200–$1,000. General admission is $40.*

The Blind Boys of Alabama—This landmark group first formed as the Happyland Singers, a surprising tag for a group of black students gathering at Alabama's Talladega Institute for the Deaf and Blind in 1939. Fifty years later, though, the Blind Boys truly are soul-lifting, led by the heart-wrenching shouter Clarence Fountain and claiming the status of greatest gospel group in the country. 3/4 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (307-7171). $16.*

Oliver Lake and Thurman Barker—This installment of the "Interpretations" series presents new works by World Saxophone Quartet altoist Oliver Lake. He plays with a large cast of accomplices, including Thurman Barker, onetime sideman to Cecil Taylor, and Anthony Braxton, former house drummer for the Schubert Theater. 3/4 at *Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., near Lincoln Center. (362-8719). $10.*

Diane Schuur—3/3 at 8:30 P.M. *Colden Center, Queens College Campus, Queens. (718-793-8080). $19.*

David Benoit—3/4 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). $25–$35.*

Ed Neumeister—The New York jazz trombonist and composer with New Hat Ensemble, performing works by Billy Strayhorn and Thelonious Monk. 3/5 at 8 P.M. *Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. (817-382-5962). $10.*

Charles McPherson—3/3 at 8 P.M. *Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. (854-7799). $15.*

Clubland

Academy—Oasis, the Brit sensations that look like the Beatles, sing like the Sex Pistols, and don't think either comparison untoward, returns to the States on 3/8. Any band whose singer declares "I'm a rock-and-roll star" on its debut album needs no assertiveness training. And Liam Gallagher, sneering under the most malevolent eyebrows this side of James Mason, has the assured pissiness of one to the manor born. Stealing thunder from the reemerging Stone Roses (fellow Mancunians whose 1990 debut the British music press panegyrized with typical restraint), Oasis has, in *Definitely Maybe*, one of the most majestic collections of rock anthems in recent memory. *234 W. 34th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

A.K.A.—A smallish, second-floor home to downtown hipsters, acid jazzbos, and alternarock bands. *77 W. Houston St., bet. W. Broadway and Wooster St. (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes; their origins, from the Bronx to County Clare. 3/3: Jimmy Crowley plays bouzouki and guitar. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue, with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries, given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 3/2: Al Kooper and the Rekooperators, with the Uptown Horns. 3/3: Ed Palermo's sixteen-piece big band performs the music of Frank Zappa, with special guest Gary Lucas. 3/4: Buster Poindexter and his Banshees of Blue. 3/7: *The Irish Voice* concert series presents the Frames, the Pale, and Blink. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Quite cozy, for all the bare brick and Alphabet City street cred. Low-rent rock bands and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 3/2: Stratotanker; Kittwinder; Dirt Merchants. 3/8: Ivy. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, eighteen years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the Midwestern blues capital. With comfy sofas. 2/28: Ernie Williams and the Wildcats. 3/1–3/4: Eddy Clearwater. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. This month's Monday night series is curated by Sonic Youth's Steve Shelley. 2/28: The weekly party: "Egg" presents "ambient," "jungle," other D.J.-driven experiments. 3/1: Marc Ribot Trio. 3/3: Groove Collective. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band holds forth. 3/1: Gospel great Fontella Bass, famous for her 1965 hit "Rescue Me," returns, fronting a quartet and singing songs from her new defiantly titled record, *No Ways Tired*. 3/2: Mingus Big Band. 3/4: Gary Lucas. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—The hyperactive lads of Fishbone skank, funk, and roll into '95. Ten years ago, they exploded out of L.A.'s punk scene, a gaggle of talented ska-, funk-, and jazz-playing black kids turned on to punk by busing. Now they command lethal musicianship and a genre-splicing sound that, live, resembles either a punked-out Sly Stone or P-Funk on methamphetamines. It's an oft-attempted, rarely successful hybrid, but Fishbone has it down. Unsur-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Steve Gullick.

prisingly, their shows have some of the most rambunctious mosh pits going, and the band's mohawked singer, Angelo Moore, is a frequent visitor. They play with Weapon of Choice on 3/6. 3/7: Britain's other alternative-rock band ascendant, Bush, plays with the Toadies. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Nuts and Bolts—Memphis guitar-slinger Little Jimmy King, né Manuel Gales, chose his first name because people were comparing his playing to Hendrix's and his surname out of deference to Albert King, in whose band he played and who made him his adopted grandson. He plays 3/3–3/4. *30 W. 22nd St., bet. Fifth and Sixth Aves. (366-5652).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side, with national blues acts and good-time rock and roll. 2/28: A Mardi Gras party with the Flying Neutrinos and the Gotham Playboys. Shows at 9. *1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's Indie-Rock Central or CBGB West, this is the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. Shows at 10 Fri. and Sat., 9 Sun.–Thurs. $6–$8. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064). $.*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's most happening spots, this intimate room often hosts folk and rock artists ready for the more au courant slots on MTV. 3/2: San Francisco's tribal avant-noise fest Ovarian Trolley. 3/4: Steve Wynn with House of Freaks and Gutterball. 3/7: "The Jon-a-thon" benefit, featuring Marshall Crenshaw, Yo La Tengo's Ira Kaplan and Georgie Hubley, the Schramms; Beat Rodeo; Chris Knight, Health and Happiness Show; Will Rigby, Bobby Radcliffe, Roscoe's Gang, World Famous Bluejays, and others. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar—A regular Wednesday- and Saturday-night home to the rollicking hip-hop-driven Irish band Black 47, which is a lot better here after a few pints than on record or on the road. $10. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210). $.*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 3/1: Heather Woodbury Report. 3/4: the Sextet Offensive. 3/6: Antihootenany. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Ave. A, at 6th St. (473-7373). $.*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night Soul Kitchen, preceded by the poetry-and-rap jam "Flippin' the Script." Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 2/28: Vieux Diop. 3/4: Bettie Serveert. 3/6: Soul Asylum. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 3/2: Monica Simms and Trio. 3/4–3/5: Walter Bishop Quintet. 3/5: Sal Salvador Quintet. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two stars in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 2/28–3/5: George Shearing Trio and Tommy Flanagan Trio. 3/6: Pianist Dave Kikoski, with bassist Essiet Essiet and drummer Billy Hart. 3/7–3/12: Eddie Palmieri Octet with Ray Barretto and New World Spirit. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

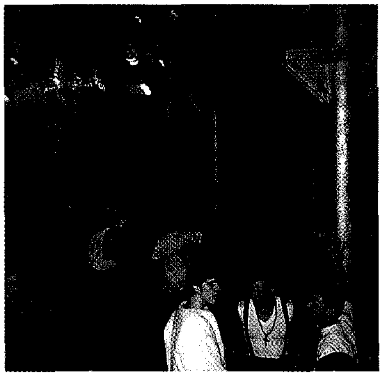
Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 3/4: Pianist Mulgrew Miller leads a trio. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

Tribute

Sound Factory, R.I.P.

At around 5 P.M. on a recent Sunday evening (remarkably, the party had been raging nonstop since the previous night), Sound Factory—arguably the best dance club ever—closed its doors on West 27th Street for what looks like the last time. The loss, after five years, is a great one, and not just to the gay community: Unlike many homocentric spaces, the Factory didn't enforce a no-women, no-straights policy. If you happened to be something other than a buff gay male, and if you showed up at the Factory early enough in the evening, you'd be allowed to fork over the twenty bucks' admission just like everybody else.



Rumors about the club's demise have flown fast and furious. The truth seems to stem from community-board complaints, as well as the fact that the Factory twice tried and failed to acquire a liquor license (obtaining one is the only way a club can stay open past 4 A.M., regardless of whether or not it serves alcohol), so technically the club had been operating during illegal hours. But whatever the reason—and everyone has a theory—the fact remains that a great party is over. "There was something sexually liberating about being surrounded by hundreds of shirtless, sweaty gay men," remembers one female Factory devotee fondly. "You coudn't capitalize on it, but the thought was there."

So come next Saturday night, who will fill in the gap? Coincidentally (or, according to some wags, *not*), nightlife oligarch Peter Gatien—owner of Tunnel, Palladium, Limelight, and the defunct Club USA—recently unveiled a new after-hours "strictly gay space" at Tunnel, conveniently located just a few blocks from the Factory. But even Gatien admits filling the gap isn't so simple: "The Sound Factory was legendary like Studio 54 was," he says. "You can't replicate a legend."

JAMES PATRICK HERMAN

55 Bar—A smoky West Village watering hole where the fleet-fingered, electrified-bop guitarist Mike Stern plays most Mondays and Wednesdays. Shows at 11. *55 Christopher St. (929-9883).*

Five Spot—A palatial *Dick Tracy*–looking ballroom and host to many a jazz great. 3/1–3/2: Akikazu Nakamura. *4 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium—The artfully wacky restaurant across the street from Lincoln Center crosses Gaudi with Dr. Seuss in its décor and nightly hosts formidable jazz comers in its basement. 3/7–3/11: The statuesque tenor saxophonist and free jazz pioneer Pharoah Sanders—lately given to rhapsodic straight-ahead jazz and globe-trotting world music—holds forth with a quartet. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent pianists. 3/1–3/4: Sir Roland Hanna. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—The volcanic tenor saxophonist David S. Ware leads a quintet here on 2/28. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Metropolis (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. Wednesdays, jazz D.J. Ben Duncan hosts a jam session, with free eats from 10 to 11. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that's come-as-you-are and stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Through 2/28–3/5: The voracious young tenor saxophonist ascendant Javon Jackson leads a quartet, graced by legendary bassist Ron Carter. 3/7–3/12: Multi-instrumentalist Henry Threadgill, one of the most visionary composers in jazz, leads his thrilling Very Very Circus, a not-to-be-missed band that's powered by two rumbling tuba players. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 2/28–3/5: Frankie Randall sings and plays piano. 3/7–3/12: K.T. Sullivan. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. 2/28–3/3: Stephen Scott Trio. 3/4–3/5: Betty Carter Quintet. 3/7–3/12: Christian McBride Quartet. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno and many other greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. 2/28: Flip Orley. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 3/5: Jeff Ross; Greg Rogell; Kevin Brennen; Dave Attell; Mario Cantone. 3/6–3/12: Dave Cook; Ray Romano; Dave Attell; Greer Barnes; Darryll Hammond. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy

Photograph by Tina Paul.

Dan Rather on Jimmie Dale Gilmore

See Jimmie Dale Gilmore (left) on March 2 at St. Ann's in Brooklyn Heights and you're sure to find plenty of Texas transplants, homesick souls seeking inspiration from Lubbock's bard of the plains. Odds are, Dan Rather will be among them. "I was a country-music kid," confides the Wharton-born anchorman. "I was raised in a time and place where if Hank Williams didn't sing it I didn't know it." Today, CBS's country-kid-in-residence is at all of Gilmore's local shows. A self-described "true Texan" (i.e., "someone who can actually ride a horse," he explains), Rather has been a die-hard fan ever since he first saw Gilmore seventeen years ago in a roadhouse near Austin. The reasons, he says, are simple: "Jimmie Dale has the same honesty and magic as all the greats—Johnny Cash, George Jones, Tammy Wynette, Patsy Cline. There's something about his songs and the way he sings them that makes you want to turn yourself inside out and give your heart to the West Texas sky." Though "pleased and a little surprised" that Gilmore has lately found favor in the hearts of New Yorkers ("They see him as kind of a nonsmoking Marlboro man with a spiritual, philosophical side to him"), Rather is certain that Gilmore's stark lyricism has special resonance with Lone Star expatriates. "He's like Larry McMurtry or Cormac McCarthy in that he speaks a literary patois that every Texan understands. He's always spoken to that secret place behind my heart where I really live. When he sings, it's just the thing you need on a lonely night in Yankeeland, or, for that matter, in Somalia or Haiti." CHRIS NORRIS

group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri. at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 3/5: Richie Byrne, Staten Island native, former "Funniest Bartender," does muscial parodies of pop music; Marvin Bell, St. Louis transplant; Mike Robles; Al Romero; Rich Ramirez; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. 3/6–3/12: Jack Simmons; Willie Asbury; Mark Unger; Brian McFadden; Nancy Redman; Rick Scotti; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

New York Comedy Club—3/5: Rhonda Hansone; Todd Barry; Ben Creed; Rich Francise. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (696-5233).*

Rebar—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *127 W. 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-Up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

West End Gate—Mondays, the Winged Nuts improvise comedy. Tues.–Wed., Bob & Mitch host a stand-up night. Sun., it's Tom Soter's Improv Comedy. *2911 Broadway, bet. 113th and 114th Sts. (666-8687).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Pianist and arranger Peter Howard is currently in residence through 3/25 with vocalists Lorna Dallas and Bill Daugherty in "Crazy for Musicals," a lighthearted revue. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—Barbara Cook, spreading her acidulous wit through 4/8. $40 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe 44—Singer Priscilla Hood on Tues, Sat., and Sun. at 6. No cover. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. No cover, no minimum. *2 E. 61st St. (838-8000).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Eighty-Eight's—Mondays through 3/13 at 8, Marilyn Volpe singing the songs of Cy Coleman in a show called "You Fascinate Me So." $12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. Tues.–Sat.: "You Keep Coming Back Like a Song," a musical memoir of Irving Berlin. Nightly at 9 and 11. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Celebrating her fiftieth anniversary in show business, Rosemary Clooney raises the highest rafters in town through 3/4: Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Russian Tea Room—Every Sunday and Monday in March, this venerable upper-crust institution will be presenting entertainment at 8 and 10:30, beginning 3/5 with K.T. Sullivan. $25 cover, $10 minimum, with all proceeds donated to Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quartet has extended its successful engagement here, playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists Fridays at 10:30. This week, Rosemary Loar sings the music of Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Husen. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

The Supper Club—Marc Lauren in "In Another Place and Time," a compilation of French and American standards. After a special Valentine's Day opening at 9, the show plays Wednesday evenings at that hour through 3/15. $15 cover. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tatou—*Viva Brazil!*, a musical revue featuring the Girls From Ipanema. Wednesday to Saturday nightly at 9 through 4/1. Jackets required. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).*

Bars

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect knock-knock jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

C.J. Bentley's—Got a thing for a man out of uniform? This is a cop pickup bar, so don't be surprised if, mid-flirt, you discover a wedding band in the officer's hip pocket. Added bonus: Disco never died here. *7110 Third Ave., at 79th St., Brooklyn (718-745-0748).*

d.b.a.—Beer geeks in an airplane hangar. The beer selection is so complete that it moves many of the customers to soliloquy. An empty stomach and a healthy curiosity about the dangers of increased degrees balling, fruity phenolic esters, and the Sumerian beer god Nimkasi are a must. *41 First Ave., nr. 3rd St. (475-5097).*

Fanny's Oyster Bar—The live music in the basement makes this place a never-fail. If you're not picky about your Creole cooking, the four-table dining room in the back of this funky storefront is a peerless first-date destination. There's nothing wrong with the food; in fact, if you consider that it's all prepared on a hot plate, it's miraculously pretty okay. *765 Washington St., nr. 12th St. (255-5101).*

The Gold Bar—As gimmicks go, the bright light shining from the wide gash in the floor at the foot of the bar of this minimalist theme bar is, if nothing else, original. We know three guys who took it upon themselves to drop through the floor and guzzle as much of the warm beer being stored in the basement as possible before the cursing bartender chased them back up the stairs and out the door. That was long ago, and now there is a rail in front of the bar. *345 E. 9th St. (505-8270).*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—The least hateful bar on Amsterdam Avenue (at least until that idiotic Caddy started cruising the Upper Rich Side trying to dredge up more business). Attribute this to the relative long-in-the-toothness of its clientele. If your companion isn't absorbing, the décor is. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199).*

The Liquor Store—The low-key haunt you've been hoping for in TriBeCa. Not only do you not have to raise your voice above a mutter to be heard in this former liquor store, but you'd feel like a jerk if you did. Fashionable draft beer, a free bowl of pretzels from the bar, and a great view of the mounted unit from the 1st Precinct as it rounds the corner from Ericsson Place at the start of its evening tour. *235 W. Broadway (no phone).*

Malachy's—There is a disturbing lack of honest-to-badness beer halls on the increasingly soulless singles strip mall called the Upper West Side. This bleary Irish drop-by is unapologetic. The out-of-focus, big-screen TV makes you feel drunker than you are, but the cheap beer will make up the difference pretty quickly. *103 W. 72nd St. (874-4268).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Sy Heeda Bar and Restaurant—When was the last time you had Cheez Doodles as a bar snack? This is an Archie Bunker bar for black guys. The intricately clipped photomontage that covers the wall of the back room of this friendly neighborhood hang tells the story of a wagging good time where all are welcome. There are raggedy-hat-wearing old-timers arm in arm with fat Italian cops and bashful young ladies. Of course, there are also a few beefy male strippers prancing about in leopard-print jock strings. *1320 E. Gunhill Rd., the Bronx (718-655-9422).*

Tommy Milano's—The mother of all dive bars. The only reason they're not picking people off the floor is that a man of average height could not lie down across this bowling-alley-inspired booze-up. (Be warned: The place becomes a crowded must-avoid when New York *Press* holds its editorial meetings here, on Tuesday nights.) *51 E. Houston St., nr. Mulberry St. (226-8632).*

Photograph by Jim McGuire.

Pissarro as Innovator...Neo-Dada

Openings

Martin Puryear's first one-man New York show in seven years features new large-scale wood sculptures and a work constructed from tar and wire mesh, which were begun in Alexander Calder's studio in Saché, France, at the invitation of the Calder Foundation and completed in New York (opens March 3 at McKee Gallery, 745 Fifth Avenue).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

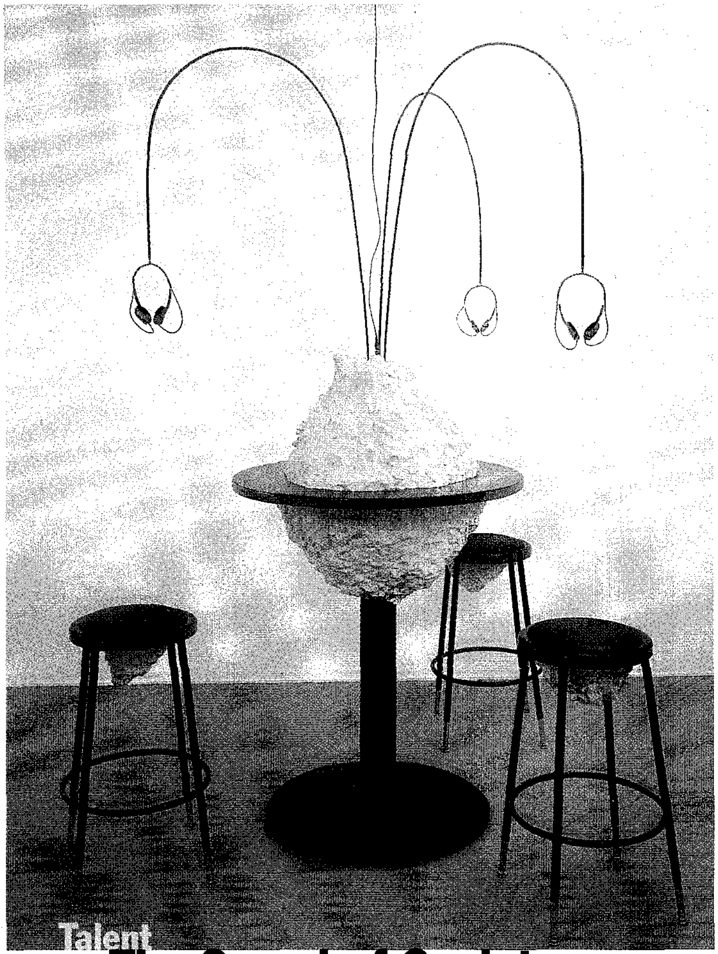
Lillian Ball—Polyurethane sculptures that are casts of the interiors of ordinary objects; through 3/25. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Rachel Friedberg—Encaustic paintings that use the garden of the house the artist grew up in as a starting point for narratives dealing with memory and loss; 3/2–4/1. Avanti, 22 E. 72nd St. (628-3377).

Hedda Sterne—Delicate abstract paintings with a sense of spatial infinity; through 3/31. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

Albert Urban—Color-screen prints with musical and theatrical themes from the thirties and forties by this German artist (1909–1959) who began his artistic tutelage under Max Beckman and Willi Baumeister at the Frankfurt Kunstschule; through 3/18. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (772-8810).

Don Van Vliet—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper by the former Captain Beefheart; through 3/18. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).



Talent

The Sound of Sculpture

Charles Long hooked up with the avant-minded British band STEREOLAB to create these Pop-cult sculptures. Pull up a stool, put on the headphones, and rock out (the pink-bubble-gum stuff is really plastic modeling clay). At Tanya Bonakdar Gallery, 130 Prince Street.

57th Street Area

Robert Arneson—Figurative bronze sculptures that reflect the artist's experience with the radiation treatment he underwent in 1992, shortly before his death from cancer; 3/2–31. Frumkin/Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

John Bowman—Paintings of imaginary cityscapes inspired by Eastern European cities; through 4/1. De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

Earl Cunningham/Grandma Moses—Paintings by two American self-taught artists; through 3/18. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray—An exhibition that traces the personal and professional friendship of these two iconoclasts through works of art, catalogues, and ephemera; through 4/15. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

Jacob El Hanani—Elegant, weblike drawings influenced by Moroccan textiles and the micrographic tradition of Hebrew scribes; through 3/25. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Jane Freilicher—This artist's version of Watteau's guitar player appears in several paintings of the landscape surrounding her house in Watermill, Long Island, and in still lifes painted in her New York studio; 3/2–4/1. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Paul Jenkins—In his recent paintings, the artist's trademark saturated colors are mixed with earth tones, just as the thin delicate washes for which he is known are now combined with heavy, lavalike flows of pigment; through 4/8. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

David Kroll/Lucy Puls—Paintings in which haunting autumnal landscapes are a backdrop for symmetrical still-life compositions./Resin and mixed-media sculptures that address issues of gender; 3/1–4/1. Littlejohn/Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Robert Kushner—New paintings of fruits, flowers, and vegetables that are a continuation of the 90-foot murals recently installed in New York's Gramercy Tavern restaurant; 3/2–4/8. Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900).

Morris Louis/Stephen Ellis—Abstract paintings from the artist's "Unfurled" series of 1960 that are distinguished by their gentle, poetic coloring and sinuous, slightly columnar form; through 3/18./Recent monotypes; through 3/25. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Agnes Martin—This group of ten paintings of horizontal bands of thinly layered yellows, pinks, blues, and whites is the first work produced by the artist in her new Taos, New Mexico, studio; through 3/18. Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Elizabeth Newman—New sculpture installations that transform commonplace objects into poetic meditations on history and healing; through 3/18. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Peter Poskas—The artist, who has spent the past three decades painting Connecticut farmlands, has expanded his iconography of light and landscape to Monhegan Island, off the coast of Maine; 3/1–4/1. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Stephanie Sanchez—Still-life paintings of unrelated objects—lemons, envelopes, lightbulbs, and books, for instance—which verge on abstraction; through 3/24. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

David Smith—On loan from private collections and the collection of Candida and Rebecca Smith, the paintings and sculptures in this exhibition were made between 1940 and 1950 and reflect the artist's deep involvement with music; through 3/25. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Christopher Wilmarth—A selection of sculpture and drawings by this artist who died in 1987; through 3/25. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Pamela Wye—Paintings, drawings, and collages that use cartoonlike invented shapes and forms to create narratives involving sexuality, fantasy, and morbidity; through 3/25. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Rande Bark—Lush abstract paintings built up with layers of color and gesture; through 3/18. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Alighiero e Boetti/Richard Long—Works by both artists that have never been exhibited in the United States, including Boetti's silk embroidery of 1982 *The Thousand Longest Rivers in the World* (which had its debut in Documenta 7, Kassel) and Long's *Som-*

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of Tanya Bonakdar Gallery.

erset Willow Line, a site-specific sculpture of 608 willow branches; through 4/29. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Jonathan Borofsky—A selection of drawings and sculpture made between 1969 and 1994; 3/3–4/1. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Gregory Crewdson—Color photographs of the artist's own natural-history dioramas that portray an ecologically damaged world; through 3/25. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Michael De Jong/Gary Schneider New paintings/Photographic portraits. Through 3/18. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Lawrence Fane—Recent wood sculptures; through 3/18. Bace, 39 Wooster St. (219-0959).

Aaron Fink/Peter Hristoff—New large-scale paintings that depict an overscale object as a central image./New works on paper. Through 3/28. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

T'ang Haiwen/John Eichelberger—Though the works on paper by this Chinese-born artist (1929–1991) suggest art-informel and action painting, they are grounded in calligraphy, landscape painting, and Taoist philosophy/Paintings that depict fragments of urban landscapes. Through 3/18. Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (925--5157).

Pello Irazu/Robert Smithson—New wood sculptures./Photographs. Through 3/18. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Alan Kleiman—The artist emphasizes depth in his monochromatic paintings by carving delicate patterns of lines into their surfaces; 3/2–4/1. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Charles Long—Sculptures constructed from pink modeling clay, tables, and chairs into which headphones are plugged to access audio works by the pop group Stereolab; through 3/25. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

John Miller—A series of photographs shot in the early afternoon in Berlin, Frankfurt, Bremen, New York, Los Angeles, New Jersey, and Vermont; through 4/2. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Jürg Moser/Charles Luce—Paintings and sculpture that explore the area in between a specific object and its shadow./A 35-foot-long painted scroll relating to the artist's "World River Project." Through 3/18. Tz'Art & Co., 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Heinrich Anton Muller—Delicate drawings of plants and animals and photographs of kinetic found-object "machines" by this Swiss Outsider artist who spent most of his adult life as a patient at the Münsingen Asylum for the Mentally Ill near Bern; through 4/1. The Swiss Institute New York, 495 Broadway (925-2035).

Susan Norrie—A new group of paintings that use the concept of the island and sea literally and metaphorically; inspired by Michelangelo Antonioni's film *LAvventura,* about a woman missing on an island; through 3/15. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Tom Otterness—Three separate groups of drawings and new figurative sculptures that utilize modular chain-link forms and are cast in aluminum, bronze, or carbon steel; through 3/25. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Peter Phillips—The artist's roots in British Pop Art inform these recent paintings and collages combining enigmatic color fields with fragments of half-discernible motifs; 3/4–25. Lewin, 136 Prince St. (431-4750).

Jack Pospisil—Sculptures in cast iron, paper, beeswax, carbon, and drywall screws that refer to forms from anatomy and nature; 3/2–4/1. Black + Greenberg, 79 Grand St. (431-1670).

David Reed—In order to suggest the intimate relationship a viewer can have with his paintings, the artist has displayed his new gestural abstract paintings in his own video-and-installation re-creation of Scottie's bedroom from the Hitchcock film *Vertigo;* through 3/19. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Jeffrey Saldinger—Self-portraits in oil on linen that depict the artist with various facial expressions, from the unflattering to the comical; through 3/18. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Randy Shull—Whimsical furniture works that draws on southern folk art; through 4/1. Franklin Parrasch, 588 Broadway (925-7090).

Ray Smith—Portraits of American writers painted on canvas and on wood panels; through 3/18. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Richard Smith—Recent large-scale paintings in which grids are intersected by geometric shapes; through 3/18. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300)

John Zinsser—The artist's latest paintings continue to explore the physicality of paint, the tools of application, and the structure of a painting; 3/1–25. Stark, 594 Broadway (925-4484).

Other

Ian Phillips—Paintings that depict unsettling scenes of childhood games played by expressionless figures; 3/2–4/2. Lannon, 530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Contemporary Landscape: Topography and Landscape," with paintings, works on paper, and photography by Berlind, Blondes, Duesberry, Hannock, Innerst, Santlofer, Zwack, others; through 3/25.

57th Street Area

ACA—41 E. 57th St. (644-8300). Paintings by artists who have found their inspiration in New York and its people, among them Isabel Bishop, Rackstraw Downes, Richard Estes, Louis Lozowick, Reginald Marsh, others; through 3/25.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Neo-Dada: Redefining Art 1958–1962"; through 3/18.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "Common Ground Uncommon Vision: The Michael and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art"; through 4/14.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). An exhibit of works made between 1910 and 1970 by African-American artists, which will travel to the Long Beach Museum of Art, Long Beach, California; through 4/8.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). Paintings, watercolors, and pastels made by American artists between 1870 and 1930; through 4/15.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-1434). Works by Raimund Kummer and Osvaldo Romberg; through 4/6.

Bravin Post Lee—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). Sculpture, paintings, and videos that explore peculiar interminglings of illusion and actuality, by De Reus, Gallaccio, Steinkampf, Umberg; through 3/18.

Cavin-Morris—560 Broadway (226-3768). "Pure," with nature-derived paintings by Amenoff, Goodman, Green, Rutenberg, Serl, Zansky, Zemankova; through 3/18.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Endurance" looks at the work of twentieth-century visual and performance artists whose works test the physical, mental, and spiritual endurance of the body, among them Vito Acconci, Chris Burden, Bob Flanagan and Sheree Rose, Kim Jones, Charlotte Moorman, Bruce Nauman, and others; through 4/8.

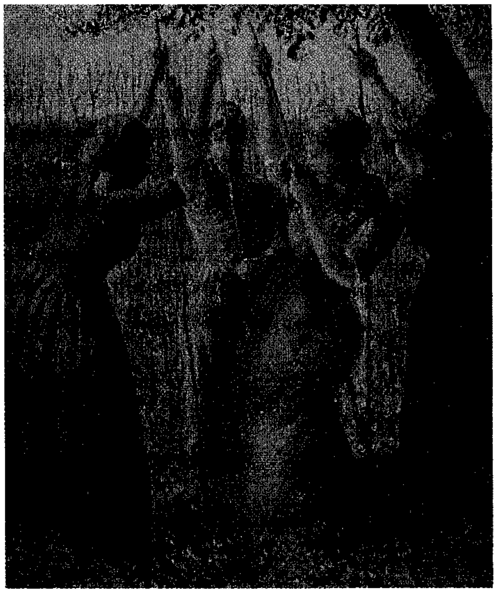
Gorney—100 Greene St. (966-4480). Photographs by Eadweard Muybridge, multi-panel photo work by Michael Snow, and floor and shelf sculptures by Haim Steinbach; through 3/18.

Henry Street Settlement—466 Grand St. (598-0400). Pieces by five contemporary artists who have been working in New York City schools as part of the Touchstone program, and by children participating

Retrospective

A Fresh Pissarro

Placed side by side with his more flamboyant fellow Impressionists, Camille Pissarro was the serious one. Hardworking—he was the only painter to exhibit in all eight of the official Impressionist exhibitions held between 1874 and 1886—generous to a fault, a happily married family man, and a marvelous teacher, he spent most of his career painting in the French countryside, not in style-swayed Paris. His relentless criticism of his own achievements accorded him an almost cultish following among his peers and younger painters. But in "Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator," at the Jewish Museum through July 17, the artist also emerges as perhaps the most paradoxical of the Impressionists, a painter who stuck firmly to the early tenets of that movement (along with Degas, Monet, and Cézanne) yet risked his reputation exploring the scientific color theories of Seurat and Signac. And as a group of portraits of his family reveals, Pissarro was not just a landscapist but a profoundly private man who kept his most personal work for those closest to him.



According to Joachim Pissarro, a great-grandson of the artist and co-curator of the exhibit, the seeds of his anarchism and atheism (he was raised as a Jew but later denounced all forms of religion) were planted during his childhood in St. Thomas, which was blighted by the scandal of his parents' union—his father married the widow of his mother's brother, and the elders of the synagogue refused to recognize their marriage until several years later. When Pissarro was 30, his parents opposed his own marriage, to one of the family's servants. Perhaps the most compelling evidence of Pissarro's ability to break with the past—artistically and otherwise—is that, though he was considered one of the most prolific letter writers in the history of modern art, not a single letter from the first 35 years of his life survives.

Edith Newhall

Photograph courtesy of the Jewish Museum.

in it; through 4/7.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings, photographs, and sculpture that depict New York's Wall Street area, by Gallagher, Haas, Kosloff, Saville, Wilks, others; through 4/15.

Karg/Baer—100 Greene St. (334-0436), by appointment only. Works by Acconci, Antoni, Barney, Burden, Gilbert & George, Kustera, Mendieta, Nauman, Rainer, Ray, Schneeman, Wilke; through 4/14.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Passionate Attitudes," a camera obscura installation by Ellen Driscoll that takes its inspiration from the work of the nineteenth-century neurophysiologist J. M. Charcot, who conducted research and experiments on female patients sufferring from hysteria; "Garbage!," with works by Arman, Bickerton, Chin, Cranston, Dwyer, Haacke, Kaprow, Oldenburg, Tirvanija Ukeles, and other artists whose works have been inspired by garbage; through 4/8.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). Works that challenge the practice and theory of Minimalism as reductivism, by Civera, Gitlin, Matzko, Mangold, Rocha, Westfall; through 3/31.

Other

Storefront for Art and Architecture—97 Kenmare St. (431-5795). "Warchitecture–Sarajevo: A Wounded City," a multimedia exhibition documenting the destruction of architecture in Sarajevo; through 3/18.

Photography

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—The Mexican photographer's nudes in platinum/palladium and silver-gelatin prints from the thirties to the present; through 3/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Ted Croner—Black-and-white photographs of New York City scenes taken between 1947 and 1952, among them his nightime photographs of moving cars; 3/2–4/8. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). Photographs taken in 1936 by the masters of photography working in that year; small contact prints by Jacques-Henri Lartigue taken toward the end of his life; 3/2–4/8.

Alain Fleischer—Conceptual sculpture installations, a video-projection piece, and large-format photographs; through 3/18. Baum, 588 Broadway (219-9854).

Nan Goldin—New photographs made over the past two years during visits to Tokyo, Berlin, and Salzburg, and screenings of *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency* (screenings take place Thurs. through Sun. at 1, 3, and 5); through 4/16. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455). Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Dorothea Lange: American Photographs"; "The East Side Story: L.A. Gangs, Photographs by Joseph Rodriguez"; 3/3–4/30.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Workers, An Archeology of the Industrial Age—Photographs by Sebastião Salgado"; through 5/26.

Joel Meyerowitz—Photographs taken in St. Louis; New York City; Atlanta; and St. Petersburg, Russia, from his recent book, *The Nature of Cities;* 3/2–4/8. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Richard Misrach—Photographs that continue the artist's investigation of man's intervention in nature, including works from the series "Desert Canto XV: The Salt Flats" and "Desert Canto XII: Clouds (Non-Equivalents)"; through 3/18. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Genevieve Naylor—A survey of works by this photographer who worked in fashion and photojournalism and covered the Korean War for *Look* magazine; through 3/19. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Naomi Savage—Portraits of composers and musicians taken in 1949, when the photographer was studying at Bennington College, and other photographs from the past five decades, some of which are printed on metal foil and etched onto metal plates; 3/2–4/1. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Victor Schrager/Jungjin Lee—These photographs of different bird species recall works by John James Audubon./Triptychs that depict images of the American desert interrupted by the artist's own hands, feet, limbs, and torso, composed of hand-applied photographic emulsion on handmade rice paper. Through 3/25. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Ben Shahn—An exhibit concentrating on the painter's photographic works, including images documenting the effects of the Great Depression in New York and the rural South and Midwest, the Alfred Dreyfus affair, and the Sacco-and-Vanzetti case; through 3/25. Hunter College, 695 Park Ave. (772-4068).

Stellweg—87 E. Houston St. (431-5556). Recent works by eight Mexican photographers, many of whom choose the body, either their own or that of a model, as a site for psychological rumination; through 3/25.

Alex Webb/Maggie Steber—Photographs of Haiti by both; through 4/5. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Museums

Alternative Museum—Paintings by the Chilean artist Jaime Palacios, whose works use archetypal symbols to express the relationship of man to earth, nature, and the rest of mankind; an installation by Gerda Meyer Bernstein; large-scale drawings by Marina Guttierrez. Through 4/8. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6.

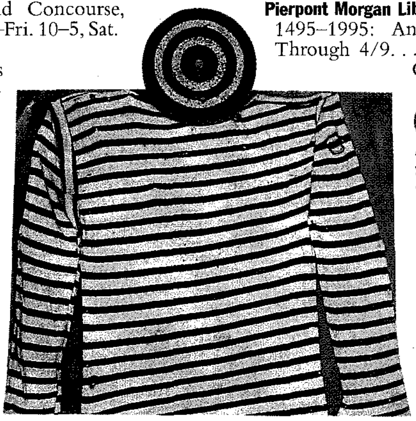
American Craft Museum—40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Images of Power: Balinese Paintings." Through 5/3. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." Through 6/18. 725 Park Ave. (517-8315); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Division of Labor: 'Women's Work' in Contemporary Art." Works by Judy Chicago, Oliver Herring, Joyce Kozloff, Charles LeDray, Faith Ringgold, and others that derive from domestic traditions historically seen as women's work. Through 6/11. . . . "The Path to Memory: An Installation by Gladys Triana." Through 6/11. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2.

Brooklyn Museum—"Thomas Cole: Landscape Into History." More than 60 paintings by the father of the Hudson River School. Through 4/2. . . . "Grand Reserves: Rediscoveries and Recent Acquisitions at the Brooklyn Museum." Through 3/26. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation". Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.



On View The term *neo-Dada* was coined in the fifties to describe everything from *Nouveau Réalisme* to Fluxus to happenings. Its iconoclastic practitioners—John Cage, Allan Kaprow, Alison Knowles, Niki de Saint Phalle (at left, her *Dart Portrait*), and others—come together in "Neo-Dada: Redefining Art, 1958–62," at the Equitable Gallery, 787 Seventh Avenue.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Elaine Lustig Cohen: A Modern Graphic Designer." Through 5/23. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, The Last Supper Paintings." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Worlds Envisioned." Through 6/18. . . . "James Coleman, Projected Images: 1972–1994." Through 3/12. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Narelle Jubelin: Soft Shoulder." Mixed-media works by an Australian artist that address the effects of international commerce and travel on local culture; through 3/11. New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (998-6780).

Guggenheim Museum— "Ross Bleckner." 3/3– 5/14. . . . "Felix Gonzalez-Torres." 3/3–5/10. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antoni Tàpies." The first large-scale exhibition of the Spanish artist's paintings to appear in the United States since 1977, with works dating from 1946 through 1991. Through 4/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." A retrospective tracing his artistic career from his early works made on the Caribbean island of St. Thomas through the last years of his life. Through 7/16. . . . "Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." Through 3/5. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"R.B. Kitaj: A Retrospective." Paintings by the American-born artist, who has lived in England for more than three decades and whose themes include his years as a merchant seaman, the history of film, and his Jewish heritage. Through 5/14. . . . "I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin." An exhibition of paintings by the black folk artist (1886–1946) that was organized by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Through 4/30. . . . "Princely Patrons: Three Royal Persian Manuscripts on The Metro politan Museum of Art"; 3/4–6/4. . . . "Ancient Peruvian Mantles, The Early Works." Through 4/14. . . . "American Still Life: 1915–1950." Works from the museum's own collections of American art. Through 4/30. . . . "French Prints From the Bibliothèque Nationale." Through 3/19. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical World." Through 3/26. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Aldine Press 1495–1995: An American Homage." Through 4/9. . . . "The Collector's Eye: Gifts From the Collection of Julia Parker Wightman." Through 4/2. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Visionary Art of Minnie Evans." Paintings and drawings spanning the years 1935 to 1981 by this self-taught artist from North Carolina whose mandalalike images of surreal creatures, multiple eyes, and beautiful women's faces were inspired by visions from her dreams. Through 4/2. 2 Lincoln Sq. (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Bruce Nauman." 3/5–5/23. . . . "Kandinsky: Compositions." The Russian artist's monumental "Composition" paintings and related works on paper executed between 1910 and 1939. Through 4/25. . . . "Jacob Lawrence: The

Photograph courtesy of the Equitable Gallery.

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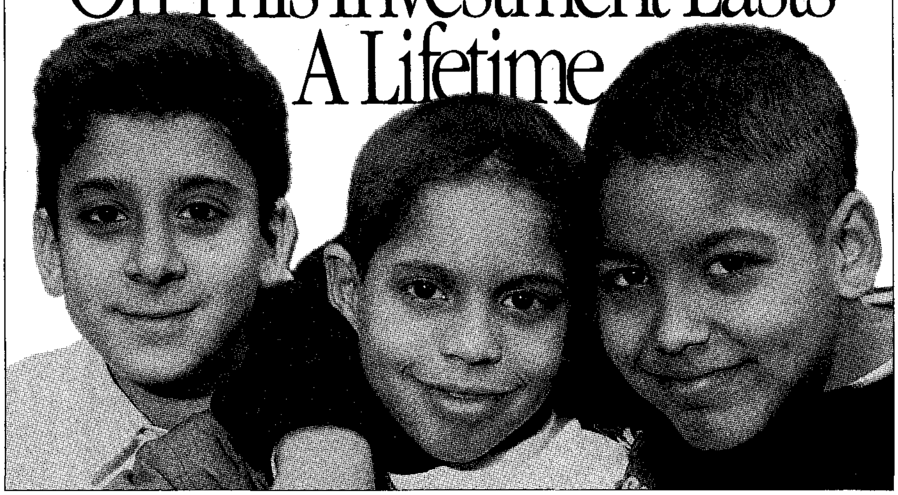


Migration Series." The epic 60-panel work that depicts African-Americans' post–World War I flight from the rural South to the industrial cities of the North. Through 4/11. . . . "Projects: Nancy Rubins." Through 3/14. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." Through 5/9. . . . "American Sculptors on Paper: A Selection From the 1960s." Through 6/13. "Recent Acquisitions: Photography." Through 4/11. . . . "Semblances." Prints depicting portraits and various other representations of human subjects, by Tony Bevan, Chuck Close, Martin Kippenberger, and others. Through 5/9. . . . "Typography and the Poster." Through 6/4. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

El Museo del Barrio—"Art of the Other México: Sources and Meanings." Through 3/5. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Photographs by Jacob Riis, who documented New York's poor and homeless in the late-nineteenth century, and by the contemporary photographers Martine Barrat, Fred Conrad, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, and Jeffrey Scales. Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"170th Annual Exhibition." Through 4/2.1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. to 8); free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Andres Serrano: Works 1983–1993." Through 4/9. . . . "Valeska Soares: Discontinuous Teasers." Through 4/9. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed.–Fri. and Sun. noon–6, Sat. 12–8; $4, $3 artists, seniors, students.

New York Public Library—"La Fontaine." An exhibit of the French poet's books of fables, comedies, librettos for operas, and other works. Through 4/15 . . . . "Lawrence Weiner: Books and Other Printed Matter." Through 4/8. . . . "Peter Koch, Printer." Through 3/28. . . . "e e cummings @100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Sam Gilliam: Recent Monoprints." Through 5/14. . . . "Emma Amos: Paintings and Prints, 1982–1992." Through 5/14. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Queens Museum of Art—"Common Ground/Uncommon Vision: The Michael and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art." Through 4/9. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat.–Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through 3/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through 3/12. 945. Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris—"Jacob Lawrence: The War Series." Through 3/31. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 3/8 at 2: "European & Oriental Carpets." On view from 3/4.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 3/2 at 1: "Antiques & Souvenirs of the Grand Tour." On view from 2/25.

Doyle—175 E. 78th St. (427-2730). 3/1 and 3/2 at 1: "Military Miniatures and Lead Soldiers From the Collection of Nicholas Zabriskie, Jr.." On view from 2/25.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). Next auction on 3/9.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 3/2 at 10:30: "Early Printed Books." On view from 2/25.

in concert

Country Meets Classical…*Between Two Worlds*

Preview

Chant, Eastern Style

Ring in the Tibetan New Year with a performance by the who will perform sonorous, quietly moving Tibetan Buddhist chanting in a sacred ceremony of ancient Tantric intonation. At Town Hall, March 2 at 8; $10–$35. Call 840-2824.

Classical Music

Monday, February 27

Anderson String Quartet—Performs Alvin Singleton's new piece *Somehow We Can,* Shostakovich, and Mozart. Benefits the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (722-6226), at 8; $75–$1,000.

Paquito D'Rivera and Pablo Zinger—The clarinetist and pianist, with cellist Gustavo Tavares and soprano Brenda Feliciano, perform Andrés Alén, Carlos Guastavino, Piazzolla, and others. Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850), at 8; $20.

Tuesday, February 28

Musica Sacra Chorus—A special benefit performance for the chorus, with guests Dave Brubeck, Peter Schickele, and others. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (874-3104), at 8; $20–$40.

Tomohiro Okumura—The 1993 International Violin Award–winner performs Veracini, Bartók, and others with the Mosaic String Quartet. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15.

Paquito D'Rivera and Pablo Zinger—See 2/27.

Wednesday, March 1

Kathleen Battle and Thomas Hampson—John Nelson conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's performing Mozart to Bernstein. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$50.

Yoshie Kubota—The pianist performs Chopin and others. Federal Hall, 26 Wall Street (866-2086), at 12:30; free.

Tokyo String Quartet—Performs Beethoven string quartets. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$30.

Thursday, March 2

Concordia Orchestra—Conductor Marin Alsop leads guest fiddler Mark O'Connor and the orchestra in an evening of "Country Meets Classical," highlighted by the New York premiere of the Fiddle Concerto for Violin and Orchestra. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $25–$35.

Noonday Concert Series—A performance by soprano Mary Deyerle and pianist Martha Wade of Verdi, Gluck, and others. Trinity Church/St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. (602-0747), at noon; $2.

Friday, March 3

Vienna Philharmonic—Only New York appearance. Sir George Solti conducts Wagner, Strauss, and Beethoven. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25–$135.

Lara Downes—The pianist performs Bartók, Schumann, and others in a benefit for breast cancer research. Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $45.

Saturday, March 4

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducts; with soprano Korliss Uecker and violinist Mela Tenenbaum. Performs Klebanov and others. Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 7; $15.

Vienna Philharmonic—See 2/3. Program includes Stravinsky and Tchaikovsky. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25–$135.

Francis Heilbut—The pianist performs an all-Mozart concert. Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St., at 2; $2.

Yolanda Kondonassis—The harpist makes her New York recital debut with a program highlighted by the world premiere of Donald Erb's *Sonata,* written for her. 92nd St.Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $15.

Sunday, March 5

Chamber Music Society—Joined by Dawn Upshaw for the New York premiere of Jon Harbison's *Between Two Worlds,* as well as performing Villa-Lobos and Schumann. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 5; $18–$28.

I Solisti Veneti—Conducted by Claudio Scimone, with flutist Paula Robison. Performs Rossini, Pasculli, and others. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$30.

Vladimir Spivakov—The violinist, along with pianist Sergei Bezrodny, performs Pärt, Schnittke, and others. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $20–$35.

Vienna Philharmonic—See 2/3. Program includes Stravinsky and Beethoven. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $25–$135.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

Amato Opera—3/4 at 7:30 and 3/5 at 2:30: Giordano's *Andrea Chénier.* Amato Opera House, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $18.

Kirov Opera of St. Petersburg—Performs Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh* on 2/28 at 7, 3/1 at 7, 3/4 at 1, and 3/5 at 2. BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $25–$150.

Metropolitan Opera—2/27 at 8: Puccini's *Turandot.* 2/28, 3/3, and 3/6 at 8: Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra.* 3/1 at 7:30 and 3/4 at 1:30: Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier.* 3/2 at 8: Verdi's *La Traviata.* 3/4 at 8: Puccini's *La Bohème.* Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $22–$110.

New York City Opera—3/3 and 3/7 at 8: Puccini's *La Rondine.* 3/4 at 1:30: Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro.* 3/4 and 3/8 at 8: Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* 3/5 at 1:30: Bizet's *Carmen.* New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza. (870-5570); $15–$63.

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducts Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Tsar's Bride.* Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $19–$80.

Dance

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—2/28–3/5: The company's first performance in New York since Hawkins's death in November presents highlights from the choreographer's career. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $27.

Saeko Ichinohe and Company—3/1 and 3/2 at 8: The world premiere of *The Tale of Genj,* which explores Heian culture through contemporary dance. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $20.

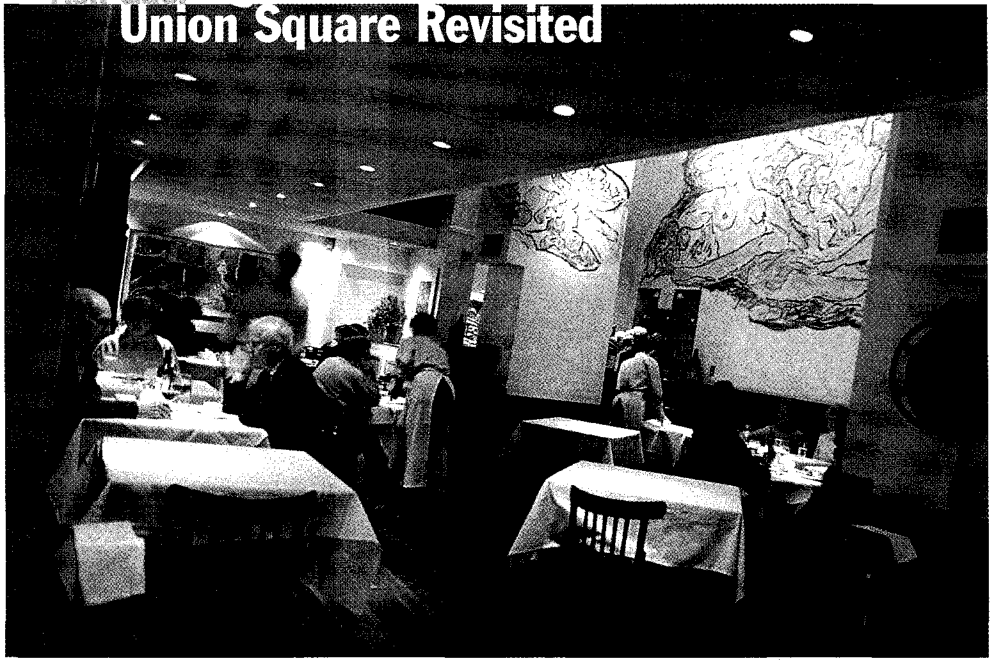
Klixbüll Dance Company—3/3 and 3/4 at 8; 3/5 at 2 and 7: *Pulse,* a work by Danish choreographer Louise Klixbüll. Theatre of the Riverside Church, 120th St. and Riverside Drive (924-0077); $12.

restaurant

Jerked Chicken...Coca-Cola Cake...Union Squa

Ask Gael

Union Square Revisited



I'm not in the mood to gamble—give me a sure thing.

It was a blustery night, so we ducked into the nearest doorway—just happened to be Union Square Cafe. Throwing cardiovascular caution to the winds, I fell in thrall all over again to porcini gnocchi with prosciutto, shiitake and Swiss chard in parmigiana cream, and rich-as-Croesus creamy polenta with wild mushrooms, white-truffle oil, and tangy Robiola cheese. Wednesday night's special roast suckling pig compounded the madness. And sensational pineapple custard cake with walnut praline sent us reeling out into the storm. Cozy and candlelit, with a cracker-jack crew, Union Square is never a risk. At 21 East 16th Street.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. *152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' Connecticut farm, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he has given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course menu dégustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., bet. Hudson and Greenwich Sts. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Can—Pole position on SoHo's main drag. Inventive French-Vietnamese cuisine in an elegant, minimalistic dining room. *482 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-6333). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. Ironing-board tables in the booths that line the east wall, and tile floors. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fraunces Tavern Restaurant—A landmark pub with a museum upstairs that's a must for your historically minded out-of-town friends. *54 Pearl St., nr. Broad St. (269-0144). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host-owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Center, on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, off White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., bet. Sullivan and Thompson Sts. (966-3518). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vegetarian Paradise—Vegetarian Chinese cuisine with a new menu. Completely vegan. The mood, like the walls, is pink. Predictably, there's no smoking allowed. *33 Mott St. (406-6988). (I) ($)*

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Contemporary American dishes: crispy-noodle-wrapped shrimp, wood-oven- braised lamb shank with herb gnocchi, spit-roasted monkfish

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

with lobster-potato home fries. *90 Prince St., bet. Broadway and Mercer St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zutto—Japanese in a Zen-like setting of mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. *77 Hudson St., nr. Harrison St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare, served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant Frenchish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, promenade level (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—A hangar-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the Peking, Ambrose, and Waverley, moored along the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, promenade level (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by the magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beers, and televised sports. *Pier 17, promenade level (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17, second floor (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the eponymous builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, second floor (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. *14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-baby). (M) AE only.*

5 & 10 No Exaggeration—Come in for some southern cooking and leave with some antique bric-a-brac—or an armoire. This wonderfully cluttered restaurant doubles as a collectibles shop. *77 Greene St. (925-7414). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. *387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)*

Haveli—A standout on a block so thick with Indian restaurants that you lose track of where you've been unless there's something pretty special going on. *100 Second Ave., at 6th St. (982-0533). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse decorated with vintage posters—Hirschfelds, copies of the Saturday Evening Post—and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good pub food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-bark). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cafe Melville—This exposed-brick West Village café is cozy and comfortable without being claustrophobic. *110 Barrow St., at Washington St. (924-0110). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-0890). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Eclectic—Traditional American food with a hint of Provence, served in the most romantic of settings. Bring a date. *38-40 Carmine St. (807-1939). (IU) AE, TM.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. *546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steakhouse even if you're blocks away from the city's meat market: Just look for the larger-than-life cow on the façade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. There's a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. *56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.*

Panchitos—Broken-marble-and-granite floors lend an understated elegance to this well-worn Mexican hang. Don't bother asking for Cuervo Gold in your Margarita; it's already in there. *105 MacDougal St. (473-5239). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Intimate and rustic Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Pesce Pasta—Good old Italian comfort food. The attraction of this spot? Specialties that include lots of fish dishes and a casual dining room with a well-worn feel. *262 Bleecker St. (645-2993). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zinno—An unexpected coupling of Northern Italian fare and live jazz. Sets end early, so you can catch a few and relieve the baby-sitter at a reasonable hour. *126 W. 13th St., nr. Sixth Ave. (924-5182). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zutto—Japanese in a Zen-like setting, with mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. *77 Hudson St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a restaurant strictly to American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. *488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark brick pub always pleases. *156 E. 34th St., nr. Lexington Ave. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. *485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (366-4020). (M) AE, MC, V.*

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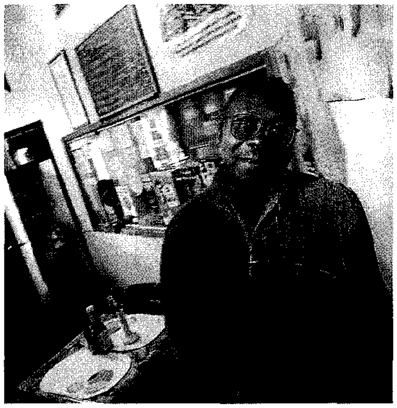
Restaurants

A Bronx Tale

"When the recession hit, I had to do something to feed my family," recalls Harry Sinclair, who emigrated from Montego Bay, Jamaica, fifteen years ago and worked as a plumber before losing his job and opening Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant (1296 East Gun Hill Road, at Burke and Wilson Avenues, Bronx) in 1991. "People said, 'You crazy. What you know about restaurants?' When I bought the first pot to cook the peas and rice, I said, 'How we going to manage all this?' Now that pot looks small. We cook peas and rice 50 pounds at a time."



According to Sinclair, real jerked chicken like this has to marinate in soy sauce and spices for at least a week before it is slow-grilled over charcoal. Nutmeg mellows the riotous mix of scotch bonnet and black pepper, pimento, garlic powder, paprika, scallions, and thyme. "Ginger goes in all our food, too," Sinclair adds. "Some people's stomachs can't handle things like curry. Ginger fixes that."

Sinclair's loyal neighborhood following is buttressed, he says, by regular "I-95 customers" from Connecticut and New Jersey. His raggedy five-table dining room shouts island authenticity, right down to the plastic tablecloths, squeeze-bottle ketchup, and kinda-color TV. "We tried to emulate the real island place, not like a resort where everything is polished," he says. "Most people like to go into the mountains with the people when they go to Jamaica. That's what this place is like. And truthfully, when we opened I couldn't afford a fancy place."

Manny Howard

Christine's—Polish diner-café. Open late for simple peasant fare. Try the delicious, simple chicken and a zesty sauerkraut soup. *(I) 462 Second Ave., at 26th St. (779-2220). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Crystal Fountain—As the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room, with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business-and-tourist crowd. *Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. *323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., bet. 15th and 16th Sts. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC,* V.

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare, brought to you in a festive, high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day, warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pigalle—What it lacks in size, it more than makes up for with style and food. A bistro with a heavy French accent. *111 E. 29th St. (779-7830). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and an opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Secret Harbor Bistro—A neighborhood lunch crow from the outskirts of the fashion district. At dinner local residents with hotel guests stop in for generous portions of American food with an Italian accent. *303 Lexington Ave., at 37th St., in the Shelburn Murray Hill Hotel (447-7400). (M) AE, DC, MC,*

Steak Frites—Only a few places manage not to ge lost in this bustling intersection of restaurant rows A menu complete enough to hit the nail on th head and almost small enough to do everythin well. *9 E. 16th St. (463-7101). (M) AE, DC, MC,*

Stella del Mare—A surprisingly good hideaway fo fresh seafood and intimate settings. *346 Lexingto Ave., nr. 39th St. (687-4425). (M–E) AE, CB, DC DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scal dining rooms, and peerless café cuisine make thi one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this Eas River barge are what all the fuss is about. Th American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683 3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing bite or resting their weary feet for hours. America fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from th unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th S (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lola's—A lively front room gives way to a vast an airy back room, made surprisingly private by th

Photograph by Warren Salow

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centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theatre for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is—you guessed it—Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-themed café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with art that customers have drawn at the tables. *182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Zip City—Pub grub and award-winning microbrew to wash it down. Collegial—if collegiate—atmosphere. *3 W. 18th St. (366-6333). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. *100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café in the back, one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chiam Inn—Hong Kong–style Cantonese fare served in a spacious wood-paneled dining room. Be bold. The menu will reward you. *160 E. 48th St. (371-2323). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Christ Cella—Sixty-nine years old and counting. This steakhouse is run by the third generation of the Cella family. The place specializes in steaks and lobster. A jacket and a tie are required. *160 E. 46th St. (697-2497) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term power lunch got its start in the seventies. The Pool Room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet, and those are hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. It's packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

iambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

a Mangeoire—A Cote D'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

espinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ontebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling environs to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

tabe—Customers are ministered to by personal chefs in the private teppan grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Shinbashi-An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to people watch and dance. Wednesdays through Saturdays, there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V*

Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. *34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 p.m. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—Impressive and old-world, this theater-district favorite has space, with a regal dining room and a romantic garden. Serving Northern Italian food. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come and find your ninas while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cafe Un, Deux, Trois—This casual French bistro has all the hustle and bustle of its Parisian cousins. Good, hearty regional food at moderate prices. *123 W. 44th St. (354-4148). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a post-modern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Because of its muraled walls and abundant greenery, many feel as if they're walking into a castle when they enter this Italian restaurant. But this is no monolithic Italian: Each week, a regional dish from a specific European country is served as the special. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

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Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse—all marble and pewter, with blazing chandeliers—and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th. St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American theme. Lots of steak and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. *307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Langan's—American food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during precurtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and surroundings. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

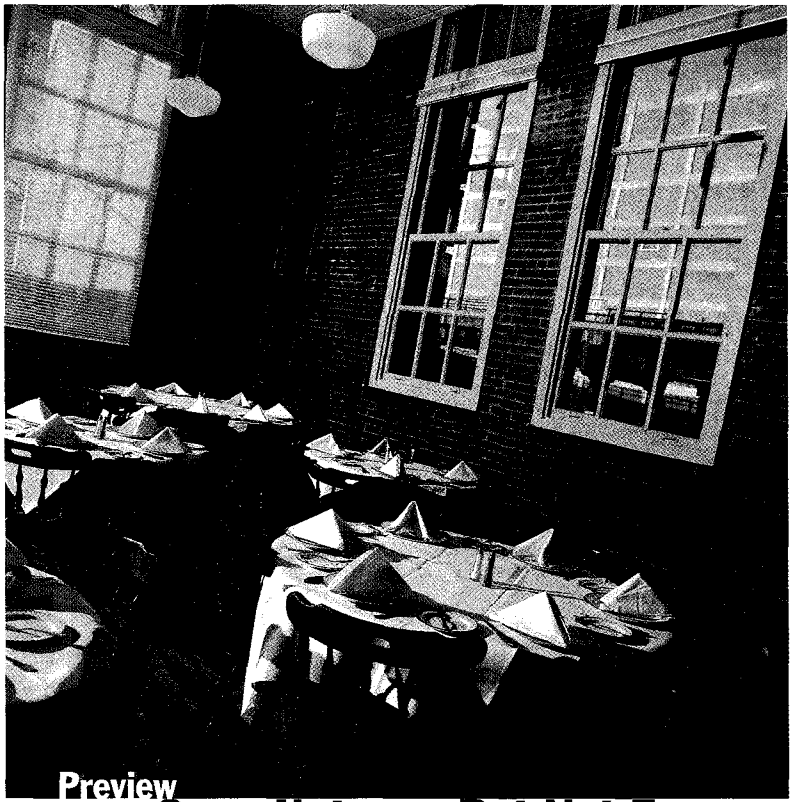
Le Patio—Tapas bar and light fare for hotel guests and after-work diners. *119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien (245-5000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro, reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Marlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. *328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Nakagawa—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. *7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Preview

Gone Uptown, But Not Far

Devastated by fire this fall, Frank's was a favorite haunt for exhausted meatpackers hungry for a steak dinner at the same hour the rest of the city was thinking about breakfast. It reopens one block north this week at 85 Tenth Avenue, at 15th Street, but—sadly—doesn't start serving until about noon.

Palio—Authentic Italian cuisine served in a formal atmosphere. The crowd is occasionally très international. Tourists and natives agree that the breadsticks are unreal. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Italian eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming; reliable and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

René Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean Michel Bergougnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting. The stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal. Near moma. *33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.*

Ruth's Chris Steak House—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st. St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sam's—Solid Continental food served up pub-style in the heart of the theater district. *263 W. 45 St. (719-5416). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. 1605 Broadway, at *49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room that's open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Top of the Sixes—A beautiful view and a restaurant to boot. Perched atop the office that houses Universal Pictures's offices. American-Continental food. 666 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., 39th floor (757-6662). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Trionfo—Good Italian food in a pleasant setting close to Broadway theaters. *224 W. 51st St. (262-6660). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger "21" has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces that wil make anyone feel welcome. *240 E. 58th St. (688 4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-egg monger. So a café was built and now serves th impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoke wild boar) *right on the premises. 502 Park Ave., n 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking second-story pastaria for slightly Americanize Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authorit Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't mis with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in th big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355 7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you b served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gi

Photograph by Steven Freeman

anni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. *112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at Central Park West (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bar Bat—They crowd five deep at the bar, stalking one another; young melting-pot faces with briefcases and the curious come to eat. *311 W. 57th St. (307-7228). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Taxi—Veteran restaurateur Pedro Iso has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. *37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. *Bloomingdale's, sixth floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Veau d'or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

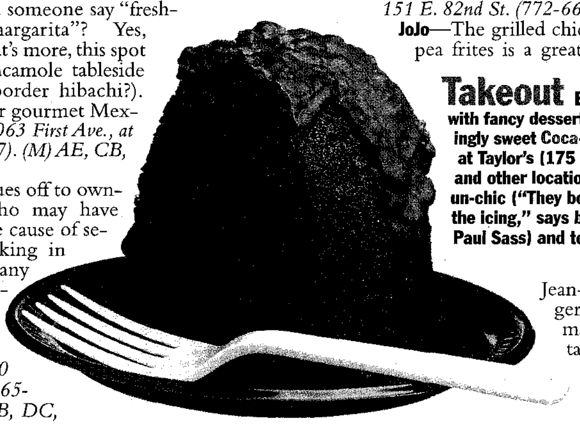
Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pierro's on the Park—Italian with a twist of art history. This parkside restaurant features art deco furnishings from the thirties: frosted glass, black lacquer, and original lighting. *150 Central Park So. (541-4090). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959) (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Above 60th Street, East Side

llexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. *140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

rizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theaters, within spitting distance of Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

he Boat House Cafe—Rent a rowboat or ride the Venetian gondola before or after dining at this glorious oasis in Central Park. This is the kind of Italian food found only in America, some of it pretty good. There's a new menu for grazers at the waterside bar. *Central Park nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Chopin—Very casual spot, often warm and candlelit. Featuring Eastern European fare—lots of roasts, goulash, and stuffed cabbage. With live piano music. *339 E. 75th St. (628-7171). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . mon cheri. And, sans blague, they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare; a people watcher's paradise. *768 Madison Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an *Upper East Side staple. 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850) (M) AE only.*

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; on this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. *50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. *1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475) (M) AE, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ferrie—Neighborhood hot spot. People-watching, but be prepared to get what you give at this bistro. *29 E. 65th St. (772-9000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. *151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Takeout **Enough already with fancy desserts: The overwhelmingly sweet Coca-Cola Bundt cake at Taylor's (175 Second Avenue, and other locations) is desperately un-chic ("They boil down soda for the icing," says bakery manager Paul Sass) and totally delightful.**

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls. *680 Madison Ave., at 61st st. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, haute fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and chef Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People

How deep must one dig to find the roots of the potato?

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hotograph by Steve Wisbauer.

Object of Desire

A Cheeky Winter Pasta

"You have to boil the meat for a long time before you braise it," says Pó's chef, Mario Batali, of his current winter special, beef-cheek ravioli. "But then it's falling-off-the-bone—or I guess I should say falling-off-the-face—tender."

keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. *1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. *1485 Second Ave., bet. 77th and 78th Sts. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare such as jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin too. Leave with a suntan. 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Moscow on the Hudson—Authentic Russian fare. After that, there's live entertainment with music, dancing, and a live gypsy show. *803 Second Ave., at 93rd St. (534-4866). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze; but that figures, he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local haute-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. *840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tony Di Napoli's—Family-style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. *1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—The purveyor to the Japanese imperial family for 450 years, this teahouse offers an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. *200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. *73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fujiyama Mama—Look up "fine cuisine" in the yuppie handbook, and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among upper west siders. *467 Columbus Ave., bet. 82nd and 83rd Sts. (769-1144). (M) AE only.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the upper west side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dalí meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday-brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this popular, giant space seem cozy. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE ,DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink faux-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers'—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red-suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for spectacular views of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($)*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo wil tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. *178 Broadway, a Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($)*

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph' specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718 899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views, floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan Quiet and elegant. Complimentary ferry leave from Manhattan Tues.-Sat. 6–11 p.m. *44th Drive a the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC MC, V.*

Bronx

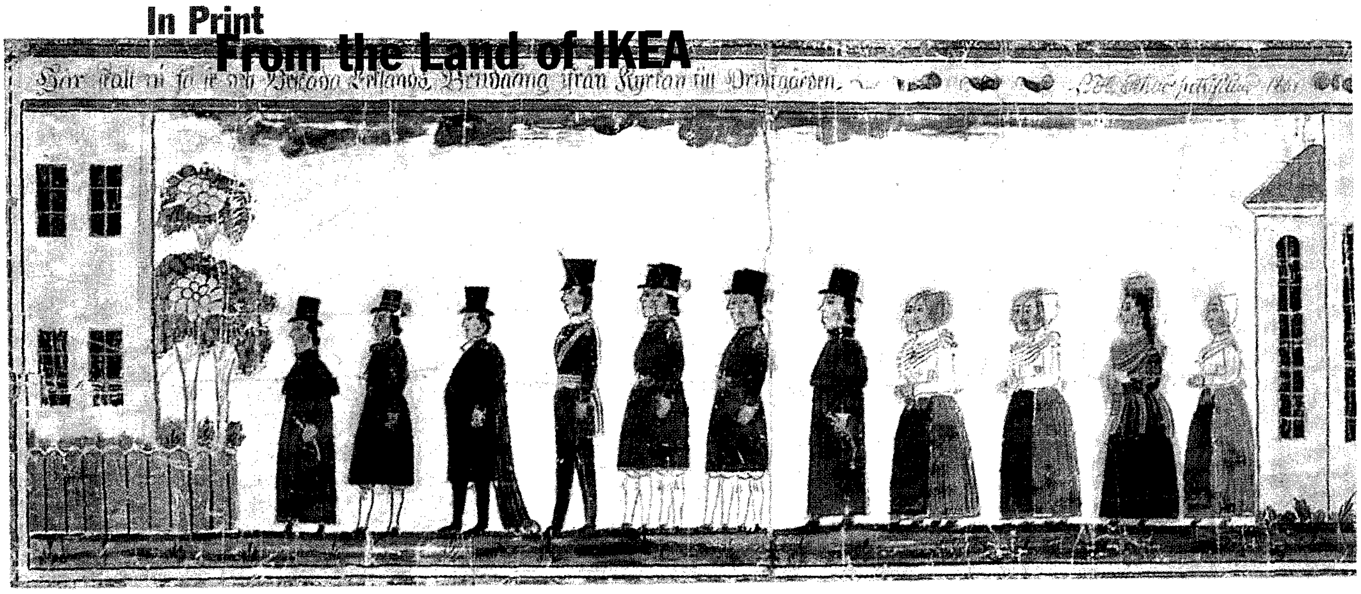
Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that peopl travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plasti tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicke and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 Whi Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367 (M) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Che

Worldly Cats...Facts and Fiction

In Print

From the Land of IKEA



In America, folk art has its curators, its collectors, its scholars. In Sweden, it is frequently dismissed as a simple peasant pastime. But in Swedish Folk Art, Barbro Klein and Mats Widbom gather splendid, long-ignored prints of mundane routines and ceremonial traditions (such as a nineteenth-century wedding procession, above), and in the process draw connections between this form and the best of twentieth-century Scandinavian design. (Abrams; $60.)

John Leonard's TV Notes

In **Great White Shark** (Wednesday, 3/1; 8 to 9 P.M.; NBC), *National Geographic* sends a "crittercam" underwater to watch Jaws at scary work, dismembering surfboards and elephant seals. Besides interesting chitchat on sharks as social animals and selective predators, and some fly-by irony (e.g., the first nation to declare the great white shark an endangered species was, of course, South Africa), there is almost as much metaphor as there is blood.

n **Two by Dove** ("Great Performances," Wednesday, 3/1; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), the "Dance in America" series introduces us to the freelance choreographer and two of his splendid ballets: *Vespers,* peformed by the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, celebrating his Deep South grandmother, and *Dancing on the Front Porch of Heaven,* performed by the Royal Swedish Ballet, mourning the many recent dead in his life. Oddly: for the black dancers, drums; for the white, bells.

host Bear ("Nature," Saturday, 3/4; 6:05 to 7:30 P.M.; Channel 13) goes to an island off the coast of British Columbia where, for reasons the program can only guess at, during the last 10,000 years or so, one out of every ten black bears is born white. There's a p.c. moral here. In addition to competing with gray wolves and bald eagles for the elusive salmon and the suspect grub, these "ghost" bears are picked on and discriminated against by their own black siblings.

ike a great white shark and a sad "ghost" bear, a busy Latin tenor gets gets starstruck treatment in the latest installment of the "American Masters" series, **Plácido Domingo: A Musical Life** (Wednesday, 3/15; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Channel 13). He talks, in Vienna, about Spain, Mexico, Tel Aviv, Renata Scotto, and God, as well as praying to San Blass, the patron of the throat. He sings, in London and New York, some Bizet and Mozart. And, all over the place, some Bellini, some Offenbach, some Meyereer, and some Wagner, not to mention "Perhaps Love" with John Denver.

Hart to Hart: Secrets of the Hart (Monday, 3/6; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) brings back, yet again, those shameless but indefatigable lovebirds Robert Wagner and Stefanie Powers, in a San Francisco caper-mystery that involves Jason Bateman, Marion Ross, Wendie Malick, and Pat Morita with gold coins, long-lost sisters, a wayward omelette, and the catering business. You will have noticed that I didn't mention Donald Trump. He shows up anyway.

Radio Highlights

"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"—3/5 at 1: Bizet's Symphony in C and Copland's *Music for the Theatre.* With comments by music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

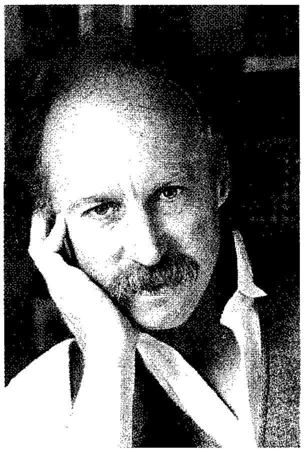
"Sunday Night Opera House"—3/5 at 8: Rossini's *La Cambiale di Matrimonio.* With Bruno Pratico, Alessandra Rossi, Maurizio Comencini, Bruno de Simone, and the English Chamber Orchestra. Marcello Viotti conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"The Poet's Voice"—The Unterberg Poetry Center and National Public Radio have joined forces to bring you archival recordings featuring some of the greatest poets of the twentieth century. The series, which is narrated by actress Blair Brown, will be broadcast this week at 10 P.M. on 3/4 on WNYC, 820 AM. The program will be rebroadcast the next day at 3:30 P.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"Live From Lincoln Center: Kathleen Battle and Thomas Hampson"—On 3/1 at 8, Battle and Hampson perform operatic works and selections from American musicals. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—2/27: Paine's *Oedipus Tyrannus* and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 in A. 2/28: Brahms's *Variations on a Theme by Haydn* and Carpenter's *Adventures in a Perambulator.* 3/1: Rossini's *The Barber of Seville:* Overture and Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 1 in E. 3/2: Smetana's *The Bartered Bride:* Overture and Dances, and Blitzstein's Piano Concerto. 3/3: Parry's Concertstuck in G and Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons.* 3/6: Tchaikovsky's *Marche Slave* and Sibelius's Symphony No. 1 in E. 3/7: Ravel's Piano Concerto in G and *Ma Mere l'Oye.* 3/8: C.P.E. Bach's Flute Concerto in G and Hovhaness's Symphony No. 2 and *Prayer for St. Gregory for Trumpet and String Orchestra.* 3/9: Wolf's *Italian Serenade, Penthesilea,* and *Scherzo and Finale for Orchestra.* Each weeknight at 8 (except for 3/1, when it airs at 7); WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"New York and Company"—2/27: Actor John Cleese on his new book, *Life and How to Survive It.* 2/28: British mystery writer Anne Perry on her latest book, *Traitors Gate.* 3/1: Bill Bryson on *Made in America* (an informal history of the English language in the United States). 3/2: Book reviewer Christopher Lehmann-Haupt on his first political thriller, *A Crooked Man*; journalist John Hess; Charles C. Mann and Mark L. Plummer on *Noah's Choice* (the future of endangered species). 3/3: *But is it Art?* contributor Elizabeth Hess; Mary Anne Staniszewski on *Believing is Seeing—What is Art, Actually?* 3/6: Gavan Daws on *Prisoners of the Japanese*; host Leonard Lopate's tenth anniversary is celebrated with vintage interviews with Pegeen Fitzgerald. 3/7: Sally Goodgold talks about what's going on at City Hall; Betty Comden talks about *Off Stage*; vintage interviews with cartoonists Matt Groening and Robert Mankoff. 3/8: Miep Gies, the last surviving helper of the Frank family and the woman responsible for saving *The Diary of a Young Girl*; William Maxwell on



Symposium

Fact and fiction can be an uneasy hybrid: the no-longer-New Journalism is subject to charges of hyperbole, the *roman à clef* to libel suits. The historical novel, however, has yielded some uncontroversially impressive results; Allan Gurganus (left), author of *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All*, discusses the genre with fellow writers on March 6. *92nd Street Y, at Lexington Avenue (996-1100), at 8; $10.*

All the Days and Nights (six decades of collected stories); vintage interviews with Charles Kuralt. Every day at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast—3/4 at 1:30: Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. With Mechthild Gessendorf, Anne Sofie von Otter, Heidi Grant Murphy, Stanford Olsen, and Gottfried Homik. James Levine conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

Various Artists *Golden Throats 3: Sweethearts of Rodeo Drive* (Rhino)—It's hard to follow the splash Rhino made with the first *Golden Throats*, a treasure trove of celebrity embarrassments that brought gems like William Shatner's "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds" and Sebastian Cabot's "Like a Rolling Stone" to national attention. *Throats 2* wasn't nearly as good (though Sammy Davis Jr.'s "Shaft" is a definite keeper) and now, on the third installment, Rhino resorts to a theme: country and western, Burbank style. You got your Slim Pickens, your Buddy Ebsen, your Jack Palance, all covering country standards with as little flair as you'd expect. Leonard Nimoy, *Golden Throats's* M.V.P., checks in with "I Walk the Line," as does Telly Savalas, and there are plenty of other limp efforts by the likes of Jim Nabors, Goldie Hawn, and Merv Griffin. The real currency of *Golden Throats* has always been true horror—gloriously misguided recording projects or Shatnerian hubris captured in the studio. And there's precious little of that here. Wink Martindale comes close with a funeral parlor–ish "Peace in the Valley," and Walter Brennan's haltingly spoken "Cool Water" does, powerfully if unintentionally, evoke a man dying of thirst. But the only real terror comes from Lorne Greene's "Ringo," a spaghetti western–ish vignette that the Ponderosa patriarch intones with a deep rumble—in French. Great as it is, it's hardly worth enduring John Davidson. (Chris Norris)

Leslie Howard *Liszt at the Opera, III* (Hyperion)—Lisztomania rocks on in the nineties. Lesley Howard, noted for championing overlooked Romantic piano works, is two thirds of the way through a truly Herculean task: the complete Franz Liszt, the largest collection ever undertaken by a single pianist. Here we find the British pianist ensconced in Liszt's opera works, in pianistic fantasies that the legendary composer wrought from the popular operas of the day. The writing is plenty creative, throwing dashes of *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* together with surprising harmonic twists, but, as with all work by this nineteenth-century rock star, they're about keyboard flash, designed to make the ladies swoon. Though no Horowitz, Howard commands some pretty serious chops and, as on all of his Liszt efforts thus far, he includes pieces that have never been played before, anywhere. This is an illuminating introduction to Liszt and, with over two and a half hours of piano daredevilry, it also provides a glimpse of a real piano-playing obsessive. Now ten years into it, Howard hopes to be done with Liszt by the beginning of the next century. (C.N.)

The Written Word

J.M. McDonnell—Reading from *Half-Crazy*, her first novel, on 3/7 at 7:30. Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave. (737-1450); free.

John Cleese—On 2/28 at 7:30, the actor reads from his new book, *Life and How to Survive It*. Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. (580-7800); free.

"Selected Shorts"—3/1 at 6:30: Myra Carter reads E. M. Broner's *Joking Around*; Charles Keating reads Thomas Hardy's *The Grave by the Handpost*; John Shea reads Steven Schwartz's *Madagascar*. Symphony Space, Broadway at 96th St. (864-5400); $14.

"The Poet Tree"—Sunday afternoon readings by poets. Jane's Cafe, 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-JANE), at 3; $6, plus $3 minimum purchase.

Lectures and Panels

"Biographers and Brunch: John Steinbeck"—Jay Parini, whose biography of Steinbeck will be published this spring, gives a lecture on *The Grapes of Wrath* author and then discusses him further with Elaine Steinbeck (literary executor of her husband's estate). 3/5 at 11 A.M., 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); the $15 ticket price includes a light brunch.

"Jason Epstein: Publishing Memories"—The vice-president and editorial director of Random House talks about his 35-year career in the publishing industry. Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008, ext. 347), 3/7 at 6; $10.

Charlie Rose Interviews John Cleese—The actor, author, and member of the *Monty Python* troupe talks to Rose on 3/1 at 8. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16.

"The Experience of Place: East Harlem"—Luis Aponte-Pares, associate professor at the College of Public and Community Service, University of Massachusetts, and Hettie Jordan-Villanova, an architectural educator, speak on the interrelationship between East Harlem's people and its built environment. Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St. (860-6321), 3/10 at 6; free.

"Ralph Nader: Then and Now"—Until *Unsafe at Any Speed* he was an obscure lawyer, but since then he has been regarded as the founder of the modern consumer movement. On 3/7 at 8, Nader talks about his various consumer agencies and the reform they have effected in automobile safety, the environment, the insurance business, nuclear power, household products, and government. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16.

Wendy Wasserstein and Forrest Sawyer Interview: Nicholas Hytner, Andre Bishop, John Guare—Hytner is the Tony-award-winning director of *Carousel;* Bishop is the artistic director of Lincoln Center Theatre, and Guare is the author of *Six Degrees of Separation*. 2/5 at 8, 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16.

"Sustainable Development: What Does That Mean for Business?"—Richard Barth, president, CEO, and chairman of the Ciba-Geigy Corporation, lectures on the subject and then discusses it further with Jim Kuhn of Columbia Business School. A wine-and-cheese reception follows. 3/7 at 4, Schapiro Auditorium, New Engineering Building, Columbia

Institution

So Long, Joffrey?

The Joffrey Ballet turns 40 next year, but it continues to be an icon of irrepressible youth. Its reputation as good entertainment for people who find American Ballet Theatre stodgy and the New York Ballet frosty or obscure comes from its effervescent dancing style and the with-it part of its repertoire—ballets set to rock or pop music and adventurous commissions from post-modernists like Twyla Tharp and Laura Dean. Well-founded rumors that this important company will abandon its New York base for Chicago, as reported in the *Times* last week, signal an alarming truth about the onetime dance capital of the world: It costs too much to live here.

*Performing in New York has never been a mon*eymaking proposition. Toe shoes cost sixty bucks a pair; mounting beloved storybook classics costs more than an Ivy League education; paying the modest salaries of a sizable corps de ballet—to say nothing of the stagehands—is a red-ink proposition.

The smaller guys are equally affected by the financial crunch. Major modern-dance institutions such as the Paul Taylor and Martha Graham troupes have made radical cuts—shortening their local seasons and dancing to canned music. Mark Morris, the finest talent of the rising generation, can't manage even brief seasons here; Twyla Tharp disbanded her company to work on a project-by-project basis, a canny strategy but one that can easily compromise her talent.

The Joffrey's Chicago plan—involving a merger with the less-established Ballet Chicago and the use of a new, modestly scaled theater—will depend on the sustained generosity of that city's culture-supporting plutocrats. Practically, it's a *fragile solution. Aesthetically, it's a dubious* one. Dance history shows us the necessity of a mecca—a single, cosmopolitan center that draws artists from far and wide and, by providing inspiration and competition, serves as a catalyst for their gifts. Decentralization may work to a point, but it's more likely to produce the insularity and banality of the merely regional.

Tobi Tobias

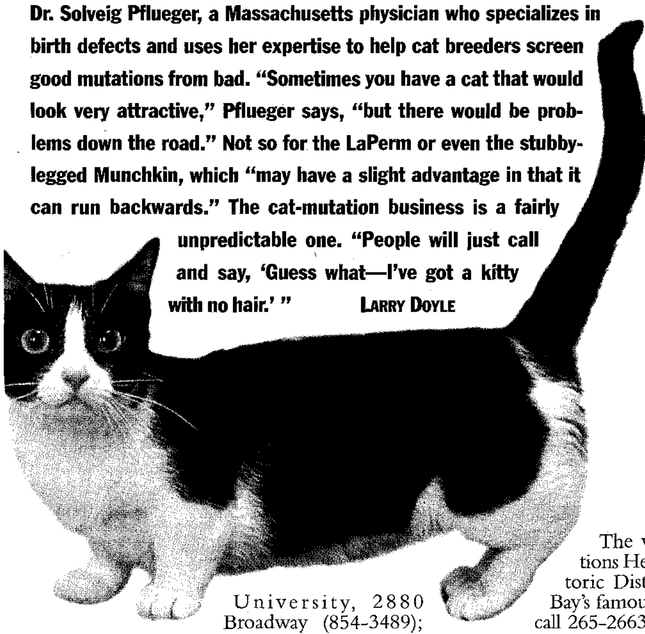
Photographs: top, Marion Ettlinger; bottom, Herbert Migdoll/Joffrey Balle

Happening

Good, Good Mutations

Of the 800 cats appearing at the International Cat Show in Madison Square Garden this week, only a few will be actual mutants. And only two will be exciting *new* mutations: LaPerm, an ultra-curly-haired cat that looks like what might happen if you threw a cat and a toaster into a bathtub; and the Munchkin, with half-length legs you could arrive at, as they say, in more than one way. These cats are not experimental mishaps but rather "spontaneous mutations," says Dr. Solveig Pflueger, a Massachusetts physician who specializes in birth defects and uses her expertise to help cat breeders screen good mutations from bad. "Sometimes you have a cat that would look very attractive," Pflueger says, "but there would be problems down the road." Not so for the LaPerm or even the stubby-legged Munchkin, which "may have a slight advantage in that it can run backwards." The cat-mutation business is a fairly unpredictable one. "People will just call and say, 'Guess what—I've got a kitty with no hair.' "

LARRY DOYLE



University, 2880 Broadway (854-3489); free.

"Race Relations: Healing or Division?"—On 2/5 at 8, Bill Tatum (publisher of the *Amsterdam News*), Judge Jerome Hornblass (a New York State Supreme Court Justice), Judge William Thompson (of the State Appellate Division), and Congressman Charles Rangel examine the question in a panel discussion moderated by attorney Shannon Taylor. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16.

"Trisha Brown: Breaking Ground"—Critic Deborah Jowitt interviews Brown about her creative vision, working habits, and current interests in dance. The talk is preceded by a video and followed by audience questions. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 3/6 at 8:15; $16.

Fairs and Festivals

lew York Flower Show—The Horticultural Society of New York presents "Gardens of the World," featuring a one-story-high Statue of Liberty created in topiary, a full-scale Australian Outback homestead (set in a eucalyptus grove and adjoining a rain forest of Tasmanian ferns), and an interactive children's garden. 3/2–3/5 on Piers 90 and 92, bet. 50th and 56th Sts. on the Hudson River. Call 914-421-3219 for additional information; $10.

Benefits

A Gala Evening with Robert Wilson"—The theater director returns to New York to preside over a performance of his work and an auction and dinner to benefit the Kitchen. Kitty Carlisle Hart, Sydney and Frances Lewis, Arthur Gelb, and Harvey Lichtenstein are the co-chairpeople. The items to be auctioned off include: a private holiday at the Lewises' oceanfront Virginia Beach house; lunch and a tour of Paris through the eyes of designer Andrée Putman; a personalized lullaby or song of celebration written and performed by Meredith Monk; a rehearsal alongside Philip Glass at Carnegie Hall; a personal portrait by Laurie Anderson in a range of possible media; a pair of color silk screens by Peter Halley; and a variety of contributions from Timothy Greenfield Sanders, Hermès, Dianne Benson, Jennifer Bartlett, Fred Schneider, Ilay Kabakov, and Robert Gober. 3/5 at 6, Hudson Theater, Hotel Macklowe, 145 W. 44th St. Call 255-5793 for information on tables, individual seats, and tickets. Tickets for the performance only are also available through TicketMaster (307-7171).

Tours

Turtle Bay—On 3/5, Adventure on a Shoestring leads a tour of this neighborhood in the East Forties, which was named after a cove in the East River reaching from about 45th to 49th Streets. Named either as a corruption of the Dutch word "deutal" (bent blade) or for sightings of abundant turtles in its waters, the place was the focal point of the 1863 draft riots and the home of Katharine Hepburn, Stephen Sondheim, Mary Martin, Tyrone Power, and Leopold Stokowski. The walk will pass the United Nations Headquarters, the Tudor City Historic District, and the homes of Turtle Bay's famous residents. The tour starts at 3; call 265-2663 for meeting place and further information; $5.

Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. Meet at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse on Wednesdays at 12:30. The tour is free, but donations are welcomed. Groups of more than five people should make private arrangements (call 935-3960 to do so).

Events

International Cat Show—The show celebrates its centennial competition at Madison Square Garden on 3/3–3/5. Eight hundred felines, rare and exotic purebreds, and ordinary household pets will participate in the eight-ring program; special "walk-in" contests will be open to the general public and its strictly amateur house pets. The Garden is located at Seventh Ave. and 33rd Street. For ticket and schedule information, call 465-6741. For entry information, call 718-855-1928.

Exhibitions

"Ladies Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"—Shopping in the 1880s has been re-created by the Museum of the City of New York. The area bounded by Union and Madison Squares from Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of New York's fashion and social worlds from the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Using objects and images drawn from the museum's own collection, the exhibition brings back the clothing, accessories, and ephemera of the area's department stores, shops, restaurants, and theaters. Among the articles on display: a shirt belonging to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at President Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little boy's suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, jewelry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. The museum is located at Fifth Ave. and 103rd St. (call 534-1672 for more information).

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Kids

Big-Top Tightropes...

Children's Events

Improvisational—**Freestyle Repertory Theatre** begins a six-week run of audience-directed improvisational performances. Competing teams impress a panel of judges in Theatresports, Saturdays at 8 and 10:30, and Mondays at 8. At Spontaneous Broadway, audience members help shape an instant musical, Fridays at 8 and Sundays at 3. The audience supplies a basic plot outline for Innovations, and the actors deliver a play. 3/3 to 4/8. John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (642-8202). $15.

Big Difference—An upbeat eco-show that mixes music and discussion, with songs by the multi-ethnic **"World Patrol Kids,"** ages 6 to 18. Suitable for children ages 3 to 10. 3/5, 3/12, 3/19, 3/26 at 3. The Duplex, 61 Christopher St. at 7th Ave. (662-8830). $5 for kids and one-drink minimum; $10 for adults and two-drink minimum.

"Mumbo Jumbo"—Dr. Terry's Mardi Gras Mambo Jambo is all about music and mask-making for the 6-and-under set. 2/4 and 2/5 at 1 and 3. **Children's Museum of Manhattan,** 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Free with $5 admission.

Big Top—**Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey's** self-proclaimed "Greatest Show on Earth" includes animal trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams, returned from retirement, and a motorbike act within a steel "globe of death," in which cyclists rev to speeds up to 60 miles per hour. 3/7 and 3/8 at 7:30; 3/9 and 3/10 at 10:30 and 7:30; 3/11 and 3/12 at 11, 3, and 7:30. At Byrne Meadowlands Arena, East Rutherford, New Jersey (201-935-3900). 3/15 at 7:30; 3/16 and 3/17 at 10:30 and 7:30; 3/18 and 3/19 at 11, 3, and 7:30; 3/20 and 3/21 at 7:30. At the Nassau Coliseum, 1255 Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale (516-794-9300). 3/23 through 4/30, sixty-four performances at Madison Square Garden, 2 Penn Plaza (465-6741); call for times. Ticket prices at all performances are $9.50 to $32.50.

Whaling—The largest mammals have a special fascination for the smallest humans. A family program at the **Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation** gets the two species together. Geared to children ages 5 to 8, the program features lectures, films, art activities, and songs. 3/5 at 10. Register. Boardwalk and W. 8th St. (718-265-3448). $18.50 for an adult and child.●

Frizzled—The Magic School Bus Inside the Earth Exhibit, based on the popular book and television series, takes kids into a volcano and through a mine shaft. Wave an ultraviolet wand to see which minerals are inside the rocks, operate a small crane to sort and classify them, and check out the comments of all the kids in Miss Frizzle's class. The exhibit is at the **New York Hall of Science** through 4/23. Museum hours are Wednesday to Sunday, 10-5. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-699-0005). Admission is $2.50 for kids, $3.50 for adults.

Artistic License—The first in a Meet-the-Artist series, in which contemporary artists show kids around works of art that inspire and inform their own work. Sculptor R. M. Fischer will tour the recently installed exhibit of *Twentieth Century Design From the Brooklyn Museum.* Afterwards, Fischer will conduct a workshop, where the children can make their own art in response to what they have seen. 3/4 at 2. **The Brooklyn Museum,** 200 Eastern Parkway (718-685-5000). Space is limited. Registration is required.●

Operatic— Donzetti's comic opera *Don Pasquale* will be presented in English, with elaborate sets and costumes and full orchestra, as part of **The Metropolitan Opera Guild's Growing Up with Opera** series. No children under the age of 6 will be admitted. 3/4, 3/5, 3/11, and 3/12 at 2. John Jay Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave. at 59th St. (769-7022). $25.

Live Theater—**"Pierrot & Pirouette,"** a haunting, modernized fairy tale, in mime and ballet, kicks off Queens Theatre in the Park's Children's Matinee Series, 3/4 at 1. Flushing Meadows Corona Park (760-0064.) Tickets are $3. **"The Firebird Suite,"** a Russian fable, is presented, by The Underground Railway Theater, on a big screen with colored translucent puppets, projections, prisms, and flexible mirrors. 3/4 at 1:30. TriBeCa Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (732-2482). $7 for children, $12 for adults. Wearing his trademark giant glasses, **"Silly Billy"** performs balloon twisting and slapstick comedy, with help from the 3-to-9-year-olds in the audience. 3/4 at 1:30. West End Gate, Broadway at 113th St. (662-8830). $7.●

Dimples—The Shirley Temple, Child Star retrospective at **The American Museum of the Moving Image** ends with two from her heyday: *The Little Princess,* an adaptation of the Francis Hodgson Burnett classic; and *The Stowaway,* with Al Jolson and Fred Astaire, in which she speaks Chinese. 35 Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-4520). $2.50 for children, $5 for adults.●

Doo-Wop—Sam's Funky 50s Funhouse at **The Duplex** offers up Mickey Mouse Club hits, Alka Seltzer commercials, and other fifties froth, sung by an abundantly talented group of (mostly) teenagers. Sundays at 6. 61 Christopher St., at 7th Ave. (255-5438). $6 for children, with a one-drink minimum (and one free refill); $12 for adults, with a two-drink minimum.

Building Blocks—An exhibit for children at the **Municipal Arts Society** leads visitors through a 1740 Brooklyn Dutch farmhouse and lets them touch the "skin" of a nineties skyscraper. Finally, the thing kids seem to like the best: making walk-in buildings with jumbo, Lego-like Briks. Through 5/4, 11 to 5 daily, except Thursday. 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3969).●

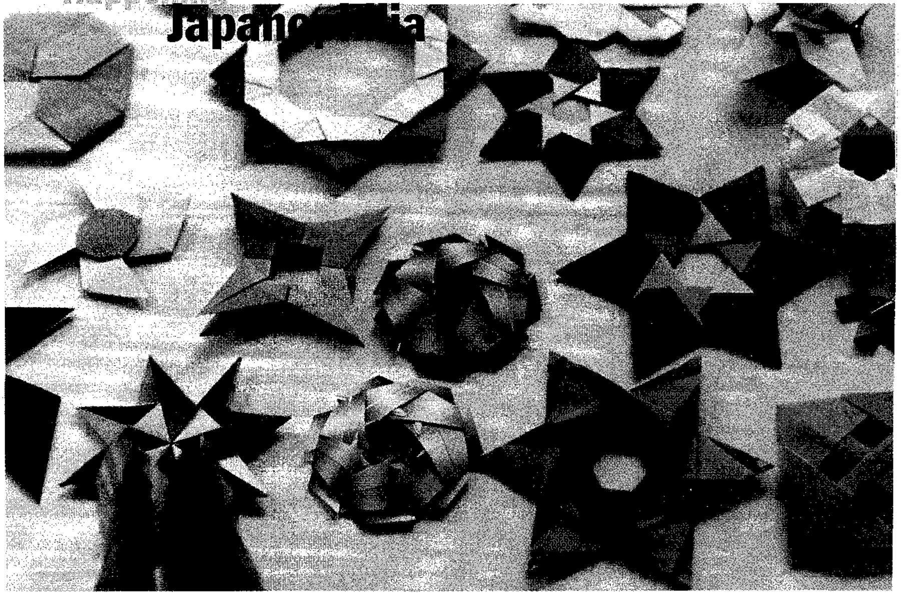
Beauty and the Beast—Who knew that a musical built in Disneyland could be so devoid of shtick and so true to the American musical-comedy tradition? Menken and Ashman's score soars, with leads Sarah Uriarte and Jeffe McCarthy and a plucky replacement cast. Just for kids? No. But if you have any old enough to sit through a two and a half hour show, bring them. Matinees are Wednesday and Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 1; evening shows are 7:30; no shows Monday and Tuesday. **Palace Theatre,** 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). $20–$65.

"Cirque du Soleil"—A child I know vowed to become a contortionist when he saw this Montreal-based "new-age" circus several years ago. This year's show is **Alegría,** Spanish for *jubilation.* The circus, with a mostly adult audience, does have its sinister side: a mute, hunchbacked master of ceremonies and, yes, two ten-year-old contortionists from Mongolia. But for children that are ready for clowns who are beyond slapstick, this is the one. Tickets for the show usually sell out in advance. Performances begin March 30 and will run for at least four weeks, with an extension likely. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 8; Friday at 6 and 9:30 (except 3/3 when one performance is scheduled at 8); Saturda at 4:30 and 8:30; and Sunday at 1 and 5. Look fo the big yellow-and-blue tent at Battery Park Cit near the World Financial Center (952-1200 $8.75–$33.50 for children $17.50–$48.50 fo adults.

Native Cunning—Erick Hawkins's dancers leap an twist across the stage in a matinee performance c "Heyoka," a dance about Sioux Indian clowns, an "Plains Daybreak," performed in sculpted anim masks. 3/4 at 2. **The Joyce Theater,** 175 Eight Ave. at 19th St. (242-0800). $10 for children, $2 for adults.●

Japanese Characters—A family festival at the Japan Sc ciety, with origami demonstrations, an exhibition c dolls made by New York–area schoolchildren, an scrumptious Japanese confections. (See photo an caption.) 3/4, a Kabuki Dance Workshop at 2:3 3/5, a traditional doll-making demonstration fro 11 to 1. Festival is 3/4 and 3/5, from 11 to 5. 33 East 47th St. (832-1155). Suggested contribution $1 for children, $3 for adults.●

Happening
Japanophilia



***Hina-matsuri,* or "Doll's Festival," is traditionally a celebration for girls. But this weekend's festival at th Japan Society, where kids can learn origami and consume exotic Asian sweets, is designed to appeal t both girls and boys. See Children's Events for further details. March 4 and 5 from 11 to 5 at 333 Eas 47th Street (832-1155). Suggested contribution for refreshments: $1 for children, $3 for adults.**

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

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You Won't Be Disappointed—If you want by your side this truly beautiful, slender, fit, intelligent, articulate, classy, sensual, loyal, caring, fun-loving, successful executive. 39, 5'6", Jewish, long blond hair, green eyes. Enjoys film, theater, art, music, sports, travel, gourmet cooking. Seeking male counterpart to share my life with. You are over 40, handsome, 5'10" plus, fit, successful and are not in the habit of answering personals. Note/recent photo. 5806 ✉

No Cute Line—Honest, handsome, long-haired, small company CEO, 44, 5'9", athletic, fun and funny, looking for smart, warmhearted, pretty, trim and shapely, nonsmoking counterpart, mid 30s, for friendship, romance and whatever else develops. A career allowing very frequent 3-4-day weekends a big plus. Confidential photo a must. 5398 ✉

Mature Man Wanted—For this 49 (looks 39), bright, creative, personable, humorous, affectionate, sensual, classy, 5'5", blue-eyed blond, divorced (no children), Jewish professional woman with good figure, legs, smile, appearance. I like to paint, play piano, dance, write, cook, play/watch sports, movies, theater, have fun with friends. Looking for successful Jewish businessman or professional who's sincere, thoughtful, smart, witty, romantic. Age unimportant. 5827 ✉ ☎

Make Your Dreams Reality!—With a respectful, very successful owner of high-profile corporation. An attractive, quality gentleman, tall, fit, 39, caring. Seeks compassionate lady under 37, bright, 5'7" plus, for a lifetime. Photo necessary. 5820✉

Seeking A Handsome, Spiritual—And successful gentleman, 40-55, for an elegant, charming lady physician who is romantic, well-traveled, artistic and beautiful physically and spiritually. Photo/note/telephone number. 5802 ✉

Great-Looking Strawberry Blond—27, 5'6", curvaceous nurse - seeks successful gentlemen, 5'9" plus. Photo. 5763 ✉ ☎

Lawyer/Executive—60, Upper East Side, well-educated, 6', 220 lbs, well-dressed. Seeks young, educated lady, NYC resident, MBA preferred, 30-35, 5'6" or taller. If you have never had an older boyfriend, you might be missing something. Photo/letter. 5816 ✉

Sharp, Stylish Southerner—(5'6"/39/*slim/attractive/Jewish) seeks special squire* (34-44, Jewish, smart, straightforward, sexy) to share salsa verde, sports, silliness, sojourns, success, screenings, swing and other satisfying "somedays". 5807 ✉ ☎

Career Change—Very attractive, classy, blue eyes, blond hair, compassionate, Christian, north NJ, 40, executive - seeks healthy, emotionally and financially secure, sincere male for marriage and children. Note, phone and photo. 5842 ✉

Ravishing, Tall Redhead—40s, with legs that never stop, desires to meet very tall, successful, well-educated man, who would like a woman to make him feel like a king - but be his equal. 5852 ✉

Mad About You!—Jewish guy, real-life Paul, seeks - Elaine?! 28, 5'7", good-looking/shape. Must: nonsmoker, good conversationalist, offbeat sense of humor (a la Seinfeld). Appreciated: professional, athletic, open. Likes home but with sense of adventure. Loves books, dogs. Required skills: ordering in, selecting movies and ice-cream flavors (Ben & Jerry's preferred). Some baggage okay - no luggage warehouses! Superficial, no - realistic, yes. Please include/exchange photo. 5616 ✉

Really Nice!—Former dancer and petite model, 29, Asian mix, looking for intelligent, fun, "normal" kind of guy. Photo please. 5862 ✉ ☎

Female, 34—Stylish, sexy, sophisticated, seeks sparkling, sincere, sweet, stalwart suitor - Jewish male, 34-44. Photo/note. 5724 ✉

Cute, Jewish, Funny Lady—34, slim, happy, outgoing, giving and secure. I love theater, film, reading and am a huge sports fan. You're a handsome, trim Jewish man, 31-40, who is sharp, classy, witty, financially successful (like me), and mature yet joyful. Romantic and sensitive and seeking love, marriage and children (in that order). 5810 ✉ ☎

Bright, Vivacious Dark Gem—Pretty Asian female, Indian origin, 30, 5'1", down-to-earth, part-time student - seeks male, 28-38, for friendship first, then possibly committed relationship. 5812 ✉ ☎

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Sincere, Witty Jewish Businessman—JD, divorced, 53, 5'9", who enjoys both NYC and the outdoors, seeks slim, attractive, positive professional, 38 plus, with varied interests, for permanent relationship. Note/photo/phone. 5743 ✉

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Woman Of Substance—Well-educated, ex-Miss New York State winner, now businesswoman, looking for a man of substance - attractive, successful, 40-50, Jewish, who enjoys travel, fine dining, a cognac by a roaring fire. Photo. 5779 ✉

Jewish Man's Dream—Sexy professional female seeks mensch, 40-55. 5795 ✉ ☎

Creative, Chic, Sensitive Lady—With warm heart and sunny smile, slim and curvaceous, 53, widowed, Jewish, 5'2", seeks tall, sophisticated gentleman, 50s-60s, with twinkling eyes, sense of humor and romantic soul, to share laughter, love and life. Note/photo/phone. 5794 ✉

I'm Looking For A Mensch—Beautiful *brunette, 32, with great legs, brains and* who's very funny - who loves sports, politics, travel, children, cooking, hiking, music and the arts. If you're a good-looking guy who's funny, sensitive, ambitious, with intellect, and over 5'9", drop me a note and a photo. 5747 ✉

Sparkling, Warm—Professional woman, seeks a professional Jewish male, 45-55, to share and enjoy life. Note. 5857 ✉

Arts, Politics, Adventure—Attractive, petite, blond/blue-eyed female seeks honest, sensitive, (com)passionate, intelligent man, 37-50. I'm an attorney, 40, Jewish by choice, liberal. I love the arts, the country, fine dining, skiing, tennis and traveling. You have a youthful spirit and similar interests. Nonsmoker. 5762 ✉

Seeking Marriage And Family—Woman seeks determined man, 43-46. 5825 ✉

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German Lady Of Substance—Beautiful, warm, spirited blond, 35/5'7", seeks brilliant companion, ready to travel overseas. Note and photo. 5829 ✉

Attractive Asian Lady—Pretty, educated, enjoys theater, travel. Seeks professional male, 32-42. Note/photo. 5838 ✉

Artistic, Creative—(Good day job), athletic, fit, 6'1", blue-eyed, warm, well-educated, white, Catholic professional male, 30s - looks 20s, seeks female soul mate to share beaches, exploring, travel, theater, antiquing, museum, dining and especially romance. 5770 ✉ ☎

Have Fireplace, Will Travel—42-year-old, single white male, psychologist by trade, regular guy by nature, looking for life partner. Me: 6', 190 lbs, smart and funny, kind and sensitive. You: 35-42, bright, outgoing, down-to-earth, with very pretty smile. Note/photo/phone. 5751 ✉

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Very Attractive—Jupiter/Turnberry, FL, lady with style and sophistication seeks successful, attractive gentleman nonsmoker, 58 plus, fun to be with, who enjoys good company and wants a commitment. 5853 ✉

Warm, Attractive, Intelligent—Talented, divorced white male, 54, very youthful, East Hampton - looking to meet a younger Asian woman, 25-40, pretty, slim, petite, traditional...for marriage, family and a life of sharing and commitment. Please send letter and photo. 5737 ✉

The Time Is Right—Jewish male, 36, 5'7", handsome, fit, curious, passionate, analytical, successful Wall Street professional, seeks very intelligent, curious, stable, fit, pretty, petite Jewish woman, 25-35, to share walks, talks, workouts, city and country pleasures. Note and photo a must. 5789 ✉

Good Man Wanted—By a lady art director, 43, 5'7", slender, verbal beauty who loves cooking, good wine, museums, movies, theater, reading, flea markets. Wishing for a sweet and smart fellow to develop a relationship. Note/photo/phone. 5844 ✉

Tall, Trim, Very Good-Looking—Country gentleman with city sophistication, early 50s, quick wit, good listener, looking for female equal in her 30s or 40s. Photo/note. POB 31 Mendham, NJ 07945

Pretty, Vivacious—Jewish female, 40 (look 33, healthy), seeks fun, stable, successful Jewish man, 35-48, at peace with self...marriage- and family-minded. Note/photo/phone, please. 5279 ✉

Handsome And Funny Jewish Male—27, 5'11", enjoys Central Park, movies, comedy, walks, Seinfeld. Seeks attractive and sweet female. Photo/note. 5818 ✉

Single Jewish Female—36, attractive professional in NJ, seeks kind, attractive man, with or without children, for marriage. Phone/photo/note. 5817 ✉ ☎

Spirit, Smarts And Style—Attractive, upbeat woman with a position in the arts, seeks a warm, intelligent prince of sorts (50 plus), who loves the sound of laughter. 5800 ✉

New On The Market—45-year-old, successful LI businessowner, 5'7", 160 lbs, handsome, athletic, passionate, communicative, seeks attractive, fit, warm woman of style and substance, 32-42, for fun and romance. Single moms okay. Note/photo/phone. 5836 ✉

Philadelphia-Based—But often in New York. Creative, entrepreneurial, witty, kind, insightful, easygoing, single Jewish male (40). Tall, slim, good-looking, updated prep/intellectual type. Enjoys arts, travel, restaurants, hiking, tennis, close friends, stimulating conversation. Seeking primary relationship with a cerebral, independent, outdoorsy, very attractive, fit, single Jewish female (28-38) who has humor, taste, charm, gentle warmth, psychological awareness. No smokers or cat owners please. Send letter/photo/phone - happy to reciprocate. 5778 ✉

Bright, Engaging—Frequently funny, handsome, 38-year-old professional with eclectic and emerging interests, seeks brainy, beautiful, complex woman, 30-40, for unlimited possibilities. 5734 ✉ ☎

You Are Colombiana—30-40. I am professional, tastefully uninhibited, sensitive, curious and happy. Like cooking, cuddling crafts, nature, home, bonding. 5765 ✉ ☎

Smart, Witty, Professional—Athletic, marriage-minded 35-year-old woman, seeks Paul Reiser type, 30-40. Photo, please. 5764 ✉

Seeking Intimacy—Self-aware, communicative, nonsmoking, fit, 5'11", divorced (no children), attractive, Jewish professional male. Loves sunsets, hiking in the woods, campfires, music, theater, etc...and hugs! Looking for a non-workaholic, nonmaterialistic Jewish female in her 30s, to love and be loved - marriage and family. I'm 46, adventurous and (com)passionate. 5828 ✉

Smoky Blue Eyes—28, long brunette hair, 5'4", nice figure, attractive. Educated, with old-fashioned values. Wanted: handsome, successful male, 27-36, down-to-earth and witty. Photo. Write to: POB 132, River Edge, NJ 07661

Instant Gratification—32, 5'2", hazel-eyed, athletic and savvy, wants Jewish male, 30-39, fun, healthy and successful, for great date and to fortify life. 5785 ✉ ☎

What's Love Got To Do With It?—Everything! A man of culture and still lives downtown, wants a woman who's classy, sexy with great style, who can be there for her guy without feeling compromised. She has a career she loves and now wants her man; she's 36-46 and really ready. I'm 48, substantial and handsome. Photo/note and phone. 5738 ✉ ☎

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Frankly Fab Female!—Multifaceted, Manhattan Jewish widow with buoyant, youthful style, active, attractive, delightfully warm, smart, svelte, fit, whose unique occupation permits country weekends, travel, varied interests...seeks similar, secure, 60ish, nonsmoking man of substance and soul, with eclectic to classic tastes, sincere, solid values and sensuality - nice, fun and free to share cool life, love, laughter and enjoy the best days, months and years we've ever known. RSVP with bio. 5793 ✉

Asian Man—Handsome and intelligent, mid 30s, 5'6", seeks a white female for long-term relationship. Note/photo. 5861 ✉

Too Busy To Find You—Strikingly attractive female physician, 40, successful, refined, with great sense of humor, seeks thoughtful, sensitive, intelligent, successful, attractive man, 40-55, looking to share in a committed relationship. Photo. 5733 ✉

Really Great Guy—Successful, handsome, blue eyes, Italian, 32, with nice build and heart of gold, seeks attractive, intelligent, in shape model-type, 24-32, for fine dining, laughter, romance and fun. Note/phone/photo. 5856 ✉

Attractive, Outgoing, Fun Woman—40s, looking for a man to share peace, love and grace. Recent photo appreciated. 5855 ✉

Pretty, Warm, Spirited—Accomplished Jewish professional, 5'7", fit, young 47, with sensitivity, integrity and joie de vivre, seeks fine-valued, accomplished Jewish gent. I enjoy an active, healthy life style, love family, friends, travel and music - but mostly you. 5769 ✉

50, Fit and Ready—6', Manhattan male, fun-loving, youthful, nonsmoking, sailing enthusiast. Offers a sincere, caring and loving relationship. Only goal is to be with someone special. Note/photo. 5849 ✉

Handsome Professional—44, seeks love/family with really pretty woman - shapely, good natured, under 40. I'm Jewish - you don't have to be. 5815 ✉

Gay White Female—42, smart, pretty and feminine, seeks a positive, spirited and and sincere woman, 39 plus, to melt my heart. 5841 ✉ ☎

Spirited, Attractive Brunette—31, 6'1", professional woman, devoted to people and passionate about life. Looking for a man to help me cut my intensity with a healthy dose of humor. No cynics need apply. Send photo and note. 5775 ✉

Handsome Jewish Male—36, attorney, seeks pretty, trim and well-built Jewish woman, 26-34. Note/photo. 5746 ✉

Playful, Huggable, Handsome—Fit, warmhearted, financially secure, athletic Jewish professional man - enjoys running, working out, tennis. Seeks attractive lady under 42. Note/photo/phone. 5667 ✉

British Professional—50s, widower, grown children, seeks slim, shapely female, 40-55, nonsmoker. Must be interested in classical music, cultural arts, and physical fitness. LI helpful, not required. Note/recent photo/phone. 5832 ✉

Give Me An Inch—And I'll take you to the French Riviera. Handsome, single white male, Greek, 36, financially secure, seeks slim, attractive, sweet female, 28-34, Christian or nontraditional Jewish, for romance. Phone and photo. 5860 ✉

Very Pretty Woman—5'9", slim, with long brown hair, seeks handsome, fit, romantic, fun male professional, 5'10" plus, 24-32. No photo, no reply. 5752 ✉

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Breathtaking Brunette—Sexy, Jewish professional female, 29, with versatile interests, seeks Jewish male, 28-38, marriage-minded, successful, handsome and athletic. Note/photo. 5839 ✉

Romance With Class—Handsome Jewish Wall Street analyst, 37, 5'10". I'm successful, secure, down-to-earth and love to laugh. Interested in art museums, travel, sports, the beach and good books. Seek a Nice Jewish Girl (really!), 24-36, who is cute, sweet and loving (I know you're out there!), to share happiness, cuddles and more. Nonsmoker only. Include note and photo. 5847 ✉

I Hate The Hamptons—And I hate rollerblading. Dont even think about *asking me how many children I want on* our first date, or telling me your next adventure is going to be marriage. Forget it! I'm beautiful and the best - I don't need this! I do like a sincere and confident man - tall, successful, handsome, Jewish, smart, early 30s. 5773 ✉

Sensual, Incurable Romantic—26, divorced woman of Italian heritage, seeks fun-loving Christian professional, 28-33, 5'10" plus, to share in unlimited adventures...and more? Note/pix/phone. 5859 ✉

Where Is That Fellow—With warm eyes? Tall, healthy, maybe wealthy, and wise? This lovely, slim brunette morning person, with a creative, quick mind, wants you! 37-47? Me too! 5803 ✉ ☎

Gay Guy—44, handsome, mustache, seeks fat, husky cigar smoker. 5864✉

Exotic South American Beauty—5'3", late 30s, MBA, great legs, well-traveled, likes art and hiking. Seeks handsome professional male, 36-42, for serious relationship. Photo. 5756 ✉

Willowy, 30-Plus Contrarienne?—Mile-long hair? Heiress to Milk Duds fortune? Two out of three will do for me (6', 170 lbs, Big/Little Ivy, goy boy-toy). 5777 ✉

Martian Seeks Venusian—Jewish male, 29, seeks petite, dynamic Jewish female, 25-31, for never-ending journey. Note/phone/photo. 5771 ✉

Stunning, Slim Semite—Seeks sui generis sweetheart. Auburn hair, Caribbean-blue eyes, bright, witty, 30s, mom of two, central NJ. Seeks successful, healthy nonsmoker - sensitive, educated, professional, single Jewish man - comfortable in jeans/sweats/black tie. Enjoys extremes: hiking, camping, picnics/fine dining, first class travel, sports, NYC, the arts. Looking for the right person to eventually share a Jewish life...forever. Note/photo. 5758 ✉

Caring Apollo—58, trim 5'9", seeks curvy sensual muse: simple joys, music. 5814 ✉

47-Year-Old, Masculine Gay Male—Farm in Vermont - near skiing. Yale alumnus. Seeks loving relationship. 5766 ✉

40-Year-Old, Successful Professional—Seeking buxom beauty for fun and possibly more. Photo/note/phone. 5819✉

Professional—Divorced, 52 (looks much younger), fit, golf, travel, etc., seeks a friend who is an intelligent, warm, communicative, secure woman, 35-40ish, preferably gorgeous (Not really!...You simply have to be pretty to me and to you!), fit, good sense of humor and down-to-earth. Someone I can like now and grow to love a little at a time. Write/photo please, or call - even if you have a doubt. 5823✉ ☎

Successful Businessman—5'7", well-groomed, 50s, loves dancing, in great shape, zest for life. You're Jewish, 40-50, self-sufficient, slim and fun. Open to committed relationship. Seek woman to love. Photo. 5808 ✉ ☎

Great Smile, Warm Heart—Slender, youthful, upbeat, articulate widow, Jewish, nonsmoker, marriage-minded, seeks gentleman, 50s. Sincere only. 5690 ✉ ☎

Gay Woman—Smart, spiritual, creative, Jewish, 37, open-hearted, accomplished and pretty - seeks another. 5834 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—Handsome, 6' attorney/part-time thespian/sometime therapist, 46, straight-acting, Italian teddy bear. A late bloomer...I am strong yet sensitive and spiritual; introspective but fun-loving; *most of all - passionate!* If you also live a straight life style and are a young 35-45, attractive, very intelligent, with like qualities, unequivocally masculine and love theater, movies, sunsets, quiet evenings, and are looking for a real relationship or a good friend - write (include phone): POB 421, Congers, NY 10920

Former High-Fashion Model—Very attractive, tall, slim, green eyes, great cook. Seeking handsome, successful, physically *fit and sweet male counterpart*, over 5'10", 45-60, to share the good things in life. Send note/photo/phone. 5811 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty Artist And Mother—41, blue-eyed and romantic. Like to ski, dine and go to galleries. You are a handsome, thoughtful, genuine, established, fun man with young children. Note/photo. 5759 ✉

Gay White Male—56, green/brown, 6', 200 lbs, moustache, glasses, good-looking, good humor, healthy, seeks peers for theater, dining, cinema, travel, etc. Photo/phone. POB 438, NYC, NY 10159-0438

Asian Woman Sought—Architect, 43, 6'2", 210 lbs, athletic, Ivy educated, successful and generous - seeks adventurous Asian woman to explore life in the city. Photo/note. 5741 ✉

Affliction: Wanderlust; Cure: India—Self-reliant, curious, single white female, 40, 5'9", Rubenesque, seeks an enlightened single male, 5'11", 200 lbs or larger, for a journey to India in 1995. Flexible, experienced traveler with a liberal attitude preferred. Share expenses. Planning and practice sessions held in New York City. 5840 ✉ ☎

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Attractive, Romantic—Green-eyed, 5'6", 39, Jewish female, who's athletic, creative, has sense of humor and loves spontaneous adventures - seeks open, curious, family-oriented, loving partner. Photo preferred. 5843 ✉

Pretty, Petite, Happy—Late-50s female seeks one single mensch. 5761 ✉

Strikingly Attractive—(Youngish 40s) female, 5'6", dark eyes, long hair, healthy, successful, interesting, provocative, witty and real. Seeks extraordinary man, 6' plus, nonbalding, 44-53, who is very attractive, fit, health-conscious, successful, sensitive, giving and emotionally connected. Phone/photo essential. 5824 ✉

Attractive, Intelligent, Successful—Renaissance woman of 50. Youthful looks. Active participant in all life has to offer - short of bungee jumping. *Enjoys tennis, sailing, skiing, dancing,* theater, movies and travel. Seeks fun, fit, nonsmoking Wasp gentleman in his 50s. Note/photo/phone. 5805 ✉

Let's Make Some Magic—Single dad *looking for someone special. I'm* 40, 6', handsome, active, athletic, Ivy and financially secure. No smokers. Photo. 5830 ✉

Manhattanite, Elegant Lady—Owns and manages high-profile business, Jewish, French, cosmopolitan background. Seeks to meet cultured, financially secure gentleman, 50s or 60s, to share entertainment, social activities, etc. POB 2070, NYC, NY 10185.

European-Born—Attractive Jewish female MD, 38, slim, 5'5". I would like to meet frank, kind, intelligent man, 35-45, for relationship. Photo a must. 5831 ✉

Terrific Gay Woman—I'd love to meet a tall, vibrant, accomplished, funny, secure, early-menopausal Jewish woman like myself. Please write. 5786 ✉

Petite Beauty—33, green eyes, full lips, dancer's body, successful businessowner - seeking a tall, sexy, sincere, self-sufficient Jewish man, 32-48. Recent photo a must. 5854✉

Jewish Male—30 years old, professional, handsome, mature and sincere, seeks a woman, 25-29, with similar qualities. Note/phone/photo. 5835 ✉

Man Of Your Dreams—CT medical doctor - ex-athlete, handsome, classy, 30s, 5'11", sincere, fun-loving, unique, commitment-minded - seeking attractive, petite, 25-33-year-old young lady. Note/photo/phone. 5739 ✉

Weekend At Blandings Castle?—Wodehouse fan seeks lighthearted, literate woman. I am Ivy-educated, successful in an unusual career, 38, 5'11", happy, muscular, honorable and balding. You are very smart, slim and under 36. Note/photo. 5850 ✉

Exceptional Younger Man—Jewish, 35, with GQ looks, Einstein's mind and Cary Grant's charm, seeks Victoria's Secret woman, 40 plus, for mutual spoiling. Photo please. 5750 ✉

Warm, Bright—Jewish, interactive multimedia artist, 36, seeks smart, playful Jewish male. Photo please. 5801 ✉

Vivacious, Very Attractive—38, Jewish female, witty, charming, in NJ, seeking secure Jewish man with inner beauty, for friendship and romance. Photo appreciated. Please write/phone. 5740 ✉ ☎

Smart, Sexy Female—Family therapist, 40s, with solid yet evolving life, seeks smart, funny, confident man, 42-52, for ...whatever feels right. 5826 ✉

Female Musician Desired—American or Asian, by tall, dark, handsome, witty, music-loving Jewish MD, 45, divorced without children. Please be attractive, smart, stable, nice...and conversant in music from Bach to Boulez and beyond. Age 20s-mid 30s. Marriage and family the goal. Photo required. 5788 ✉

Thoughtful Psychotherapist—35, sensitive, sexy and well-established, seeks passionate man with inquisitive mind and good looks (38-45), for long dinners, winding conversation and whatever tomorrow brings. Share interests, careers and that occasional sense of wonder. I'm petite, Jewish, with curly blond hair and green eyes. Note/photo. 5755 ✉

Gay Male—37, 6', 170 lbs, brown hair/blue eyes. I love classical/country, cooking in/dining out, craps/blackjack, mixed groups/children, equally at home in the country/city. Seeking a gentle, stable counterpart, 30-50, for friendship and possible relationship. 5837 ✉ ☎

I'm Ready—To share love, life and family with a man who's a successful, ambitious and creative businessman/professional - 30s, attractive - who enjoys being fit and exploring ideas. I'm 31, professional, Protestant, bright, perceptive, witty, slender, pretty. Enjoy movies, running, music, skiing, dinner out or cooking in with friends. Love to curl up with a good book - or somebody who's read one. Photo, please. 5767 ✉

MD—40, seeking professional woman, 20s to mid 30s. Photo/E-Mail/phone. Cherokee Station, POB 20671, NYC 10021.

Pretty And Petite Jewish Princess—31, searching for her prince. They both enjoy dining out, the theater, traveling and fairytale endings. Note/photo/phone. 5768 ✉

Tired Of The Superficial—Interested in substance. Attractive, successful, fit woman in 40s seeks relationship. 5804✉☎

Elegant, Gorgeously Exotic—Asian female, seeks a successful, good-looking, emotionally stable man, 37-45, non-smoker. Note/phone/photo please. 5748 ✉

Athletic, High-Energy Male—34, 5'10" down-to-earth, warm, handsome Jewish professional - into golf, skiing, fitness, etc... Seeks female counterpart - secure and expressive. Note/photo. 5753 ✉

Free To Good Home—Pretty brunette, 28, whip-smart, athletic, romantic, unpretentious, passionate, vaguely Wasp, successful lawyer, a sucker for kids and dogs. Enjoy restaurants, movies, skiing, tennis, museums, travel, beach houses, bookstores. Equally comfortable with CEOs and Elvis impersonators, charity balls and dive bars. Seek funny, athletic, unpretentious, very successful man, 28-45. Note and photo. 5742 ✉

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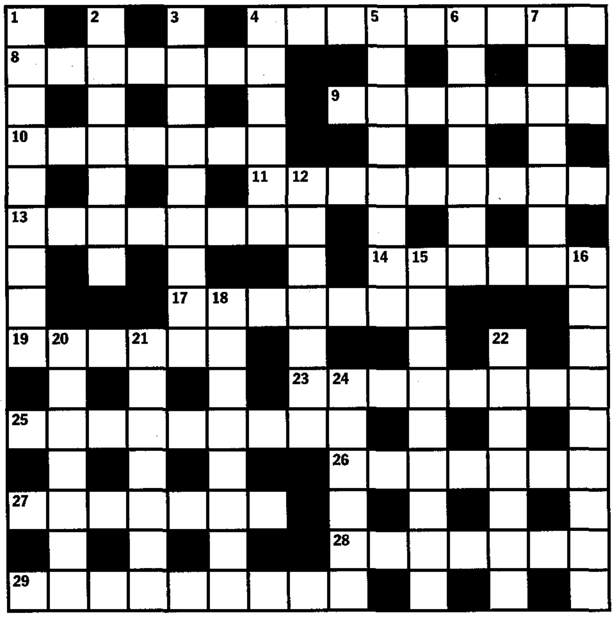
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

4 Stick in gratuities for people employed by the court. (9)
8 Study only comfort. (7)
9 The fellow's found a way to get a roof of sorts. (7)
10 Kind of harp that's a wind instrument. (7)
11 The decoration of a golf club with foil. (4, 5)
13 Ruin a business house—decline to carry cash. (8)
14 Takes a little test as required. (6)
17 Presented from before 500. (7)
19 Composed a letter accepting odd reversal. (6)
23 Impractical individual producing a fancy catalogue. (8)
25 If this is to work then steps should be taken. (9)
26 Name some malcontent—it leads to dismissal. (7)
27 Half managed to return for a more advanced course. (7)
28 Migrate to make music. (7)
29 Direction given to service personnel to bear with a midshipman. (5, 4)



DOWN

1 Slightly injured so didn't compete. (9)
2 Stretches out in a Continental luxury car. (7)
3 He's chosen a minor—not exceptional. (9)
4 "X" turned evil, though game. (6)
5 Bungling agents receiving little thanks get really foul. (8)
6 Maintains the estate about right. (7)
7 Expect a charge to keep in store stones of some value. (7)
12 The dream of one held in honour. (7)
15 A number possibly get a van for convenience. (9)
16 Giving point to the spiel, a newspaper leader made a splash. (9)
18 Associate must be fair about a ruddy backer! (8)
20 Big mountain girl taking her ease? (7)
21 More state it upon a form. (7)
22 The queue ahead. (7)
24 Anything but wet about a feature that's depressing. (6)

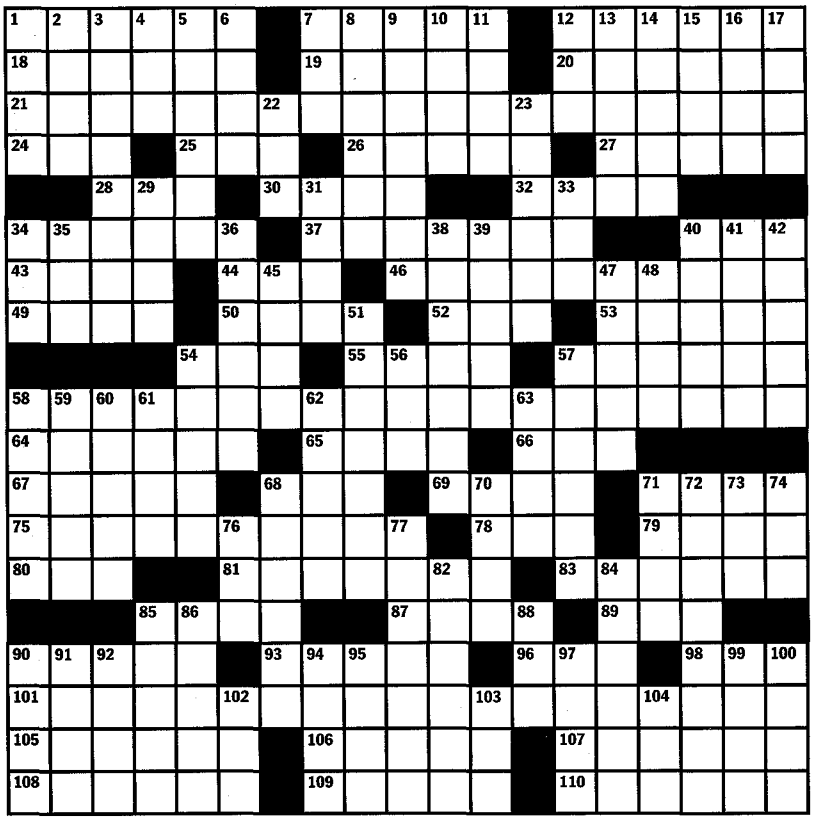
'Excuses, Excuses': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Video-game establishment
7 Parlor pieces
12 ". . . made some tarts, —— summer's day"
18 Part of S.W.A.K.
19 University of Maine town
20 Disorderly protester
21 Ross Perot's refusal
24 Ancient Tokyo
25 Popeye's Olive
26 Just back from the laundry
27 Pinza, for one
28 Blight
30 Ralph Lauren's trademark
32 Court jester
34 National hymn
37 Have reference (to)
40 Crone
43 Laureate's opus
44 Fore's opposite
46 John Gotti's refusal
49 Bettor's consideration
50 Sound like Satchmo
52 Rubber tree
53 Soviet great
54 —— in the bag
55 Onetime capital of India
57 Create an obstacle
58 Newt Gingrich's refusal
64 Person with pressing problems
65 Christening decision
66 Prefix with puncture
67 Illinois city
68 Phys. ed. place
69 Slang for an American
71 Jotted reminder
75 Mike Tyson's refusal
78 Good buddy
79 Heroine of "The Good Earth"
80 Jr. naval officer
81 Entertainers
83 Van Gogh's "The Potato ——"
85 Burt's ex
87 Have to have
89 "Arabian Nights" bird
90 Kin of chloroform
93 Ricci and Foch
96 Candied item
98 Tout's offering
101 President Clinton's refusal
105 Contact-lens location
106 —— barrel (in a fix)
107 "—— Happy Face"
108 New York river
109 Not nice
110 Particular opinions

DOWN

1 Colleague of Borg
2 Crack a book
3 Gamboled
4 Cassius Clay, today
5 Signify
6 Jittery
7 Absorb, with "up"
8 Delphic medium
9 Woebegone
10 Poker prerequisite
11 Asian bean
12 Greeting from Sandy
13 Under-the-pole dance
14 True to the cause
15 Oklahoma Indians
16 The day's events
17 River under the Ponte Vecchio
22 Swiss climber's challenge
23 Ablaze
29 Units of electrical resistance
31 Chooses
33 Half, doubled
34 GI mail drop
35 Signal to the auctioneer
36 Unyielding sufferer
38 Contests leading to a championship
39 Same as G-sharp
40 Siva believer
41 Friendly femmes
42 Art style
45 Partner of furious
47 Mr. Yale
48 ". . . a ——clock scholar"
51 New Jersey municipality
54 Dog tag
56 Chewer's buy
57 Taunt a performer
58 Sibling's daughter
59 Drip-dry material
60 Counterfeit
61 Getting —— years
62 "I've Got a Crush ——"
63 Mandlikova of tennis
68 Constellation twins
70 Altar end of a church
71 Sleuth played by Lor
72 Negatively charged particle
73 Impair
74 Sides, in cricket
76 British isle
77 Honor-card combinations, in bridge
82 Vacation spot
84 As much as one can carry
85 Author Uris, et al.
86 "—— ed Euridice," Gluck opera
88 Go blond
90 Use acid creatively
91 Commandment pronoun
92 Cowboy's responsibility
94 Saint's image
95 St. Petersburg's rive
97 Sacred serpents of Egypt
99 Doesn't exist
100 Sch. orgs.
102 Rooter
103 Merry month
104 Feminine suffix, in Seville



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page

MARY ANN MADDEN #816

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

"I know it's unfashionable to smoke," Brittany murmured as she sipped her cranberry-vodka mist, "but it somehow helps me know what to do with my hands." Chandler regarded her appraisingly, all too aware of the Eyes Only paper in his Vuitton briefcase. "This woman wants something," he mused. But he lit her Carlton Menthol 120 with an adroit maneuver of his tortoise-lacquered gold Dupont lighter and smiled.

Above, gulp fiction. The opening sentences of a badly written best-seller, please. (Not more than 75 words, thank you.)

Results of Competition 813, in which you were asked to define an invented word by supplying one or more fabricated synonyms.

Report: Perhaps we should have restricted this neology to Politics. Fear of repetitiveness held us back (newtralize, quaylude). And yet, and yet, some of the bitingest (below) have their origins in government. Was it not ever thus? Since virtually none of you has paid attention to our pathetic request for one or more synonyms, you're not penalized, but frankly, we think less of you. If such a thing is possible. Joke. Kidding. Hoping you the same.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

dumb perignon—champagne served at the *Forrest Gump* Oscars party.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

wonderbragh—top seller at Frederick's O' Dublin (see also: décolleentage).
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

algon quinn—Alaskan designer of unisex outer garments (see also: Dorothy Parka, Alexander Woolcoat).
Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

oke radio—NPR call-in show hosted by Cheech and Chong.
David Titus, Melrose, Mass.

pagotti—family-owned *ristorante*/health club.
Don Wigal, N.Y.C.

aith heeler—obedience trainer for Latter Day St. Bernards.
Julie Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

nd Honorable Mention to:

an de siècle—one eagerly awaiting the twenty-first century.
Abigail Dobbs, Stone Mountain, Ga.

on-item veto—presidential authority to cut he big-cat exhibit from the budget of the National Zoo.
Nollie Klurfeld, Arlington, Va.

yruptitiously—sucretly.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

mininity—pernicious idea that a woman can ever be too thin.
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

dislam—to engage in Muslim-bashing.
Lucy Oblonsky, Oakland, Calif.

niagaraphobia—fear of honeymoons.
Alexa Geller, West Hartford, Conn.

deficit-attention disorder—obsessive concern with balancing the budget.
Keith Karraker, Berkeley, Calif.

marionette—gofer in the D.C. mayor's office.
Herb Martinson, Wheaton, Md.

monetmaker—a bonne anza, a claudeburst.
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

phooton—a no-nonsense folding bed.
Patricia O. Simmons, Louisville, Ky.

doledrums—depression felt by those too old to run.
similarly: Joyce Robert, Cleveland, Ohio; Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

innflation—the high cost of hotel living.
Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.

internot—*adj.*: of or pertaining to the cyber-challenged.
James Kiernan, Ridgewood, N.J.

tepidation—fear of the lukewarm.
Ruth Migdal, Brooklyn

fumanshoes—thai-hai boots.
Genna Tyler, Dallas, Tex.
sp. ment.: Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

shap hero—sandwich favored at the Courthouse Deli in Beverly Hills.
Bob Abernathy, Mission Viejo, Calif.

designated diver—voluntary abstainer during rapture-of-the-deep training sessions.
Lars Pettygrove, Arlington, Va.

greenspanic—widespread fear that the Fed's interest-rate hikes will trigger an increase in golf clubs.
Sarah Gay, Denver, Col.

heifervescence—mooinglow.
David English, West Somerville, Mass.

prosehack—fiction writer on antidepressants.
Holly Thomis, Cambridge, Mass.

americorpse—defunct Clinton jobs program.
Marc Doyle, Berkeley, Calif.

boomerangst—fear among fortysomethings trying to save for retirement (see also: Social Insecurity).
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

birdello—breeding marsh, nest of the strumpet swan.
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

no pesto strip—street without any upscale restaurants.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

out of the loupe—uninformed about gems; stone-blind.
Paula Doherty, Fall River, Mass.

gurleyman—male model in *Cosmo.*
Nathalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

poufreader—copy editor at *Sofa & Couch Illustrated.*
similarly: George Williams, Dover, Del.; Robert Bosnak, Baden, Pa.

slalami—skifood (see also: schusskabob).
Jacob Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

jujitney—the art of taxicuffs.
A. C. McShade, Pittsburgh, Pa.

noncompoop—GI obsessed with latrine duty.
Susan Hatfield, Los Angeles, Calif.

cyberspice—computer thyme-sharing network (via minternet).
Penny Westmoreland, Centreville, Va.

dan's card—a list of prospective Quayle running mates for '96 (see also: dis card).
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

fitzall—(chiefly Brit.) one-size detective suit (see also: crackerjacket).
Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

denunciation—the act of refusing to appear in *Sister Act III.*
R.A. Honeygosky, Washington, D.C.

ozification—refusing to return to Kansas.
Page Collier, Thibodaux, La.

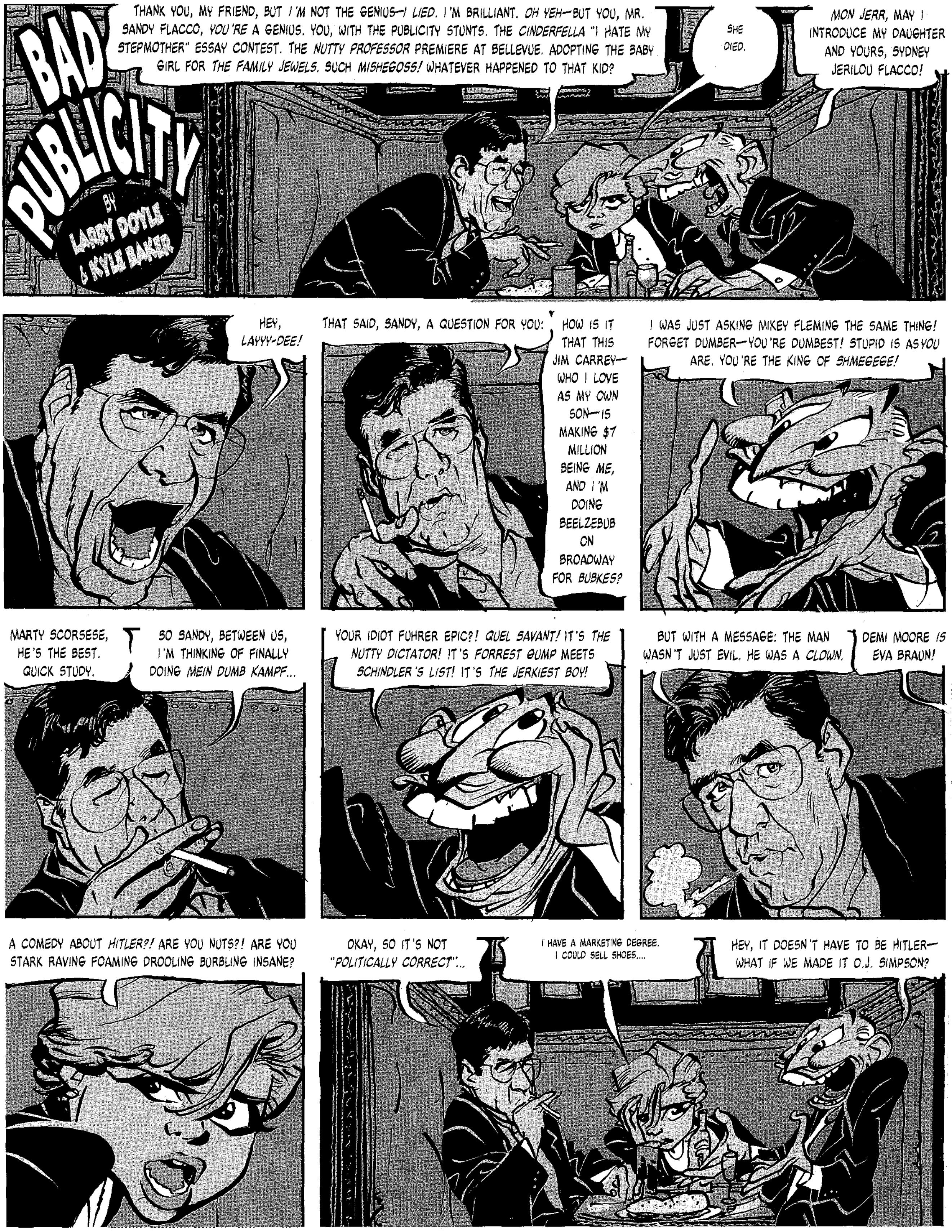
mexican heirless—1. a neutered Latin American dog. 2. an unassuming pet; one that is not apparent.
Jan Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

damntrak—ski lift to death.
similarly: Paula Borden, Portsmouth, N.H.; Claudia Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS ONLY, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 816, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. It must be received by March 10. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the April 10 issue. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

The Wackiest Package

With Jerry Lewis taking Broadway by storm, it's time to think really big picture.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
THANK YOU, MY FRIEND, BUT I'M NOT THE GENIUS—I LIED. I'M BRILLIANT. OH YEH—BUT YOU, MR. SANDY FLACCO, YOU'RE A GENIUS. YOU, WITH THE PUBLICITY STUNTS. THE CINDERFELLA "I HATE MY STEPMOTHER" ESSAY CONTEST. THE NUTTY PROFESSOR PREMIERE AT BELLEVUE. ADOPTING THE BABY GIRL FOR THE FAMILY JEWELS. SUCH MISHEGOSS! WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT KID?
SHE DIED.
MON JERR, MAY I INTRODUCE MY DAUGHTER AND YOURS, SYDNEY JERILOU FLACCO!
HEY, LAYYY-DEE!
THAT SAID, SANDY, A QUESTION FOR YOU:
HOW IS IT THAT THIS JIM CARREY—WHO I LOVE AS MY OWN SON—IS MAKING $7 MILLION BEING ME, AND I'M DOING BEELZEBUB ON BROADWAY FOR BUBKES?
I WAS JUST ASKING MIKEY FLEMING THE SAME THING! FORGET DUMBER—YOU'RE DUMBEST! STUPID IS AS YOU ARE. YOU'RE THE KING OF SHMEGEGE!
MARTY SCORSESE, HE'S THE BEST. QUICK STUDY.
SO SANDY, BETWEEN US, I'M THINKING OF FINALLY DOING MEIN DUMB KAMPF...
YOUR IDIOT FUHRER EPIC?! QUEL SAVANT! IT'S THE NUTTY DICTATOR! IT'S FORREST GUMP MEETS SCHINDLER'S LIST! IT'S THE JERKIEST BOY!
BUT WITH A MESSAGE: THE MAN WASN'T JUST EVIL. HE WAS A CLOWN.
DEMI MOORE IS EVA BRAUN!
A COMEDY ABOUT HITLER?! ARE YOU NUTS?! ARE YOU STARK RAVING FOAMING DROOLING BURBLING INSANE?
OKAY, SO IT'S NOT "POLITICALLY CORRECT"...
I HAVE A MARKETING DEGREE. I COULD SELL SHOES....
HEY, IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE HITLER—WHAT IF WE MADE IT O.J. SIMPSON?

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